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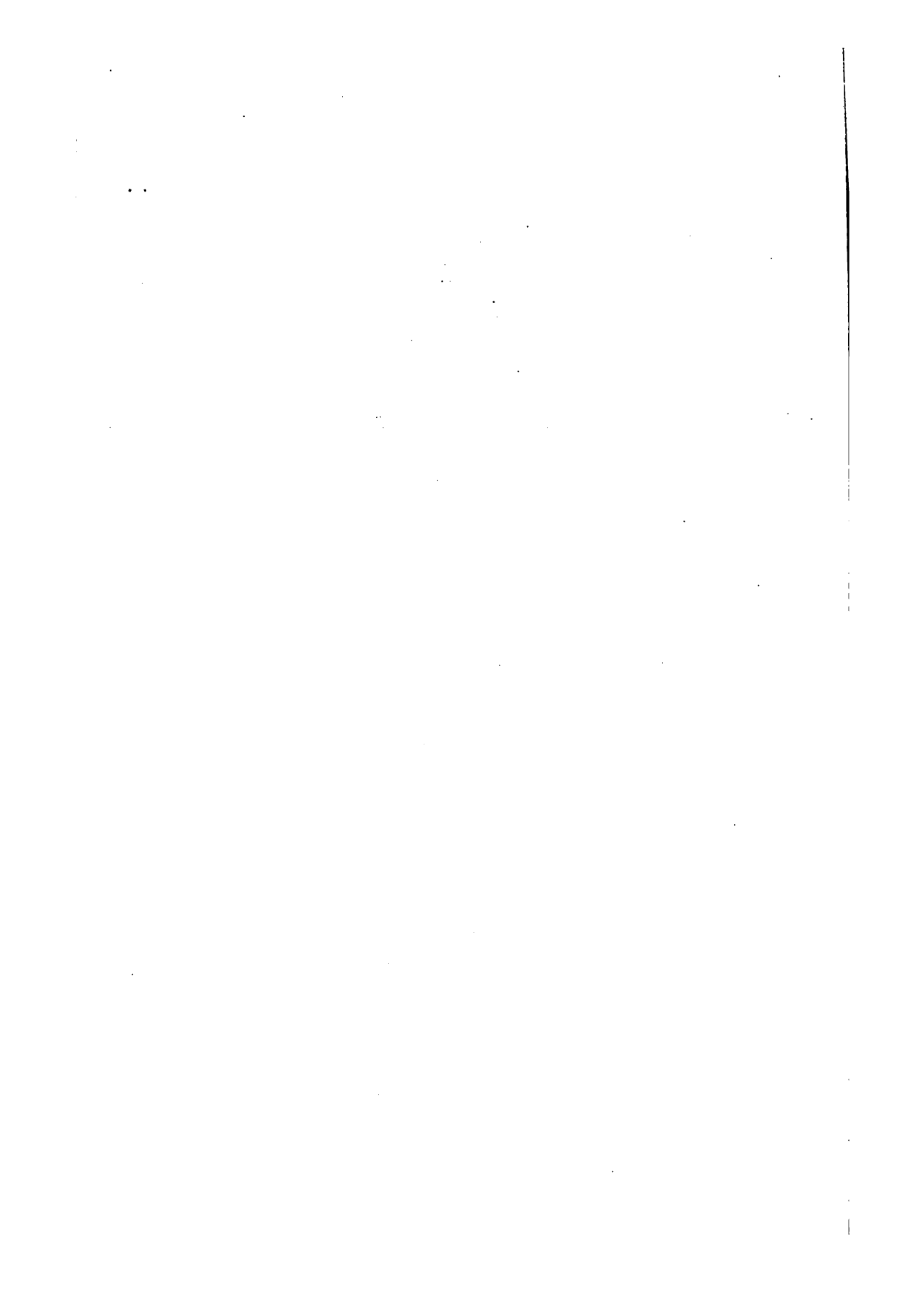
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**The first building occupied by the Pittsburgh Central High School,
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1855-1868.**

FLEM'S FANCIES--VOL. II

My High School Days

INCLUDING

A Brief History of the Pittsburgh Central
High School from 1855 to 1871
and Addenda

BY

GEO. T. FLEMING, A. M., '71
("Flem.")

"Persan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit"

PITTSBURGH, PA.

1904

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PREFACE.

In the author's first book, "Flem's Fancies," he originally intended to place a chapter entitled, "My High School Days." Data augmented rapidly, and each old scholar consulted, had something to add or something to suggest that had not occurred to him. Correspondence added to consultation and interest grew. Many stated that the data wanted, were fugitive and scattered widely, and should be gathered and garnered. This is the threshing of much grain. There is possibly some chaff. Perfection is altogether ideal, and should not be looked for here. The author feels that he has not even approximated it, and how far the work falls short, it is for his readers to judge. Should any dear Alumnus or dearer Alumna desire to improve this compendium of "My High School Days," let him or her command, and the gentleman of '71 herein designated will gladly place any matter he may have at the disposal of the amender.

The author acknowledges his obligations to Mr. W. W. Batchelor, artist of "The Times," for sketches, and also to Mrs. Heppie Hamilton, '59; Mrs. John G. Bryant, '65; for data and photographs; Robert D. McKee, '60, and Prof. Edward Ryneårson, the present Director of High Schools for material aid and assistance.

G. T. F.

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SECTION 14. That the Central Board of Education shall, as soon as possible after the organization of the Board, proceed to establish two High Schools, one for the education of the pupils of each sex.

SECTION 26. That the said Central Board of Education shall have power to establish such rules and regulations for the admission of pupils into said High Schools, and also fix the standard of qualifications of such pupils as shall be applicants for admission into said High Schools as said Board may deem just and proper; *provided*, that no person shall be admitted as a pupil into said High Schools who has not been in attendance at some of the Ward Schools at least one year immediately preceding the application for admission to said High Schools.—
LAWS OF PENNA., 1855, pp. 12, 14.

MY HIGH SCHOOL DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

ON SMITHFIELD STREET.

In a small dark room on the second floor of the first building occupied by the Pittsburgh Central High School on Smithfield street, now numbered 506-508, I passed the required examination for admission. It was a bright sunshiny day in late June, 1867. I had been for some three months previously a pupil of the Seventh Ward School at Green and Duncan streets, now the Moorhead School District of the Eleventh Ward for under the consolidation of the East End Districts under the Act of 1867 the numbers of many wards were changed. Duncan street is now part of Wylie avenue and the old Seventh ward building is still standing but without its belfry and for many years it has been tenanted. The principal then was John J. Taggart, a brother of Captain Sam'l Taggart of the class of 1860, mentioned in Chapter XIX. These two were also brothers of Capt. Robert Taggart, since the Civil War a resident of Tidioute, Pa., and William T. Taggart, for many years an official of the City of Pittsburgh. I liked John Taggart and when he said I was to take the examination for the High School I did not think of demurring. Though but twelve years of age at the time I had been but a short time in the High School class and had been introduced to the study of Algebra, the preceding winter (December 1866) at the Franklin school and started in long division in a class that had begun in September. I did not for a moment expect to pass the examination. We had a class of eleven; ten passed and one never attended. Grammar, Geography and History I thought were "pie." The Arithmetic examination, as did these three, consisted of twenty questions. I answered eighteen. The last were in square and cube root. I had not been that far in Arithmetic, so I left them unsolved. I could always spell a little so that was no bugaboo though one hundred words were given. We went on two days and Algebra was on the final day. Thirty-seven years is a long time ago and confessions are probably not needed. That Algebra examination was a peculiarly lucky one for me. There were at least three definitions to answer and a question in long division, one involving an

equation with one unknown quantity and of the ten questions with a requirement of fifty per cent, there was only one place where a helping hand came in handy. In the other studies also fifty per cent. was required except spelling where sixty per cent. was the minimum. What I knew I was sure of and I was not going to lie down on Algebra, little as I knew about it. I had gained confidence and knew I was a winner in the other requirements. Reciprocity then as now was powerful and young America knows no such word as fail. Seated around me were many I knew who had attended the Franklin street school with me. At times their faces were distressingly long. "What's the Constitution between friends," once asked the Hon. Tim Campbell, M. C. of New York, when told of a difficulty ordinarily deemed insurmountable. My friends passed, et ego, "Flem." In a poorly lighted room with narrow aisles, he indeed would have to be argus eyed who could detect everything that savored of assistance. My sin I have always regarded much in the same light as did Mr. Midshipman Easy's nurse. "It was only a little one." Was I to see my friends fail? Nay, verily. I was 'way up in some things and even if I had honestly failed, I could have obtained and would have been entitled to a re-examination in the Fall and could have been tutored in the summer, for having started, I was bound to go to High School.

Of those from the old Seventh ward who passed with me, one was my neighbor and friend, Charles J. Atkinson, who lived two doors beyond where I did on Centre avenue. He died in 1875, at the age of twenty-two. He was the son of Captain James Atkinson, a former well known river Captain and later an Insurance Agent, and a brother of Henry, Geo. H., and James Atkinson, Jr. Charles was the youngest of these and the Atkinson home was torn down when De Villiers street was extended through to Wylie avenue. George Atkinson has been for a long time the United States Supervisor of Boilers at the port of Pittsburgh, and James was for many years previous to his death the superintendent of the City's Water Works. There were only three boys in our Seventh ward school class and the other was Edwin Tower, then a resident of lower Centre avenue, concerning whom I have heard nothing for over thirty years. Both left the school during the C year. I do not hesitate to say that I should not have been sent to the High School until a year later. It would have been greatly to my benefit and I would have been graduated early enough. I was No. 91. Eighty were admitted, there were numbers higher than mine, ergo—some failed.

Of my former schoolmates on examination from the old Sixth ward school, now the Franklin District, I recall John B. and Robert D. Barr who are still living, William D. Brickell, for many years proprietor and editor of the "Columbus, (O.) Dispatch"; John G. S. Little, formerly an official of the Crucible Steel Co. of America; James D. Little, a substantial citizen of Canonsburg, Pa.; James Mills, formerly in the printing business, and Arthur G. Williams. These two have also disappeared from the visible horizon of my acquaintanceship. When September came we three Seventh warders were all enrolled in class D 1. There were then two D's. Of those days Prof. and subsequently, Principal, B. C. Jillson, justly says in his reminiscences, "The High School was then in the transition state that every great enterprise has to pass through. Its enemies were many. Its friends were few. It occupied the second and third stories (also fourth story) of a building on Smithfield street, opposite the Post Office. The rooms were small and dirty, badly lighted and ventilated with no apparatus for illustration, and none of the conveniences considered necessary to a good school." In the short account of the commencement exercises of 1863, in a daily paper, (The Gazette judging from its typography) the condition of the school calls forth these words, the words of a friend indeed and in need—

"The High School is one of the most important and useful of our educational institutions and we are glad to know that the public take the deepest interest in its success. A great drawback to its popularity is the contracted and unsuitable character of the building in which the school is now located. The worst of ward schools is far superior to it in location and character of accommodation and until this is remedied, and a building put up expressly for the school we need scarcely hope that it will meet with that success, or that interest will be taken in it which its merits and importance so pre-eminently entitle it."

When we first went Daly's stocking factory then occupied a long low frame building opposite, between the old Post Office and Virgin alley, one of the old buildings of the Fulton Bollman Foundry. We saw, before we left Smithfield street, this and other old buildings demolished, the cellars dug, the massive stones brought from the old Canal aqueduct in the Allegheny river at Eleventh street, (then Canal street) the foundations rise and the beautiful "Municipal Hall" completed ere we graduated, ever since to stand as a most effectual palladium, etc., and whose very walls are sacred to so many. Dr. Jillson's description does

very well for the opinion of a casual visitor. What shall we say?—we, who spent seven dreary months there, mainly winter months, with the grime, smoke and murkiness characteristic even yet of Pittsburgh and especially so in those days when the consumption of bituminous coal was universal. What words shall those use who spent years there? It was a rare day to have a recitation without the gas lit. From our rear windows we looked out into the grimy depths of Splane's Court, very like the average coal pit, or entry, so common even within the city limits—at that time. This court was always dark and repulsive to us. It was a horror inspirer. Afterwards it came to be solely tenanted by the descendants of the Cæsars until the wand of progress in the rebuilding of the smoky city as swung by the Midas hand of capital decreed its obliteration years afterwards. There were many such courts in that era—on Diamond, Virgin, and Cherry alleys, Hand street, Grant, Tunnel, High and other streets. They are slowly but surely going. Many a moment I spent in trying to peer into the mysteries of Splane's Court and did not succeed. I presume there were others. Pittsburgh did not have a railroad siding to every factory then. Drays were numerous and noisy. Smithfield, and, in fact all streets, were paved with cobble stones. The numerous wagons, hauling heavy pigs of iron and iron products, timber wheels with anywhere from six to fourteen horses from which huge and unwieldy vehicles hung castings of many tons weight; the clattering omnibus, the rattle of the mail wagons, drays, (never seen now), and other conveyances common to traffic and essential to the then modes of business, combined to make Smithfield street, a bridge street, in that day as now one of the main thoroughfares, and the pandemonium of noises necessitated closed windows and the frequent admonition of the Professors to "speak louder please." Even when a lull in traffic would occur we had a cheap John auction store down stairs with a constant cry—"I have one dollar, who'll give the half," and a guy who played antiquated tunes on an accordion, wheezy, or breezy you felt like describing it as you happened to be refreshed or surfeited with accordion melody. Lovely and exhilarating quarters to learn our ^{amo}amas—amat, and the mysteries of the penultimate and antepenultimate. But we were held to our work and managed to do it. Also to learn the Constitution of the United States verbatim et literatim, and plod along on the balance of the curriculum. A great bugbear to us was that now long defunct work styled "Fuller's Political Class Book of Pennsylvania," a catechismal

work on the Constitution of 1838, a Constitution (originally adopted by a narrow margin of votes) with the several amendments thereto of 1850, 1857 and 1864; in which

Were Nisi Prius
And Courts that try us,
And qualifications galore;
And Bills of Attainder
And all the remainder
At much of which we swore,

at least were inclined to and perhaps some of us did to ourselves, and when we had this Constitution well and properly committed, the sovereign people impelled by some cause or other to deponent unknown, in 1871 provided for the present Constitution of 1873 which seems to bother very few of us and nobody seems to know thoroughly or try to.

It can readily be inferred that such dry matter as Constitutional provisions and the question of who or who could not become president of the United States would not long hold the attention of such embryo minds as the D's. It was always a blessed relief therefore when a predatory rat, or even some quick actioned mice would emerge from one or more of the numerous crannies in those old rooms, and begin to forage. That sort of an invasion invariably meant action. Pieces of chalk, a surreptitious bone, even an ink well or cover has been known to have been hurled at those miscreants by other miscreants. Perhaps a crust hardened by age was the only available ammunition, but the first opportunity and the nearest sharp shooter to the enemy got in his work quickly, regardless of the demerits that were sure to come and increase someone's already plethoric list. But good Hughey Boice had the room to sweep anyhow, and such little diversions only seasoned the dry matter of fact stuff that we had to take nolens volens, and as for demerits—we got them anyhow.

We had fifty-five minute recitations, I think, and a half hour for dinner. School "took up" at 8:45 a. m. promptly, and we had chapel exercises morning and evening. Also a study hour and four recitations per diem. Monday was an off day. We had drawing and writing on that day and such studies as came once a week, viz: Mental Arithmetic and Physical Geography. We had also, class rhetorical on Mondays and each one had a turn, as it alphabetically came round to perform "in public on the stage" before the faculty and the entire school, in the afternoon in the Chapel just before dismissal, which was about 2:15 o'clock.

Do I hear you say oh, the agony of that first appearance? If you don't say it I will write it for you. The rule was—girls—essays; boys—declamations; except in the A year when the A was billed for "an original oration" and consequently in view of his great stores of erudition and his ability to put thoughts together with smoothness and skill and then ornately thrill us, he became a veritable Cicero to the admiring "plebes." We had only one A pupil that year, sixteen or seventeen B's, about thirty C's, perhaps less, and the two D classes numbering about thirty-five each. Eighty were admitted that year and the average enrollment was 113, so that with two performing each day that dreaded day soon came for me. I had never spoken in public before in my life. I selected Longfellow's Excelsior. Why, I do not know. I did not understand it. Many people do not. In fact I have read a letter from the great bard to an admirer, printed not many years ago, explaining that the admirer had taken him as he wished to be understood. I learned the piece so thoroughly I know it yet. With trembling knees I mumbled through the lines. I was too far gone to see pity on my auditors' faces and gloom on the faculty's as they would sweep past me in the gyrations I witnessed, much as you will see a carousal, better known as a "merry go 'round," pass you. I lived through it and so did my audience and ever afterward like unto a soldier under fire the first time, eventually got to like it and often again could see pity, such as I interpreted—"Is he never going to stop?" What queer things we mortals be? Speaking of these rhetorical requirements it came to be a bore with some of us. The class rhetorical we did not dislike. There we tried our best. There were no literary societies in my day. One time I remember declaiming in my C year, about a countryman who went into a fine dry goods store and asked a dapper salesman for nails. Upon being informed coldly that he had none, the country Jake answered that "in that case he would be in an awful fix if he should contract such a dread disease as psoriasis." Using of course the common term for the pestilential thing. I expected to be "called down" for this rather broad story, but I was not tho' the Professor would have had little difficulty in convincing me that my story was hardly up to the scratch, and I could have in truth replied that that was my point. In the Smithfield street building we ate our dinners generally in the back rooms on the second floor, where some sat and some stood around masticating, with a side line of badinage, often personal and always pointed. No one was allowed to go out except one

by permission, who could buy for those who wanted to pay for such lunches and these were generally purchased at Mrs. Morgan's, then a noted bakery and confectionery on Smithfield, below Diamond Alley. Boys and girls, of course, were separated at this hour, but we boys in the old back room were a jolly crowd of "hail fellows, well met." The D sat alongside of the B and the C's and B's fraternized lovingly and class distinctions were totally unknown. The room was not always warm and we munched our buttered bread and cold meat or hard boiled eggs and washed them down with the aqua pura of those days pumped directly from the Allegheny river at Twelfth street into the Bedford ave. basin. We were a healthy, happy set. Among those I met in that little old back room not in my class at the time and who have remained lifelong friends were David O. Hutchinson, Richard Cannon, William Lucian Scaife, Raphael Sergeant, Albert Berkowitz, George Glass, formerly with Singer, Nimick & Co.; Clark H. Johnston, an attorney long dead, and Amos L. Asper, a noted literateur. Others I recall are John C. Martin, the redoubtable Ed. P. (Jack) Wilkinson, and Wm. J. Hunter, of '69. All of the above graduated except Mr. Hutchinson. There were no A boys then. Among those of class of '70 I recall with pleasure Thomas S. Bell, Henry and George Herr, Frank P. Swindler, and Abraham Strasburger. I do not remember ever meeting any of these since leaving the school though I believe all are still living somewhere in our glorious country. George Herr did not graduate in the Academic department but did in the Commercial. Of the D² boys I can recall but few outside of those who became C's the next year in the Wood street building. John H. Atcheson and Frank D. Nobbs, J. N. McFall and Homer McKelvey, from the old Ninth ward (now O'Hara District, Twelfth ward) Will Brickell, of Columbus, O., I remember well but the latter attended the Franklin school when I did. Of all those D's but one beside myself graduated,—Albert L. Schultz, a well-known bridge-engineer, and really worthy to be dubbed "one of Pittsburgh's most prominent citizens" of whom more anon. Like myself he was a D¹, though he did not reside in Pittsburgh, but in the borough of East Birmingham at what is now Twentieth and Carson streets where his father carried on bridge building under the style of the Iron City Bridge Works, since merged into the American Bridge Co.

CHAPTER II.

THE BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING.

In April, 1868, the school removed to the then new Bank of Commerce building at Wood and Sixth streets, (now Sixth avenue) a structure long since torn down for the modern building that now occupies the northwest corner, for the Bank of Commerce a few years ago was "merged" and its identity has departed forever I may say, but the memory of that happy transition from darkness into light will never be forgotten by those who attended the Smithfield street school. "Larger, cleaner rooms," says Dr. Jillson describing them—yes they were brand new. "Better light and ventilation" he goes on—he might have added also, "More warmth and comfort"; for we had steam heat and new desks. Only think of a room with windows at each end and a large chapel, irregular in shape 'tis true, but with a row of windows nearly all around! "The stairs were long and steep, the halls were narrow"—all true, but we were used to that. The light, air, and comfort was what thrilled us and made us happier pupils. The accommodations Dr. Jillson says were so meager that sometimes two classes were reciting in the same room—they did before we left, but not at first entrance. In 1868 all of the present Thirteenth and Fourteenth wards, the Lawrenceville districts, and all of the present Twentieth, Twenty-first, Twenty-second and Twenty-third wards were made part of the city, but we got little of their accretions to the High School until the fall of 1869, when the school became overly crowded. I do not remember any two classes reciting in any one room except in the chapel on the fifth floor, which was a very large room and a class at each end did not seriously affect the other. We changed rooms then, going to the professors, though in some cases they came to us, and we were often, especially in the higher classes in one room for several hours. It was always necessary to go to Mr. Dean's room—Natural Science. Those steep, narrow stairs saw some queer transferrings and the fellow who did not like you got many a chance to give you a sly dig. We generally lunched by classes in an appointed room, though at first we followed the same plan as on Smithfield street. We got Vocal Music now as part of our curriculum and had the celebrated Allegheny Quartette for instructors—Messrs. Wm.



**THE OLD BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING,
P. C. H. S. April, 1868—September, 1871.**

H. and Walter B. Slack, Harrison Horner and Joel B. Darling. Prof. Wm. B. Hall for a time also, but he resigned and William Slack took his place. One needs only to recall our singing lessons to bring up what a cheap town Pittsburgh was in that day and how little the High School was appreciated. We could not obtain text-books in music so Prof. Dean managed somehow or other to purchase one copy of each of the standard song books of the day, about a score, and had the staff painted on the Chapel blackboards in white lines. Then he and Prof. Kenaston or Bancroft or some one who had time would write the notes and words of the song for the day on the board. As the room was a large one, this took duplication and it can readily be seen what labor was involved. We liked the singing, it was a blessed innovation. We did not feel like it in the depressing quarters we had left though we would have undoubtedly sung there too had we had the chance. There were three chairs to two desks in the Chapel seating arrangement on account of economy of space that was necessary to provide seats for all. Consequently the "middleman" or lady was well hemmed in and usually felt so-so, as to room. When we first were seated in trios I was middleman with Thomas H. Fahnestock and Chas. S. Graham, both living, the former now an invalid, once a well known merchant and brother of Sheriff-elect Jas. M. Fahnestock, who died before being inducted into his office in 1903. The latter now in Rome was for many years a teller in the old Bank of Pittsburgh. This association was in the D days. Later in the C and B class after these two had left school my seat-mates were Frank Clifford Hutchinson and Richard Cannon. Mr. Hutchinson died some twelve years ago. At the time he was cashier of the Allegheny National Bank, where he went shortly before the close of our A year. Robert W. Mackey, then cashier, had sent to Mr. Luckey, the city superintendent asking him to send him a good boy. Frank had been a pupil of Mr. Luckey's and his circumstances at the time were such that this was a most desirable appointment for him. Mr. Dean advised him to accept and he left us much to our regret. He should have been graduated, for perhaps with one exception, he was the most thorough and diligent scholar in the class. To me instead of a source of envy, as was often the case, he was a delight, a wonder. I had infinite confidence in his ability to master anything, to surmount all obstacles. Over twenty years afterwards I stood beside the poor remnants of his mortal frame in the cosy little home he had secured on Cypress street. To gain this last

boon I had to elbow my way through a crowd of the solid men financially of this now great city—capitalists, a few millionaires—powers in trade and political circles. They were there to pay the last sad tributes. But none of them knew him as I did. They knew him as a bright, thorough, accurate, capable official, the soul of honor, the ideal of integrity and fidelity. I knew him as my boyhood friend—classmate—seat-mate for over two years. I knew the warm true heart, the faithful undeviating friendship, the brotherly tenderness and the power and scope of his gifted mind—one of the old High School boys—Mr. Dean's boys, who loved Mr. Dean as I and thousands more did. I did not stay long for my feelings overcame me and I withdrew. The circumstances of Mr. Hutchinson's death were pathetic. Pulmonary weakness had developed in a frame much like my own, never robust, and he had gone to the famed Colorado Springs in the hope of restoration, but alas, whatever benefits the balmy and exhilarating atmosphere of that locality afforded, were nullified by a fatal accident. He was thrown from a vehicle in which he and his little family were driving, and sustained a fracture of the skull, from the effects of which he died. This was in October 1891, and he had lived only thirty-seven years. His keen, analytic mind was capable of mastering any subject. He ranked as one of Pittsburgh's ablest financiers and his advice and judgment were sought by many men of more mature years. He left a widow and two daughters. I have a stack of letters in the beautiful clear chirography he was capable of, fervent, newsy and always welcome that I shall ever keep. Some one after me can destroy them. I never wanted to. They were written me while I was in college. Kindly believe the Classmate, I placed in the same plane of scholarship is not myself.

In the mutations that occur in any school, especially in a school like ours where pupils were quitting at all times and each Fall brought scores of new faces, it was natural that many should occupy the seats in our immediate front, for the older classes were seated farther back than the newer ones. I remember but few neighbors there; Clarence Burleigh for quite a time was one and Thos. F. Best and John G. Canfield, and others from the class admitted in June 1869, the names of whom are given later. The Academic enrollment increased from 168 in the Smithfield street building to 204 in 1868-69, and 234 in 1869-70—with averages of 138 and 155. The averages lowered to that degree on account of the constant falling out of pupils. Books were high priced. It was

but a few years after the great war, and living was expensive—bread-stuffs especially were high. Pittsburgh then was more of a city of working classes even than now. Many who would have been glad to have remained were compelled to get out by home circumstances and take up the burden of existence for themselves. With the crowds of newly admitted pupils came life, energy and variety in the Fall. Many vacant seats, humdrum, prosy everyday work, a general tired feeling were painfully characteristic of the close of the year. The school took on a boom with the establishment of the Normal Department in 1868. Its first enrollment was 91. The average was 55. The Commercial Department as such was instituted the same year. Its enrollment was 218. For lack of room this department held its sessions from 2:30 to 4:30 p. m., and from 7 to 9 p. m. It was in charge of Prof. Robert Johnston, of the Iron City College, who had taught us bookkeeping in the Smithfield street building. Prof. Dean says in his report for that year that it was impossible to accommodate in these rooms all these departments at once. The classes of the Academical department had the precedence, and were dismissed at 2:30 p. m. Normal pupils came at 10:17 a. m. and left at 2 p. m. and he goes on to lament that notwithstanding these arrangements it had been impossible to avoid unpleasant interferences of one department with another. Those who were subject to and annoyed by those interferences will readily recall them. It was no wonder the Fulton street building was looked forward to with intense longings and it was a palace and a heaven to the conditions in rented buildings. It is now considered antiquated, illy ventilated and arranged, architecturally bad, structurally overdone, etc., etc., and is to be almost rebuilt or added to. Perhaps ye who braved in silence, worked in patience, plodded and sorrowed in darkness on Smithfield street, and ye who were cramped and jostled in the Wood street quarters tell them who complain how ye would have loved, (a good feminine word) to have gone to the school on Fulton street. Tell them how ye hoped and waited and were disappointed and years came and went and the Central High School slowly and quietly grew in numbers, faculty and alumni, increasing its curricula, sphere and influence until it has attained its present honored place in the community and three buildings house its thousands and all are owned by the city. The total attendance of all the departments in 1870, the year in mind was 637, an increase of 124. Mr. Dean asked for another room and another teacher but did not get them and we had the same faculty in 1871 when I left.

CHAPTER III.

STILL ON WOOD STREET—IN A REMINISCENT VEIN.

In the Smithfield street building we had in Fall of 1867, besides Mr. Dean, principal; Horace W. Bancroft, A. M., Professor of Mathematics; Carlos A. Kenaston, A. M., Professor of Belles-Lettres, (Polite Literature, if you please), and Miss Hephzibah Wilkins, Preceptress. Besides Mr. Johnston before mentioned Mr. John Earle, a well-known portrait painter taught us drawing. This was the entire faculty. We had drawing, writing and bookkeeping once a week. When we went to Wood street we were there for the balance of the year with the same teachers. Mr. Dean was with the school from its beginning and was its third principal. Mr. Bancroft came in February, 1867, antedating my entrance a few months. He took the place of the lamented Prof. W. W. Dickson, who died on January 12th of that year. Prof. Kenaston came in December, 1866, a few months before Mr. Bancroft and Miss Wilkins began her teaching in 1866. So that with one exception the school had a new faculty. Mr. Kenaston took Mr. Jos. H. Montgomery's place, but Mr. Montgomery was an assistant teacher only. Mr. Dickson had also been with the school since 1855. There will be no misunderstanding when you read that Miss Wilkins the Preceptress was eminently and entirely all right. We recited our first Latin to her and found her a kind earnest little lady whom we had leave us with many regrets and some misgivings for her successor. She resigned in March, 1869, and became Mrs. Jos. S. Hamilton and still lives, and is now, as on the day of her graduation in the first class, one of the High School's staunchest friends. Miss Sarah Rutledge later Mrs. John G. Bryant, herself a graduate as well as Mr. Bryant, succeeded Miss Wilkins as Preceptress. Our misgivings vanished on first sight. She later signed my diploma and all recollections of her and her teaching are of the pleasantest kind. Along in 1878 I took a notion to undergo the preliminary examination for the bar. One other, Abraham Israel, Esq., and myself were granted certificates. Two out of eighteen. They do better now. James K. P. Duff and Harry McCormick long since dead were on the committee. They passed us, but Judge Kennedy an old college professor and Mr. Bryant were not so easy. We had a separate hearing "at chambers" before each.

Caesar De Bello Gallico, was the subject of the inquiry on the part of the Judges, both fine scholars. They were eventually satisfied, Judge Kennedy called in Judge Sterrett, then his partner and many years a member of the Central Board of Education and local board, to hear us, but the Judge said he would take Mr. Kennedy's word for it. You see the Judge was nominated that day for the Supreme Bench where he served a full term of twenty-one years. Mr. Bryant asked me who taught me Latin and I replied proudly—"Your wife, sir."

He was quite satisfied. I infer that certificate is still on file, and I am still a law student, and entitled to admission to the courts. Mr. Bryant, one of the best of our Alumni, a gallant soldier, a distinguished lawyer, and a finished scholar, went to his long home a few years ago. [Dec. 1891.]



LT. JOHN G. BRYANT. P. C. H. S. 1861.

[From a photo by Dabbs, 1864.]

I never told Mr. Bryant or any one the joke. The sections I happened to get were: one referring to the lazy Arar River, near the first of Book I, and another I had equally pat; but have forgotten it. Latin, as well as most things, in the C year was an intolerable "nuisance to some," and we C's, a good many of us whose demerit scores were always near the danger line, did not want to study, and would not if we could get out of it, and as we had a large class then, we could generally tell when our respective turns came, or were com-

ing, and we even managed to have a good lesson occasionally, often the translation was made while others were reciting, as we had Andrew's Caesar with a vocabulary in the back, so that my assignments in the examination were as usual lucky. A reading, one or two sections, removed, might have been given me, that would have troubled me somewhat without a lexicon, especially as I had paid no attention to Latin for several years previously, and anyone can easily see who has studied a language and then neglected it, how meanings will tantalize and forms mock, and words pass by in half-recognized acquaintanceship, and you are sure of nothing until you grab the lexicon and the grammar, and dig out your translation. The less context, the more puzzling, but after all, you and I and every one gets credit for what we assume to know or can make people think we know, and 'tis well, 'tis so, or we would be under examination most of the time.

Rev. John H. Crumb, A. M., an Oberlin man and a minister of the Congregational Church, was the first addition to the faculty on Wood street. From August, 1868, to August 1869, he was an assistant professor in the newly established Normal Department; that is, for the school year beginning September, 1868, and ending June, 1869. He then became professor of Latin and Greek, and remained until Feb. 1873, one year after my departure. Mr. Kenaston taught what Greek was taught in 1870, as that study was, with German, made optional, about this time, as Mr. Crumb was busy with the Normal Department. Charles Bradley Wood, A. M., came to us on February 9th, 1869, first as an assistant teacher, then professor of physics, then mathematics, then principal in 1880—remaining with the school some thirty-three years, twenty-two of which he was the head, succeeding Dr. Jillson, the fourth principal, who later served twelve years under Prof. Wood, as professor of natural sciences, until his death in 1899. Upon Mr. Wood's resignation, as Director of High Schools, he was succeeded by Edward Rynearson, A. M., the present able Director. Julian B. Crenshaw, A. B., also came in the Fall of 1869; first as an assistant teacher, later he became "Professor of Commercial Calculations." Professors Kenaston, Bancroft, Crumb, Wood, Crenshaw, also signed my diploma. Mr. Wood, as professor of physics. Mr. Dean did not sign. He was very busy that summer, preparing for the great event—the removal to the palatial Fulton Street building, the finest, the reports of the year said, in the State. Alas! he sickened and died,

and that diploma, instead of becoming a treasure, lost interest for me, and became a source of everlasting regret, because it was incomplete. There was a vacant line—the Head Master's name was missing. It was an arch without a keystone.

After Prof. Earle's resignation, we had two drawing teachers from the School of Design, then in the same building with us—Misses Rachel Henderson and Agnes Way. After a few months the latter was succeeded by Miss M. E. Fitzsimmons. These ladies were there for some years. Captain Paul F. Rohrbacher came as teacher in German in October, 1869, and taught six hours per week after the daily session. As I had enough studies, I did not study German at the High School. Drawing lessons were on Monday. Upon Prof. Rohrbacher's retirement in 1870, Miss Louisa M. Voight took his place, and remained until January, 1883. These were all the teachers and professors in my High School Days.



SARAH A. RUTLEDGE, P. C. H. S. 1865.

(Mrs. JOHN G. BRYANT.)

Preceptress, March, 1869—July, 1871.

CHAPTER IV.
THE GRAND ALLEGORY.

A history of the School will be very incomplete without mention of the Exhibitions given by the pupils in 1869 or 1870, and repeated within a year. The former in early Spring; the latter in Fall of year. The first, in what is now the Academy of Music, the second time at



Library Hall, now the Bijou Theater, which building was completed about that time. My recollections of the first event are rather indistinct. I think the month was March. I remember very well that we Seventh Warders were having a glorious stone fight on Ruch's Hill, the night of the first rehearsal, and we were getting the best of the "Pitts," as we designated the boys, who lived in the adjoining township, afterwards made Oakland Township. I should say, that part known as Goosetown, in the neighborhood of the present Fifth Avenue High School, for the boys of the Minersville end, or that part opposite us on Centre avenue, were our friends and allies. I remember with regret that I had to leave the utter wiping out of our

enemies on that occasion to a subsequent one. The rehearsals and drills were held for several weeks before the entertainment was put on the stage, and then we had one or two stage rehearsals prior to the public's admission. The boys took the parts of soldiers and also Sherman's Bummers. The first singing drills and rehearsals were in the evenings, in the Wood Street building. Several times the boys went to Wilkin's Hall (City Hall), or one of the city halls, the other was over the market. The Mayor's office was in Wilkin's Hall, and some other offices. Here we were drilled by Capt. J. B. Moore, a veteran soldier, in the Duquesne Grays' Armory. That was the first time I had a real piece in my hands for drill. Chas. Atkinson had an Enfield rifle, a war relic, that he allowed me to fire on the Fourth of July, etc., but I knew nothing of the manual of arms. Was the gun heavy? Um! I would have held to it if it had weighed a ton. The Grays kindly loaned us their arms for the exhibition also. The girls were dressed in patriotic colors. Each State was represented by a beautiful, young High School lady, who spoke a piece, usually of four lines. I remember only Florida. Yes, I used to look at her occasionally, and she said:

"Of Ponce de Leons' fount of youth
By Poets sweetly sung."

and here my memory goes up into the air, I guess I will have to write "Miss Florida," and get the rest of the stanza for a subsequent edition.

We also had the Goddess of Liberty, songs, red fire galore, *tableaux vivant et id genus omne ad satisfaciendum et suffiendum*. One of the opening songs was to the air of the Grand March in Norma, and went:

Raise the song, raise the song,—raise the song.
Raise with grateful hearts the thankful song of praise
All the men of earth
Here by right of birth,
Singing, blooming, gushing, flowing crown the cup.
Then impart thou the blessing sent from heaven,
With gentle hand the drooping soul sustaining,
Raise the voice 'till to every man shall equal rights be
given
Till in thy universal reign the world be blest."

And then came the semi-chorus, all saluting the goddess :

“All hail to thee, O Liberty
 With every bliss on earth abounding
 All good the patriot heart desires
 Is here thy path surrounding.”

And then the G. of L. blessed us. “Well done, my children,” and there was red fire, glory, happy hearts, and oceans of applause and curtain down to fast music. You can remember our colored friends and citizens were still contrabands : the Fourteenth Amendment agitation was on, to be finally settled in favor of the late emancipated, and those previously freed, and the freeborn blacks, and to make trouble ever since. For, have we not had kukluxism and carpetbaggers, Jim Crow laws and disfranchisement, to speak softly of lynchings and burnings at the stake and other evidences of advanced civilization, which greatly shock us when they occur in China and Turkey.

The correct title of the entertainment was :

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

GRAND NATIONAL ALLEGORY AND TABLEAUX.

It was written for Mr. J. M. Hager, of Cincinnati, by Captain J. W. Miller, one of the editorial staff of the Cincinnati Commercial. It was produced on shares. I can not give much information, relative to the first presentation. A great many who took part in that had the same parts in the second one, in which the Allegory was presented much improved, as Captain Miller had revised it in the interim. The second presentation was a grand success,—but a moderate success the first time.

The principal characters were:—

1. The Goddess of Liberty, impersonated by Ella McCargo, '71
2. George Washington, President U. S. (Rush S. Lake, '73)
3. Christopher Columbus (John G. Canfield, '73)
4. Revolutionary Soldiers
5. Truth
6. Justice
7. 37 States of the Union
8. The Indian Princess (Amelia Tutell)
9. The Indian Soothsayer
10. The Indian Warrior (John J. Hill, '73)
11. Indian Band

12. The Army of the Potomac
13. Sherman's Bummers
14. Ceres
15. Floral Department
16. Sundry Military Battalions
17. Attendant Spirit
18. German (Jos. E. Lewis)
19. Irishman (John Paisley, Jr.)
20. Negro Boy (Harry Fownes)
21. Spanish Sailors
22. War (Chas. A. Wishart)
23. Rebel Picket Guard
24. German Union Spy (Lewis)
25. Irish Union Spy (Paisley)
26. Messengers
27. Peace (Anna McCague, '71, or Nancy Mackrell, '73)
28. Trains

Of the various States, South Carolina and Massachusetts had a good deal to say. South Carolina was Miss Martha Nobbs; Massachusetts was Anna Hetherington, '71. The scene where the States get into a discussion over the negro, and pull hair (not literally), and then South Carolina and the other wayward sisters depart in peace, was a highly dramatic one, and well-staged and acted. Rhode Island was Miss Rose Neely I am told, and to remember who the others were, would be a task impossible for one mind. The Misses Cooper, Clara McCargo, Emma Phillips, Kate Porter, and Martha Horner were some I can recall.

The introduction opens with a scene on the island discovered by Columbus. The soothsayer is reciting her forebodings. The princess cries, a la Macbeth.

"Enough—go you
And watch the line where blue meets blue."

The indicated Warrior kow-tows, and with the aid of his padded gastrocnemii exits r. u. e. Princess dotes on the weather; Indian maiden sings, beginning:

"All hail the rich and leading light,
Bathed in odors from the night,
The dewy breeze, the luscious air,
The blue sky, deep and rare."

The air to this beautiful song is, "Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer." It was sung and well sung by Miss M. J. Cannon—a C Class girl at the time. She was liberally encored. Part of the group withdraw and then the warrior who had his eyes on the horizon comes rushing in with eyes ablaze, and his hair pompadour all over. The winged birds, and men who step like leopards, and whose spears spit fire, are burdens of his woe, and he gets through his lines, of course, just as the son of the wool comber of Genoa, and his pageantry enter, reverently thanking God for his great luck or destiny. The Indians well aware now that they have been discovered, hold a pow-wow, and their princess tells them to hike, and pointing to C. C. declares: "That man was born a king," and then does a little soothsaying herself in these words:

"Life's riddle is not solved, but deeper grows:
Our past is crushed, the future no one knows."

A prophecy yet good; but the official soothsayer looks at the score card—and calls out:

"Go all poor helpless birds—your race is run
Our God henceforth must be the setting sun."

The game is decided in favor of Columbus, 9 to nothing, and the Indians exeunt. Nothing develops about pools on the race aforesaid, but the bookmakers have been busy ever since.

Several highly interesting events are passed over. Miles Standish et al., John Smith and Pocahontas, Wm. Penn and the Redskins, and others too numerous to mention, and when we next get a view of our national game, a guard of old continentals, breathing fire, of course, enter l. m. e. Little girls strew flowers. President George Washington, first at the bat. Band plays, "Hail to the Chief." Quite a few oceans of applause from the bleachers, the pit and the boxes—Bravo—Bravo—cheer, boys, cheer. Washington had made a home-run hit and delivered his farewell address to the audience from the home plate. Goddess of Liberty, Truth and Justice arrive on foot, just as George Washington's guards and flower girls go out opposite stage entrance. Everybody sings: "Raise the Song." Band plays the Grand March in Norma. Liberty blesses her children in true motherly style as previously, and the longest hit yet seen on the grounds goes on record.

Truth and Justice advance to the footlights and sing. Audience recognizes tune at once as "Yankee Doodle."

"We stand together hand in hand.
As we have stood for ages
To battle for the right, while might
Against us vainly rages."

Chorus comes in fortissimo:—

"Let the mighty despots rage
We will serve them never
Truth and Justice lead the way,
And be our guide forever."

Two verses more and then the States have their inning and go to the bat in the order of their admission to the league (I mean the Union), Pennsylvania's girl (who?) says:

"From Independence Hall again
Shall ring out Freedom's note,
And o'er the land of William Penn
What tyrant flag *dare* float?"

The italics indicate where the emphasis came, just as the declaiming girls bring out the word, not, and pause a moment when they inform you that "Curfew shall not ring tonight." You know. A few songs are interspersed—one is Viva l'America, beginning:

"Noble Republic! happiest of lands
Foremost of Nations, Columbia stands."

Columbia has a few gray hairs, now, but we chorus:

"Throughout the world our Motto should be
Viva l'America—Home of the free."

There is a little bluffing done by some of the States (there is yet), for instance, North Carolina, when she tells:

"The pines are thick upon my hills,
My swamps are *dark* and low;
The one will scourge, the other drown,
Whoever comes thy foe."

This to the Goddess of Liberty, of course. The Gulf States: Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Texas come forward, all forward in the center, "eight hands 'round," and tell the folks that,

"The Gulf States hand in hand
Will march at thy command,
Thy temples wreath with bays
Thy standards higher raise."

They spoke in unison and up went their banners at the word, but they broke their promise as everybody knows.

I can see these four girls coming demurely forward, each with a guidon, on which was the State's name, and I can hear the very tones of their voices, and the parrotty pitch; and see the unmistakable evidences of relief that their ordeal was over, when they again stood back among the galaxy of States. I don't know who they were now, and perhaps 'tis well. All sing "America" here, and then more States make their obeisance to the Goddess of Liberty, and among them Florida, and I can now tell you the rest that she said: it was referring to the fount of youth, and addressed to the Goddess as all other speeches by the States in this part of the programme:

"Thy lips have drank and evermore.
Thou'rt deathless, fair and young."

California and Oregon spoke in unison as did Minnesota, Kansas, Iowa and Wisconsin. Previously each State had said her own little speech. The song next was the "Flag of the Free." Solo and Chorus. Solo began:

"Nobly our flag flutters o'er us to-day"
Emblem of peace, pledge of Liberty's sway

Chorus:

"Here we will gather its cause to defend."
Let Patriots rally and wise counsels lend
It still shall be the flag of the free
Emblem of sweet liberty.

There were two verses, and the air was a pretty one. Miss Fanny Dain sang some solos. I think this was one. She, too, was a sweet singer, and was well received. The Attendant Spirit comes in and announces two men from foreign shores, and we have the advent of the German and the Irishman.—The Slovak, Neapolitan, Assyrian, Chink, et al. were then unknown and Kishineff unheard of. Fair Liberty welcomes the newcomers in appropriate words. The German replies: among other things, he would place his Schiller beside our Washington, and his needle gun in juxtaposition with our carbine, and he did later. Dido, I mean Liberty, taffies him and then says: "Well, good-looking Irishman, what do you want?" He tells her a bit of land and no landlords, "Do ye mind?" and winds up with his motto:

"The blue above the green, but the green above the red."

The Goddess readily assents and says: "Go Paddy, and take it." He can take his pick of what land hasn't been gobbled, and he must go a little slow about annexing Canada. The song here is to the air "Red, White and Blue," but not the original words, and then Patrick loquitur: "The blissid Goddiss there called me Paddy. How did she know I was Irish." He wanted to be taken for Garibaldi in disguise and inquired if any of the girls were named Bridget, and then he gave us a song and walk-around to the tune of Finnegan's Wake. He had a real blackthorn stick from "the ould sod," which Paisley pere, had obtained a few years before, when across the pond, but not the time he went over to back Jimmy Hamill, the Pittsburg oarsman, champion of America, against Harry Kelly, English champion, for the championship of the world. Paisley, Jr., could sling the stick swiftly, and juggle it in true Irish style. The chorus in the song ran:

"Whack hurrah what lovely craytures
Greet poor Pat as he comes ashore—
God blcss the day the Goddess made me
An Irish Yankee for evermore."

and the chorus in the next verse changes to:

"Whack hurrah, bow to the ladies
Isn't this a time for joy
The day that knocks a British badge off
And makes a man of an Irish boy."

I saw Mr. Paisley since writing the above lines, I started him by giving him a cue now and then, and he went through his lines verbatim, and sang his song without a break, two verses and the choruses. This shows the strength of memory and its retaining power over that which was well learned in youth.

Dutchy and Pat now have a colloquy about the needle gun, and Pat inquires what kind of cotton he threaded it with, and Hans replies: "I trets it mit gun-cotton." Pat "monkeys" with it awhile, and dropping it on his toe passes it quickly to the German and yells:

"Turf and ages.—Here's something I wouldn't give for forty naydle guns. It never misses fire."

And he swings his shillalah close to poor Dutchy's head and Hans backs into Sambo, who has come in quietly, and who it develops once had a German overseer. So he salutes with:

"Wie geht's Landsman?"

This throws Dutchy into great consternation, and he asks tremulously:

“Mein Himmel—you bin Deutch?”

And upon being assured by Sambo that he was, and having at least a part of the vernacular to prove it, he further reassures the man from Westphalia, that “the swartz, and plackness in his looks” was only sunburn, that he had been in America zwanzig years, and all Germans got that way in five. German goes out r. e. hurriedly, to find the date of the next Bremen steamer.

Irishman tells Sambo that he fooled the German “pooty nate”; but warns him he can’t deceive him, and bellows fiercely:

“Don’t you be claimin’ to be a countryman of mine.”

“No, sah, by no means, sah,” says the negro, grinning hugely.

Irishman comes in with question—

“Do you wish to exercise your ivories at me furder, I dun no?”

Sambo replies: “He didn’t—he did not want to hold any ‘condensation’ with him at all, and that when he carried ‘sassidges, it was to gentlemen.’”

This makes Pat laugh, and he softens and says, “Sassidges, is it? It’s messages, you mane.”

Sam says, “It’s all the same.”

Pat comes back with, “If you were hungry, you wouldn’t think so.”

Sam then asks, calling him Mr. McManus, what brought him over, and Pat tells him confidentially:

“You see, Mr. Lily White, yesterday I landed at Castle Garden, today I paid my respects to the Goddiss, and tomorrow—tomorrow, bejabbers I’ll be a polaceman.”

Mr. Paisley, commenting on this, remarked, “Well, I came pretty near it anyhow.” He is now captain of No. 17 Engine Company, Pittsburgh Bureau of Fire, with which he has been connected eighteen years.

Sambo now sings to air: “Dearest May”—the chorus thus:

“We pray de Lord he show some signs
We some day shall be free.
De Norf wind tell it to the pines,
De wild duck to de sea.”

Liberty calls to the States that another is to be cared for, and not an alien true, and asks, “What would you?” He replies “Good

evening, white folks, what do you think of me?" South Carolina says sneeringly, "Well, is he pretty?" Old Plymouth Rock butts in with:

"No! All smutty faced
But honest hearts oft homely forms have graced."

South Carolina sneers more loudly:

"You're quite poetic o'er his wooly poll."

Georgia guffaws:

"Ha! Ha! These Yankees are so *very* droll."

Harsher words follow and the war is on. South Carolina claims her property. "He has always worked for me." Georgia says, "If South Carolina "wants that little nig, why she shall have him, so don't you look big." This to Massachusetts, "Shant—shall; will—won't; see, if I don't, etc." All true femininities—followed by Grand Disunion Chorus, and the Goddess in tears; then charges of treason, and soon South Carolina leaves the Union, followed by Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama and Texas, who runs up saying, "Once again the Lone Star Flag, she'll fly." Liberty tells of the brave deeds of Revolutionary days, of Bunker Hill and Eutaw, and is deeply and tenderly suppliant—wants them to shake hands and make up. "Nit," says South Carolina, curtly. Massachusetts wants to run each traitor through. Vermont seconds the motion. The Empire State persuades in vain—out they go. Attendant Spirit announces in horror, that "you can hear—against Fort Sumpter cannon roar, and blood flows down the streets of Baltimore." Goddess shrieks and is all in (nearly all)—and the song is now, "The First Gun is Fired," ending with a repeat:

"Arise! Arise! Arise!
And gird ye for the fight,
And let our watchword ever be,
May God defend the right."

End of first part. Curtain down to slow music of Steinway Grand as operated on by Miss Hager, a performer of rare excellence, who was highly esteemed by all for her kindness of spirit, and remembered as singularly beautiful, and engaging young woman. I can not speak too strongly here of the excellent work of the two alien and the negro character. They entered into the spirit of the affair as only boys can. They had been well trained to the work, and all were from the O'Hara School (Twelfth Ward), where they were accustomed to ex-

hibitions. The principal of that time was H. G. Squires, I believe, still among us. There was not a hitch in their lines anywhere. I am informed they so greatly desired to make their parts successful, that the trio would go out among the Twelfth Ward residents when they had time, for some weeks previous to the entertainment and listen to the speech of those that was remarkable for peculiarity, richness of brogue, and fruited with any characteristic of dialect, valuable to their respective parts. Their ready memories and quick wits, would sift these points out, and then in their boys' haunts they would rehearse them, each having critics in the other two, and they thus attained as near stage perfection as it was possible for amateurs to attain. I am informed the German made friends with a comedian, and actually put himself under his tuition. This shows what an interest the High School pupils took in the entertainment, and how anxious to succeed, and how willing to work they were. But the rascals led us to believe, or some at least, that this variety business was their own get-up, and as we had no libretto, having no speaking parts, we did not know for years afterwards that we had been taken in.

CHAPTER V.

THE GRAND ALLEGORY—CONTINUED.

Part II. opened with a tableau. The Goddess of Liberty is seen lamenting her situation. Truth and Justice are consoling her. The Goddess calls for War—"Minister of Wrath." He is close at hand, and entering says:

"You call and I am here,
I hear your voice, and yet long years have passed
My gentle Mistress since I heard it last."

She tells him to sound his horn to send the warlike summons far and wide, to call all her children to see if they respond, and War does so, and announces:

"Hark scarce a moment has conveyed the sound
And yet their coming thunder shakes the ground."

Whereupon the divine one feels much better and tells us so, and how glad she is we do not desert her in her need. The Military and the Loyal States, and trains enter, and all sing four lines: "Our Country's in Danger," and vow to save her or die. Liberty gives us the gladdest kind of a hand and queries: "Do you still love the flag?" We assure her we do, for we sing, "The Battle Cry of Freedom," as two hundred young voices can sing it. And New York utters a prophecy which came true of course. It wound up with the assertion that the North would

"Press with army and with fleet
Till the blue waters of the gulf we meet."

Then follows a song—air, "Tramp, Tramp." It began:

"Oh! we heed thy trumpet call
We are coming one and all
Each patriot heart has sworn thy banner bright,
Shall float from sea to sea,
And its folds be shaken free,
From the traitor band that would its glory blight."

In the chorus the States are marching, etc. The seceded States enter at this juncture, and South Carolina recites a la Marsellaise Hymn :

“Ye Sister States the South hath spoken,
Hark! Hark your kindred bid you come”
etc.
To arms—ye South, to arms
March on etc.”

This was an appeal to the border States and Tennessee, North Carolina and Arkansas, go over to the stars and bars. Virginia, ah! Virginia, more than half loyal, Virginia hesitates. To falter is to lose. New York and New Jersey beseech her to remain at least until they try once more to win her “from the path that leads to war,” and then is softly and beautifully sung to the air of “Belle Brandon,” a song of “Mt. Vernon, the Mecca of the Free,” beginning :

“There’s a home down in Old Virginia
By the fair Potomac’s woody shore,
Where the hearts of the Nation are turning
And the world shall be looking evermore, etc.”

Virginia goes with the South and South Carolina boasts :

“There’s four at least have answered to our call
A little longer and we shall have them all.”

Vermont taunts back about winning no battles, and having no men. South Carolina ever ready wants to know the whereabouts of “Stonewall Jackson, and what they think of Lee? Seen Morgan lately, Eh?” Throws in a good thrust of Yankee loads, “going to Richmond by the Mosby Road,” and tells them they were three days going to Bull Run, and needed only one to get back, ha! ha!

Ohio springs to the front—good Ohio, and scorns their taunts, tells them about dethroning King Cotton, and about our gallant boys that have haversacks lined with plumpest greenbacks. Remarks further, they probably can’t disparage Lee, but will rout him with U. S. Grant, whose address was lately Vicksburg, etc. South Carolina tells her not to be too sure, and Ohio says coolly :

“Of course not. No!
But can you tell me where Grant once let go?”

This pertinent query always brought down the house, for Grant was then President. Liberty interposes a wail of foreign intervention, and we may in the end all be slaves; but South Carolina is not afraid; but

Virginia does not know about it, and New York avows firmly that she does know. Europe can ne'er gain fame or spoil by planting foot on the Western continent. Miss Cannon sang the solo of "The Realm of the West"—two verses with chorus by all :

"Have you heard of the beautiful realm of the West,
Encircled by Oceans and kissed by the sun?
Have you heard of the Nations that thrive on her breast,
Bright heirs of her grandeur, the 'many in one?'"

We sing :

"Kings cannot govern this land of our choice
Liberty loves us and peace is our guest,
Shout for the Union with heart and with voice,
God is our King in this realm of the West."

A highly patriotic song that would make a beautiful school song today. I have never seen it in any song book ; and infer that it was not sung outside of the rendition of the Allegory, which was produced all over the North.

West Virginia, Nebraska and Nevada, the "War born States," now enter the Union, and are acclaimed and welcomed by Liberty. They respond by saying that the simple crowns from Liberty's fair hand surpass all in imperial land for :

"Freedom's touch confers a gem
More lustrous than a diadem."

Negro boy enters with a speech. He states first, "I golly dis nigger am clar made free." He has learned to spell, his first lesson was Massah Lincum's Emancipation Proclamation. He made them hoecake till the meal was out and helped them from prison, hid the wounded scout, cooked for the captain and the mess, and did a little fighting on the side. He is now lookin' for a comfortable job. Who wants him? Terms, \$2.00 per day. If he can't make a trade, he can enlist as corporal in the black brigade. Just here the rebel picket guard comes in, sergeant posts guard and calling up the enterprising young blonde, wants to know what he is doing there? Julius—that's his right name ;—replies—that "he was just prowlin' 'round a little," and in answer to other queries makes known that he belonged to Mass' Carter, and that Massah had run off."

A soldier interrogates—"Where did you get them good clothes?"

Julius laughingly answers: "Dese wardrobe? Oh, you see sometimes de Yanks camped 'round my old mudder's cabin, and some-

times the Southern gentlemen, de old woman made a heap of dem greenbacks. Hence dis cosschume." And then he tells about the "fust" Yankees, giving his "mudder" a lot of paper collars to wash and "bress my soul when she put dem collahs in de suds, whew golly! you ought to see de old lady when dem collahs got mealy. Dat made a heap of trouble on the de old lady's intellect."

Third soldier disgustedly says: "Its no use to cross-question a nigger in dis war. He's a contraband on one side and an orphan on the other," and calling him Pete, wants him to dance.

"My name is Julius, sah, and I nebber dances out on de picket line."

"Then whistle and git," says the soldier, and Julius got.

Sergeant now sees Wigfall, the picket, trading with a Yankee picket, and sends Tarheel, the second soldier over to see if he got any Yankee grub, and just then enter the German and Irishman as Union spies. There is now quite a nice little variety show. The Dutch rebel tells them he worked down on "dem lebees when the war pin broke oud, und he gets wolunteered." The Irishman assures the sergeant that he is not a native-born Louisianian, but Ireland is full of Creoles like himself. He had served under John Morgan, and had been sent to Kelly's Island, but John and he had both got out of the same hole—greenbacks. A theory strong in Ohio to this day; but I may say parenthetically that General Basil Duke's story of Morgan's Escape published in the Century Magazine some eighteen years back, and to be found in the Century Series of the History of our War, will set the reader's mind at rest on this point. These works are in all the public libraries.

Dutchy wants to know "what sort of grub you gits now already"—saying their haversacks "look burty schlim." Sergeant replies that they drew rations that morning for seven days, and exhibits the ration—one corndodger. Of course, this was about the time they were dying in the last ditch. Dutchy thinks "dat is hard tings," and promises to make, "one Yankee sutler skedaddle." "Skedaddle" was a great word in war times. It's no wonder Dutchy picked it up. Any old veteran can attest there was much skedaddling done on both sides at times.

Pat wants a bit of a lunch and a song, but the soldier returns with a newspaper—"The only thing the picket had to exchange"—It was the "New York Bugle." Paddy still wants a sup and a bite, say-

ing: "Its not bad news your stomach wants." But he takes the paper nevertheless, and Dutchy wants "dem plack letters read first." Irishman reads top lines, as he calls them, as follows:

"ALL QUIET ON THE POTOMAC.

LATEST FROM RELIABLE CONTRABANDS.

NOTHING HEARD FROM GENERAL BUTLER'S POWDER SHIP.

GENERAL BRAGG CLAIMS A VICTORY AND RETREATS.

REBELS REPORT SHERMAN'S ARMY IN TWELVE DIFFERENT STATES."

Sergeant ventures the remark that Sherman is the coming man and soldier No. 2 hopes he won't come that way.

German wants "dose short photographs" read.

Irishman proceeds:

"A quartermaster at Nashville one day last week was killed by the accidental discharge of his —— duty."

Pat then reads with much gusto and pathos this item:

"At a recent meeting in an Indiana town, for the purpose of obtaining volunteers, a young lady went up to her betrothed, took him by the hand and led him up to the recruiting officer's desk, where the patriots were enlisting in the service of their country. Without seeming at all abashed in the presence of the large assemblage, she kissed him, put the pen in his fingers, and gently laid his hand on the roll for him to sign his name. He gave one deep sigh, a tear trembled on his lashes, but his hand was firm, as amid a breathless silence, he wrote down in bold characters (pause) — "Not for Joe."

This, of course, brought down the house and was probably a true bill, if not a rare piece of irony at the expense of those brave ones, who stayed at home under any and all circumstances.

Sergeant and Tarheel now go to see what is wrong on the picket line. Dutchy and Pat make a prisoner of the remaining soldier, who says, "he will die in the last ditch," and that the German shall swing for his treachery. German replies defiantly, "schkoo fly," his version of "shoo fly," a slang song of the day, and a remark which Ben Butler had made in the House of Representatives in Washington, about that time to the Hon. "Sunset" Cox, of New York, who was badger-

ing him in a debate, for then Butler was a rabid Republican and a Representative from Massachusetts.

Rebel States now enter hurriedly, pursued by War who cries:

"My work is doing—Desolation reigns
In crowded cities, and on fertile plains.
The Nation's wealth is fading like a mist
War rules, and nothing can the fate resist."

Goddess says his words are true, and tells them to kneel lowly down—they may yet be forgiven—addressing them as "Lost children—doomed of Heaven." They sing to "Old Hundred" this prayer:

"Father in Heaven! In peace look down!
Withdraw once more thine angry frown.
Forgive the sins our lives that stain
And make us happy once again."

Ohio exults over the three men she got in the king row—Grant, Sherman and Sheridan;

And "all the brave men, field, staff, rank and file,
Who fought and won Heaven's approving smile."

War quits. His time is up, and his sword has lost its edge when the erring sisters crept back and resumed the pledge of the Union. New York calls attention to the fact that disunion not only gives up all the lost, but had added three more States (West Virginia, Nebraska and Nevada).

The Army of Potomac enters—"Johnny comes marching home" sure, song and chorus. Boys sang it, of course. "We'll all drink stone blind when Johnny comes marching home." Cheers and much "enthus'm."

Sherman's Bummers come in at the beginning of the second verse—"That's us." Liberty gives us a gladder hand than before, and a nondescript lot we were. Make-ups were especially good.—I wore a captain's fatigue coat minus the epaulets, a slouch hat and a pair of ragged trousers in a pair of very heavy boots, belonging to an uncle of mine. That coat was worn in the war by Captain George Benjamin Upfold Martin, "Ben," as he was familiarly called, captain of Company H, of Geary's 28th Pennsylvania Veteran Infantry, a former pupil of the High School, who entered with the first class in 1855, and who died at Bridgeport, Alabama, in March, 1864, of typhoid fever, after passing unscathed through Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and some of the fiercest struggles of that fierce war. His old mother was passed through the lines, through the influence of General J. K.



CAPT. G. B. U. MARTIN.

One of first scholars, 1855.

Moorhead, our Congressman, and she brought his body home, and I remember well his funeral. She had known my mother almost from infancy, and so treasured was that garment, I doubt if there was another boy living on whom she would have conferred the favor. I was quite gay for a bummer. Years afterwards when over ninety years of age, blind and helpless, I remember good Mrs. Martin saying: "Oh! George Fleming, you are Fanny's boy. I can never see you again, but come to me and let me put my hands on your face." I did so, and she passed her hand up and down my bearded cheeks—gray at that, to her heart's content, and I never saw her more, for I was not living in Pittsburgh at the time. Such is the power of affection—of love—and thus one memory will call up a hundred.

My classmate and chum hobbled in with one foot tied up in bagging, and upon some one (I did, or some one in turn), asking—"Halloo, Hutch! what's the matter with your foot?" He would reply that "it had a pimple on it, and the surgeon had put a little lint on," or something to that effect—a wee bit of by play that was not in the libretto, but it took nevertheless.

Liberty hails us as bronzed heroes—her ga-lor-ious braves—vaunts our valor—"brazoned with matchless victory." No other kind would have done us. She goes on awhile in this vein, and then calls for a song—when "Union triumphs and Disunion dies."

The Army of Potomac and the Bummers sing: "Stand by the Banner of Columbia," to the tune of John Brown. The words went:

"Fairest land beneath the sun the cradle of the brave
Given to thy keeping is sweet Liberty to save,
O'er no haughty despot shall the starry banner wave,
'Tis the flag of the brave and the free."

Chorus—"Hurrah for the colors of Columbia!
'Tis the flag of the brave and the free."

Liberty calls for Peace, her sister; second messenger brings tidings of our beloved President's assassination. "Speak not one word of joy or peace. Our freeman's hopes must cease," she says, "while he lies foully murdered by a traitor's hand." Illinois weeps and asks for her dead. She will place it in the costliest urn. The precious dust is hers, which she will water with her tears and ever guard.

Liberty recites again, beginning, with Garfield's celebrated, saying of the time:

"Men die but the Republic's living still
And has a thousand years in God's good will
etc., etc."

And in the ultimate triumph of Union, she welcomes "dove-eyed Peace." Peace chants, as it were to Bruce's address:

"God of Peace! whose spirit fills
All the echoes of our hills,
All the murmur of our rills,
Now the storm is o'er:
Oh! let freemen be our sons,
And let future Washingtons,
Rise and lead their valiant sons
'Till there's war no more."

Quite a beautiful sentiment—as you must admit, and it was beautifully spoken too. Miss Nannie Mackrell states she was Peace. Anna McCague Dake writes that it was her part. Mrs. Dake took part in both entertainments and probably both are right. The part surely was not taken by both in the last presentation. I remember Mrs. Dake in one very well, though which I can not now say.

Everybody now sings "The Star Spangled Banner," first with a solo, chorus and full chorus, and then the grand final tableau brings down the curtain for the last time. It typified Peace and the centerpiece showed the Goddess of Liberty crowning a maimed soldier. The Attendant Spirit is kneeling, and War prostrate lay while Washington and his patriot soldiers overlooked the scene.

At the right of the center was (1) Peace; (2) Ceres, Goddess of the Harvest, bearing a sheaf of wheat; (3) soldier and lady,—the absent returned, the center of a listening group; (4) Illinois confronted by messengers bringing tidings of Lincoln's death and offering consolation; (5) a child, with musket, emblematic of Peace regained.

At left of center—(1) Massachusetts and South Carolina out of the deadly breach clasping hands over the freedman; (2) Group here also listening to a returned soldier, telling of a comrade's heroism and death; (3) Columbus describing the planets to an Indian group.

There was also a miscellaneous disposition as follows—on extreme right, the Army of the Potomac, Sherman's Bummers and Boys in Blue, with arms stacked, rejoicing that the conflict is over; (2) In the rear a semicircle of States, arranged North and South alternately, with spears once again crossed in the bonds of peace and Union; (3) still further to the left are trains and soldiers viewing the scene as one of bright promise to the whole nation; (4) The Emigrants—German and Irishman.

Red lights were used profusely. The audience was requested to remain in their seats, and the libretto says, "this is the finest allegorical representation ever presented upon the stage, for the public eye," and that the public could see its beauties more forcibly by studying the historical points, aimed to be presented, and by closely noting at the same time, the scenic arrangements. It certainly was grand from the front. Although strictly in it, I can not myself bear witness to this; but the press so pronounced it, and the press, you know reflects public opinion, and is always right, or was then. History, however, fails to show that all thus emblemized came true immediately.

I have been fortunate in obtaining possession of the libretto, or I should never have been able to have given this extended account of the Grand Allegory. It interests me, and no doubt will interest all now living, who took part in it, their children, the present High School pupils and all the High School's friends. Today there are on the walls of the Fulton Street buiding many pictures bought with the School's share of our labors, notably the large picture of the Coliseum at Rome. Mr. Dean was a devotee of art. He loved the beautiful in everything. We had had, and he had had bare walls for long years, and anything but dusty blackboards, and dirty whitewashed ceilings, and equally dingy, barren walls was a joyous relief to the wearied students' eyes,

as well as a lesson. We gave the entertainment two or three nights, and a matinee, but I really can't say now whether one was Saturday night, but I think it was.

I have no recollection of the Allegory ever being given in Pittsburgh again. It had been given once by the students of the Western University then occupying their old buildings at Ross and Diamond Streets, assisted by the Pittsburgh Female College girls. This was about 1866, and was in old City Hall, Market street. I attended and was mightily pleased; but it was not put on with the grandeur of the last representation as indeed our first was not. Library Hall—now the Bijou Theater was bran new then. It belonged to the Pittsburgh Mercantile Library Association long defunct, and ours was one of the first shows in the best play house Pittsburgh had to that date. I last heard of the Allegory some twenty years ago in Cincinnati, where at a performance in Robinson's Opera House, which I think was in Court street, there was a fire, and a panic, attended with loss of life, and there the Grand National Allegory, which Mr. J. M. Hager, a fine man, and his charming daughter, passed out of my memory.

my experience in the Allegory, my desire waned and is long a memory. I was in both presentations, and my strongest recollections are that after rehearsing several times in the old Academy of Music, where it was cold, dirty and dismal, I concluded I would not become a professional actress. While details have vanished forever, I recall the grand Allegory as a very successful event, and greatly creditable to those taking part in it; at least we were told so at the time by Mr. Hager, our teachers, the public and the press."

The Author recalls the rehearsals in the Academy, the same building but not modernized as now, and the gloomy and dingy surroundings theatrical. Youth is ever buoyant. These made no impression. If I remember aright we had some real Pittsburgh days with their darkness to give additional somberness and I further recall the foggy weather during the second presentation at Library Hall which I am almost positive was in Oct., 1870.

One of the Class of 1860 writes me from New York as follows (this goes far back of the Allegory, but is reminiscent, so I insert it here. It will be a sort of prelude to Chapter XIX—"The High School prior to 1867):"

New York, May 28, 1904.

Mr. G. T. Fleming:

Dear Sir:—I am glad to see that the Alumni of the good old P. C. H. S., although of later years are so deeply filled with the spirit of loyalty to their Alma Mater. Yet much as you and your classmates may have enjoyed the times of '67-'71 you scarcely realize what fun you missed by not having been born early enough to have gone through the High School days of 1855-'60. Work, yes, lots of it and under many disadvantages. But fun! The fountain never ceased boiling and it scarcely ceased sizzling during the hours of profoundest slumber. I am sure many of us kept up our joviality right through our sleep and had our good times all over again.

Then what a privilege it was to live through the five stirring years preceding and leading up to the Civil War, and to be delivered right out of the comparative seclusion of school life into the very midst of the great struggle was something to stir the very fountains of life to their lowest depths. The mingling of the merry side of life with the shadow which was already beginning to darken the sunny landscape of our lives was one of rare occurrence, and this favored country has never seen its

like since. I well remember with what a strange sensation I first recognized that there were young men around me, just beginning their business career, who had no recollection whatever of the events of the Civil War. But now, so rapidly does Time wing his ceaseless flight, there are prattlers all about me whose grandfathers were too young in 1861 to have any personal recollection of that dramatic period.

The P. C. H. S. during its first five years affords a mine of interesting reminiscences for the young people of to-day, and they should be unearthed from the memories and fast perishing records of the survivors of that period. The five years from 1860 to 1865 inclusive would be another most interesting epoch to portray, and must be done by some one with sufficient love for the task and the patience to mine for his material. I have a few invaluable fragments myself antedating 1860, some of which I know cannot be duplicated after the lapse of nearly half a century. You could easily make a most interesting volume from data that may be rescued from the surviving P. C. H. S.'s who were born such in 1855 with the birth of the school.

Sincerely yours,

Geo. W. Dithridge.

CHAPTER VII.

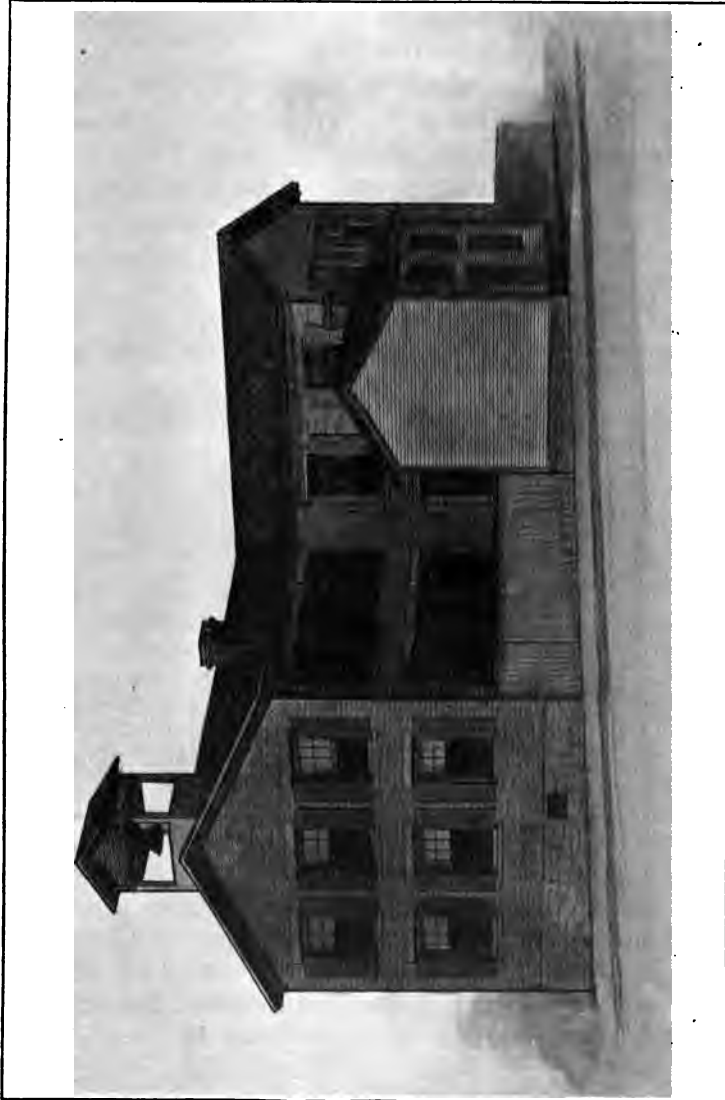
COTEMPORARY SCHOOL MATTERS.

The principals of the Pittsburgh Public Schools contemporaneous with our Smithfield Street High School days were as follows:

First Ward, George N. Monro; Second Ward, J. M. Pryor; Third Ward, I. N. Stephenson, succeeding Mr. Luckey, who succeeded Henry I. Gourley. The latter was principal from March, 1864, to April, 1867; Fourth Ward, Joseph M. Logan; Fifth Ward, Andrew Burt; Sixth Ward, Daniel C. Holmes; Seventh Ward, John J. Taggart; Eighth Ward, Leonard H. Eaton; Ninth Ward, H. G. Squires; Colored School on Miller St., D. W. Atwood. Upon the annexation of the East End District the High School obtained pupils from the new wards, named and numbered as follows: Minersville, Thirteenth Ward, James L. Harrison, Principal; Oakland, Fourteenth Ward, Jos. P. Andrews, succeeding W. T. Moorhead in January, 1867; Lawrence, Fifteenth Ward, Samuel F. Patterson; Howard, Sixteenth Ward, J. J. Rockwell, later Wm. Joyce; Washington, Seventeenth Ward, Robert H. Kelly; Mt. Albion, Eighteenth Ward, J. H. Dexter (1869); Highland, Nineteenth Ward, R. H. Fulton, afterwards George P. Fulton; Liberty, Twentieth Ward, John P. Cameron; Lincoln, 21st Ward, Wm. Joyce—later, in 1869, J. B. Irvine; Peebles, Twenty-third Ward, F. P. Greeves—later, in 1869, J. B. Irvine; Peebles, Twenty-third Ward, F. Phillips (1869).

Upon the completion of the Park Building in the Sixteenth Ward D. R. Brubaker became principal there. There were no South Side pupils until 1874, except those whose tuition was paid. The Springfield Sub-District, Twelfth Ward, was organized in 1870, Wm. R. Ford, Principal, and the Hancock, Fifth Ward, in 1871, J. C. Dolan, principal; previously the pupils went to the Grant School, as the Fifth Ward was originally a part of the old Third Ward.

South Side Borough Schools in my High School Days were in charge of the following principals: Ormsby Borough, Twenty-fourth Ward, Geo. A. Smith, succeeding J. H. Fritz; East Birmingham, Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth Wards, J. F. McClymonds; St. Clair



**THE OLD SEVENTH WARD PUBLIC SCHOOL,
Linton, Green and Duncan Streets.
1848—1868.**

Borough, Twenty-seventh Ward, James K. Bane, from 1868; Birmingham, Twenty-seventh and Twenty-ninth Wards, Benjamin Jones; there was no Twenty-eighth Ward building until 1871; South Pittsburgh, Thirtieth Ward, Wm. P. Montgomery, previously John Morrow; Allentown, Thirty-first Ward, John A. Logan; Mt. Washington, Thirty-second Ward, Robert M. Cargo, from 1868; Monongahela Borough, Thirty-third Ward, Wm. Porter (1873); West Pittsburgh, Thirty-fourth Ward, Thos. T. Taylor (1873); Union Borough, Thirty-fifth Ward, A. F. Holliday (1873); Temperanceville, Thirty-sixth Ward, Samuel Andrews, previously Thos. Wilkinson.

The Bellefield School, Fourteenth Ward was organized about 1871, and there was for some years a school for deaf-mutes, first in the First Ward, and later in the Grant School building, under the principalship of Archibald Woodside. The enrollment was about 40 at the maximum.

At the date of my admission to the High School the organization of the Central Board of Education was as follows:

Jared M. Brush, President,
John A. Sergeant, Secretary,
John R. McCune, Treasurer.

The Wards were represented thus:

First.....	Adams Getty
Second	John Wilson
Third	Lincoln Oldshue
Fourth.....	James McAuley
Fifth.....	William Crawford, Jr.
Sixth	Jared M. Brush
Seventh	William R. Lowe
Eighth	John A. Sergeant
Ninth.....	Joseph H. Nobbs

That part of the Third Ward made the Tenth, David Sims.

Of the changes in the Board's membership during the years 1867—1871, I note the following: Upon the rearrangement of the Wards by City Councils in 1868, Dr. Geo. L. McCook represented the Third, Dr. Lincoln Oldshue the Fifth, John A. Sergeant the Sixth, Jared M. Brush the Seventh and Eighth, James M. Taylor the Ninth and Tenth, William Mays the Eleventh, Jos. H. Nobbs the Twelfth, John Harrison the Thirteenth, Thomas J. Craig the Fourteenth, John J. Covert the Lawrenceville District, the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth, James

Cuddy the Eighteenth, P. H. Laufman the Nineteenth, Thomas Aiken the Twentieth, Samuel Chadwick the Twenty-first, and Geo. H. Anderson the Twenty-third.

Patrick Clark came vice Dr. Oldshue in the Third Ward the next year, Geo. W. Humbert from the Sixteenth, Lewis J. Fleming from the Twenty-second, Joseph Hartman from the Seventh and Eighth, Joseph Mitchel from the Seventeenth, and Robert Young from the upper Twelfth, the new Springfield District, and the school Districts were given the names they now bear.

Some further changes in the board in 1870-71 were John L. Hamilton, succeeding John A. Sergeant from the Forbes District; Chas. B. Strain from the Hancock District, vice P. Clark, James P. Sterrett from the Highland vice Laufman, Gus. Praetsch from Howard, vice Humbert, Charles A. Kehew (in 1872) from the Lincoln and later he became Secretary, succeeding John A. Sergeant; Chas. W. Lewis from the Mt. Albion, the brother of the first Secretary, Jos. W. Lewis, James M. McEwen from the Moorhead succeeding Capt. Mays, Martin W. Rankin from the Peebles in place of Geo. H. Anderson, Jacob Ahl vice James M. Taylor, from the Ralston. Mr. Lewis succeeded Mr. Cuddy. Thomas W. Shaw took Mr. McAuley's place in 1870. He afterwards became President of the Board as did also Messrs. Craig and McEwen.

It will be noticed that there was no move made to secure a building owned by the city until after the consolidation of the East End and Lawrenceville Districts. If any one man is entitled to the honor of having made the initial step to that end it is Thomas J. Craig, of the Oakland District and he was prevailed upon by Mr. Dean at the Alumni Meeting of 1868 to set the movement going with ultimate results as will be seen.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE.

This was the most auspicious event in our High School life and a gala day in Pittsburgh's public schools. The day selected was Thursday, September 30th, 1869. It could not have been more propitious. The smoke clouds had vanished for the time. The bright beams of the morning sun shown upon thousands of as bright faces, gleamed upon many silken banners, and warmed many hearts young and old. Nature indeed cast a beauty upon and around that day, that happy day that gave a new life and buoyancy to the friends of the High School, and it was even prophesied that proceedings were there enacted, "whose effects would be felt for many years, not only in the city of Pittsburgh but throughout the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania." It was truly an epoch in High School history and the two grand and spacious buildings since erected and another contemplated and bound to come some day, would seem to bear out the assertion that the efforts were felt.

The Committee of Arrangements had determined upon a grand procession of the pupils of all the city schools. Robert H. Kelly, principal of the Washington Schools, (17th Ward), a veteran of two wars, was chief marshal, and Leonard H. Eaton, principal of the Forbes Schools, (6th Ward), assistant marshal. The line was formed on Penn street (now avenue) right resting on Sixth street, and the formation was first twenty-six policemen, in "full uniform." Hon. J. P. Wickersham, State Superintendent of Schools, and Geo. J. Luckey, city superintendent; the orators of the day, in carriages, the members of the Central Board of Education; the Iron City Brass Band; the faculty and pupils of the High School, A class first; (our class was B then), 315 pupils in line; Duquesne School (1st Ward,) 150 pupils; Forbes School, 300; Franklin School (7th and 8th Wards), 250; Grant School (3d Ward), 225; Howard School (16th Ward), 104; Lawrence School (15th Ward), 100; Lincoln School, (21st Ward), 62; Minersville School (13th Ward), 86; Moorhead School (11th Ward), 300; North School (4th Ward), 150; Oakland School (14th Ward), 225; O'Hara School (12th Ward), 250; Germania Turners Brass Band; Ralston School (9th and 10th Wards), 205; South School (2d Ward), 175; Washington School, 220. Total

3,116 pupils and teachers. There was no Hancock District (5th Ward) until the next year, their pupils attended the Grant Schools, The Highland (19th Ward), Sterrett and Colfax Districts (22d Ward), the Liberty (20th Ward) and the Peebles (23d Ward) were not represented in the procession as schools, for these were then largely rural districts and as the means of transportation were principally locomotion individually, they seemed not to have arisen to the importance of the occasion. There were no South Side wards until 1873, and the Springfield District had not then been formed as now, their pupils attending the O'Hara.

The information was in three parts—right, center and left. The line of march was along Sixth street to Market, to Fifth avenue, to Wood street, to Liberty (this to pass the Wood street school), then counter-march to Fifth avenue, to Wylie, to Fulton street, to the site at Fulton and Bedford street (now avenue).

It was a sight long to be remembered. The good marching, the happy faces of thousands of school children with their bright silken banners resplendent with gold and gorgeous in color, the splendid order maintained throughout—all combined to make a spectacle as beautiful as it was rare. The streets along the route were crowded with observers. The affair had been given due notice by the press and the large gathering both along the streets and at the site was most gratifying and to good Prof. Dean and his friends was mute testimony to the interest of the people in education, and especially in the advancement of a higher and better education. It is a reasonable estimate that there were fully 10,000 people on the school grounds. Prof. Crenshaw justly said in his report made at request of Supt. Luckey, that "The vast sea of upturned faces, thrilled one with a patriotic feeling of delight, especially when the object of the assemblage was remembered,—the desire to see laid in a free soil, a free institution for a free people." He undoubtedly expressed Mr. Dean's feelings and wrote his thoughts as it is highly improbable that any one connected with the school could write anything else. Mr. John Wilson of the 2d Ward, then President of the Central Board of Education, was on motion of Supt. Luckey called to preside. Rev. Alexander Clark, the editor of the Methodist Recorder, and the author of the "Old Log School House," opened the exercises with a fervent and impressive prayer. After which the gathered pupils sang the first dedicatory ode. They were led by Prof. Walter Slack, the song was to the air—"Work for the night is coming," and began "Hail to the dawn of the morning," and is to be found in the High

School songs in this volume. Three of the music teachers presided at the organs, four in number, and as they were short a player I remember as we were well to the front with what satisfaction Prof. Daniel C. Holmes, of the Franklin School, was pressed into service and how blithely he responded. Prof. Dean made a brief address. I should like to produce it, perhaps may in a later edition or in the High School Annals I have in view. It was calm, dispassionate, heartfelt and impressive. In the copper box was placed:

- 1—Copies of the latest dailies, weeklies and monthlies published in Pittsburgh.
- 2—List of members of Central Board of Education.
- 3—Pittsburgh Educational Directory.
- 4—Copies of Pittsburgh School Laws (1855-1869).
- 5—List of text-books in use in public schools.
- 6—Schedule of grades in same.
- 7—Specifications of the building.
- 8—Schedule of salaries of teachers.
- 9—Copy of rules and regulations of High School.
- 10—Printed blanks and forms used in High School.
- 11—Programme of exercises at the laying of corner stone and orders of the marshal of the day.
- 12—Manuscript history of the High School with lists of faculty and graduates.
- 13—Manuscript history of the Alumni of the High School by the Secretary of the Association (Mrs. Heppie Hamilton).
- 14—Copy of Bible—without note or comment.
- 15—Copies of the text books in use in the sub-district public schools.
- 16—Specimens of 50c, 25c and 10c currency and 5c, 3c, 2c and 1c coins.

Prof. Dean closed his address thus after striking three blows with a mallet on the top of the stone after it was lowered upon the box.

“By this solemn act the guardians of the public schools of the city of Pittsburgh name and consecrate the structure that shall rise over this corner stone—A Public High School. In it they deposit the evidences of their intentions and their hopes. In their behalf and in behalf of the people whom they represent we invoke upon these beginnings the prospering smile of the great beneficent Father of all. May this become a building which shall give to the community that erects it, its pay in in-

telligent and valuable citizens; to the State that fosters it, a proud sustaining column of capable intellects, and loyal hearts; to the country that protects it, a bulwark and a battlement of freedom, truth and right.

"May God bless our common country and make her sons the peers of any nation in anything that makes our nation noble. God bless the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and make her sons the peers in intelligence and virtue of those of any State in our starry cluster. God bless the city of Pittsburgh, and make her population the peers of that of any city of the land not only in the abundance and the ability of material possessions, but also in the higher riches of the soul."

The intelligent and valuable citizens turned out by the school are here, the columns of capable intellects and loyal hearts are here, the bulwark and battlement are here, and let us believe the blessing he asked upon nation, State and city was granted. Let us be optimists for once at least so far as regards the city.

After singing "America," John H. Kerr, Esq., a former student who left his desk to become a soldier for the Union and thus an honorary graduate, was introduced and delivered a most pleasing and eloquent address, too long to reproduce here. At the close of Mr. Kerr's effort, Geo. W. Dithridge, of the class of 1860, now of New York City, read a poem composed for the occasion, appropriate and beautiful in sentiment and language. George N. Monro, Esq., principal of the Duquesne School (1st Ward), then spoke briefly and was followed by Superintendent Wickersham, who made a short address. Mr. Geo. H. Anderson for many years secretary of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce then a State Senator and a member of the Central Board of Education from the Peebles District (23d Ward) also spoke and upon the conclusion of his remarks the second dedicatory ode was sung. It was composed by Prof. Dean and is to be found, with the other songs in this volume. It began:

"Delve the soil and lay sure the foundation."

With chorus—

See it rising, rising, rising,
'Tis Learning's temple fair, etc.

After the singing of the ode Rev. Clark dismissed the vast audience with the benediction and they quietly dispersed. Prof. Crenshaw in his report before referred to and published in Supt. Luckey's third annual report (1871) says: "The assembly dispersed with the happy consciousness of having been a participant in the inauguration of a work for which would be due the thanks and blessings of coming generations."

It is a glorious thing to be an optimist. It is also glorious to foresee and foretell. The thousands who have attended the school's sessions in this building, include many hundreds who have gone out its graduates, and all can gladly certify to the truth of this prophecy. This report closes as follows:

"The work had been commenced. The solid stone had been laid in its mother earth. As each succeeding one arises more proudly over the base, around it will be entwined the hopes and prayers of those who desire the success of the institution."

Happy Philotus Dean! Happy High School pupils! radiant, hopeful in the gleams of the rising sun of public approval and joyfully viewing the vanishing clouds of opposition and distrust. The baleful lack of public appreciation was departing and the clamor and sneer of the scoffer was for once silent.

In less than two years the grand Dean was sleeping his last sleep in Uniondale Cemetery and on the days that Providence vouchsafed Pittsburgh a clear atmosphere, soon after the dedication of the building there could be seen from this noble structure of his designing a tall marble shaft that glistened in the sunlight as lustrous as his pure life. It is the monumental tribute of his grateful pupils erected at a cost of over \$1,000 voluntarily contributed.

The report of the Building Committee for the school year ending June 1st, 1872, shows that there was expended on the building the sum of \$165,711.38. On furniture, fixtures and improving grounds an additional amount of \$24,995.43 a total of \$190,706.81. The grand piano is listed at \$590.00 and the carpets at outset cost \$1,380.68. Think of it! Ye old fellows, who were immured in the Smithfield street dinginess and then shut your eyes and try and conjure up the size and dimensions of the riot that would have descended upon us if we could have cajoled, persuaded or coerced the Central Board of Education of the city of Pittsburgh to have purchased us a piano. And ye who gaily tread spacious corridors and broad stairways, who recite in ample and well-fitted recitation rooms, who have your school text books put in your hands free of cost to you; who have modern scientific apparatus at close hand, a library, a museum, and a park to resort to as occasion requires—appreciate your surroundings and thank God you go to the High School and did not live and attend, when it was under the ban of a great portion of this now great community.

CHAPTER IX.

SUNDRY REMINISCENCES.

The nomenclature of the early records shows the first name and middle initial, if any, of the pupil. Later many names are found with initials only preceding. Mr. Dean, however, insisted in our day on the pupil's correct baptismal name, so that there were no pet names if he could help it. There was a Lizzie and a Jennie or two in my time but they insisted these were baptismal. Sarah, never Sadie, Eliza, Elizabeth and Nancy, Jane and Arabella, he would call out, and the responding ones gradually got used to hearing their proper instead of their baby names. Later on during Dr. Jillson's time we find full names as the following:

Michael Morris Daniel O'Connell.
Charles Solon Frederick Leonhaeuser.
William Macklin McElroy.
David Lindsay Gillespie.
Eugenia Capitola LeNoir Wilson.

One almost looks for "Dormitory R-3," or "Bds. Mrs. Smith's, Front street," so thoroughly collegian did the High School become all at once. Gowns and caps, however, did not appear. Whence this remissness I can not explain. I was not there.

Prof. Crenshaw left the school on Sept. 14, 1872, Prof. Kenaston on Oct. 10, 1872, and Prof. Crumb on Feb. 11, 1873. Prof. Crenshaw went to Bethany College, West Virginia, his alma mater, to accept a professorship and later drifted to California and has long been dead. He was no favorite of mine nor was I one of his. He was just out of college when he came to us. He was a fine scholar but not a teacher to my liking. I presume on account of inexperience with pupils of our age. I have heard it hinted that his end was sad. Of this I know nothing and can only say that I hope it is untrue, because Crenshaw was a man of brains and could have been a power in educational, or any circle he entered had he so desired.

Rev. Francis P. Ward, now "Father Ward," of St. Francis Xavier's R. C. Church, Allegheny, was our prime orator when B's. He was always Frank to us and we as frank to him, especially if anything happened. Though in no sense bereft this was all right for was he not our

Ward? At one time in chapel rhetoricals F. P. got up to declaim "Rum's Maniac," or some such piece. He glanced approvingly to us after bowing to the faculty and his glance we interpreted to mean, "Watch me do it, fellows." We were on the qui vive of course. The declaimer put his brows in a knitting machine and took on an expression of such agonizing torture embodying every emotion possible to maniacy that it only needed his first utterance, a semi-shriek—"I am not mad", to make his entire audience break out into spontaneous laughter. Of course such an occurrence must be seen and the words heard to appreciate. They simply can not be described. The speaker paused further—the piece demanded a slight pause there. He bit his lips and upon good Principal Dean rapping us to order proceeded and finished his declamation. Even Mr. Dean, grave and decorous at all times had to make an effort to repress a smile and some others of the faculty really smiled. F. P. blamed "us fellows" for starting it, but we didn't. We laughed, but so did the rest and nobody could help it. Father Ward has long been known as an orator and a lecturer of great power and eloquence. He left us to go to Mount St. Mary's at Emmittsburg, Maryland, where he was later a professor. Jesse A. Cullison was another declaimer in our D and C years. I can always recall his favorite pieces were "Baron Rudiger" and "Cæsar Crossing the Rubicon." I can hear him yet at the climaxes in his resonant ringing tones, especially in saying, "'But no,' he said, 'the die is cast. He crossed and Rome was free no more.'" Jesse is still a hearty Pittsburger with a large and happy family. In our school days he came from the now defunct and abominable district of Pipetown—then a hive of industry and thrift.

Recollections of good Hugh Boice come to every High School attendant who knew the kindly old janitor. He never showed any impatience, and the boys all liked Hughey. His daughter Nancy, now dead, was of our class of 1871. His son, Rev. Jas. Y. Boice was one of the earlier students who left school to enter the army. Mr. Boice was also janitor of the Oak Alley Reformed Presbyterian Church. Rev. John Douglass—a building and congregation—long since gone as has pastor and Mr. Boice also from among us. We rehearsed our commencement pieces in this old church and had a final rehearsal in the Third Presbyterian Church on Sixth avenue.

Mention has been made in these pages of the "Delphini Virgil"—or in English "The Dauphin's Virgil." I do not think any class after ours used it. They took to annotated classics with English notes, and refer-

ences to several Latin grammars. We had to hunt our references or fail when asked them. These editions are now rare. I tried to buy such a Virgil some years ago at the second-hand stores but could not procure one. I could procure a Horace, but did not want it. For the benefit of those not informed I will explain that these editions of the classics, 64 volumes in all, were published for the young Dauphin of France, son of Louis XIV, at the instance of the Duke of Montausier, the governor of the youth, and a lover and student of the classics. The series was called Delphini from delphinus, a dolphin, and the title was "Auctores classici in usum Serenissimi Delphini." Meaning as indicated above.

Of the list of authors it has been long commented on that "Lucan's Pharsalia" was discreetly omitted, why the student will enjoy looking up. I remember the Virgil was stated in the title page to have been edited by Carolus Ruæus, Soc. Jes., and it took me quite a while to discover his identity as an obscure Jesuit of that age. All ecclesiasts were scholars and the entire series was compiled under the direction of two eminent French bishops. Such was the way we learned the great bard of Mantua. They study him differently now.

It must not be supposed that there were no witicisms, or bon mots in our day. Many bright things for want of a diarist have been lost. Some one or two of my readers will recall how Jack Wilkinson gave it as his opinion when the testimony of the rocks was up for discussion, that the Lord put all those things there to "misle" us, and how finally on cross-examination by P. D. it was brought out that Jack meant there to *mislead* us, and before this information was elicited everybody had fallen down. Just why this providential misleading, or any divine motives for it, Jack himself could not conjecture.

I must say that in the Spring and Fall when we went to hunt botanical specimens every one really enjoyed a delicious outing. Several of these were to Bellevue, then a small suburb. Mr. Kenaston lived there and he had charge of the class, and in that delightful rural neighborhood along Jack's run, and the Ohio river and much of what is now Avalon, we gathered many specimens of the flora then in flower, and had a grand time. Along through what is now Junction Hollow and Four Mile Run was another place for botanizing and in old Linden Grove, Oakland, we boys frequently botanized.

The social amenities during our A year were intensified by many enjoyable gatherings at the homes of the girls; notably at Prof. Robert McCargo's on Ridge avenue, Allegheny, and Wm. Barnes' on Miller

street, Pittsburgh, both of whom had daughters in our class. Mr. McCargo was the well-known photographer, under the name R. M. Cargo—or simply “Cargo gallery,” and Mr. Barnes, a well-known hardware dealer for years on Market street. Mr. McCargo died in 1902 having for many years taught music in the public schools of Pittsburgh. Dancing, music and eating were generally indulged in and the “A” Social came off about once a month in the winter and on a Friday night, sure.

Soon after our being nicely under way in the Bank of Commerce building, Wood street was paved with wooden blocks set in tar and covered with sand. The street had no car tracks for many years until the building of the Transverse line in the '80's. The wooden pavement reminds one now of the signs that used to appear in those old horse cars—concerning super springs. “This contributed quiet and ease.” This was a blessed relief from the turmoil of Smithfield street, but in a few years the blocks rotted and the street became a quagmire. Penn avenue, Stanton, Fifth avenue and many others had such pavements and later we had Penn avenue legislation, curative, controversial and ruinous, but the pavement was a good thing for the school, and lasted while we were there. It is needless to add that we watched the pavement making from our windows with much interest. We faced the old First Church, a noble historic structure now gone to make way for the palatial Oliver building and in no part of the city is a greater change manifest than at Sixth and Wood. The old-fashioned German National Bank building, a three-story brick, has long since given way to the modern stone building on that site and the Monongahela Bank and the triangular iron block supplanted the same shaped brick structures that preceded it, in whose upper stories at Liberty street corner was Hunker's candy factory from whence often came the odor of delicious sweetmeats, and we could view the process of candy making from our upper windows to the great activity of our salivary glands. Once we saw some candy boil over and set the room on fire and the department called out. Little occurrences like this served to break the monotony of school affairs. At noon recess our Wood street windows were generally crowded with pupils, mostly females, who watched the ball playing and antics of the young fellows who worked in Reinhart's tobacco factory that adjoined us on the west. It is not necessary to remind one that such a thing would not be permitted now even if it were possible. The stone building of the Trust Company has no attraction for me. It is an alien interloper in my mind always.

CHAPTER X.

COMMENCEMENT, 1871.

After the last exhibition of the Grand Allegory, our class affairs ran on apace, and there was plenty of good hard work on the home stretch of a four years' High School course, especially if you are in a penitent mood and striving to make good. Yes—marks and other records. Spring came as usual and the A's of '71 had a class day in the chapel. We had too many for commencement in public, and the overplus said in previous years to have been excused, were marked declined. There were some who would have liked to have done so perhaps and some who liked to speak in public on the stage and I was one of the latter. We had a class day. The first I knew of. The class day performers were as follows: Historian, Lucy Barnes; Poet, Elizabeth Montgomery; Valedictorian, Mary E. Gray. These exercises took place on June 16th, '71, in the chapel. The poet who was also the prophetess linked one young lady's name which translated into the English word "rough", with mine. My middle name is Thornton, and it is not hard to see a point in the first syllable of it and the prophetess, who is long since dead, and who recited with me almost from my first day in Pittsburgh's public schools until our last, no doubt took a "rosy" view of the situation and whether that part of the prophecy was rough on the prophetess or the young lady I will allow others to judge, but I could not see the point (apparently) and though the prophetess would not explain, nearly every one in the class kindly diagrammed for me. Nothing like a diagram, but I did not go "per aspera ad astra" as indicated. No doubt there were other miscues in that prophecy.

We held our Commencement in Library Hall. It was a scorching hot night. The fans attended. In those days we charged an admittance. The B boys ushered and sold and took tickets, carried bouquets, etc. I "suped" for the class of '70 in the Academy of Music. I think I was a ticket taker on that occasion and that Frank Hutchinson was in the box office. The following is the old Gazette's account of our exercises. It is probably due to that kind man long gone—once a High School pupil—Thomas P. Houston. True there is a semblance of smear about this report, but then it is not very thick (?). At the time this semblance was

unnoticed and we were very grateful for the very nice report of our graduation. The other papers were not so kind. Their able critics prodded us somewhat and good Mr. Dean told us we had much yet to learn. We had, and some of it we don't know yet. Criticism is an easy job. To build up, takes time, care and patience. What did the critic expect of such immature minds? Ciceros and Anna Dickinsons? St. Paul's Cathedral now gone was years in building—a few months in coming down. But read the "Gazette's" account.

'THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES—GATHERING OF INTELLIGENCE, BEAUTY AND FASHION—BRILLIANT ESSAYS AND ORATIONS—MUSIC AND BOUQUETS—THE CLASS OF '71 BIDS ADIEU, ETC.

The Commencement exercises of the graduating class of the Pittsburgh Central High School were held last evening in Library Hall. As is usual on such occasions, the audience was very large, and all the exercises of great interest. No better criterion can be presented to demonstrate the place that this institution occupies in the affections of our people than the audiences congregated on such occasions. More than usual interest gathers around this Commencement, owing to the fact that before another such occasion the magnificent new High School building would be occupied.

Previous to the opening exercises the audience were delighted with sweet music by Toerges' famous string band, which continued to discourse sweet melody at intervals. The opening prayer was by Rev. Mr. Boice, of Cincinnati, O., after which Principal Dean introduced Albert Schultz who proceeded to deliver an oration on "Mathematics as an Instrument of Education". The oration was delivered in a fine bold manner, lucid in its treatment and methodical in its arrangement.

The next performance was an essay by Anna M. McCague entitled "Beyond our Vision". Miss McCague performed her part with great credit indeed. Her essay was a model of beautiful and appropriate sentiment and language.

Virginia C. Bigelow chose as her theme for essay, "Living Springs," and in a clear, pure voice performed so well that we fancied we listened to a sweet and flowing stream.

After music by the band another essay was read by Sarah E. Hunter on the subject, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." The essayist opened with a beautiful allusion to the land of beauty and of song and gradually merged into the true aim of the subject, namely, the difficulties to be overcome in order to great achievement.

Margaret J. Hoyer came forward upon the platform and informed the large and attentive audience "How the Girls Should be Educated." The essayist advocated a new system of physical and moral culture, and believed that a new era was dawning for the ladies.



RICHARD CANNON,
P. C. H. S. 1871.

The next essay was by Nannie Y. Boice, subject, "The Mountains are Wearing Away." The essay was one of great excellence of matter and delivered in a clear, sweet voice.

At this point the exercises were varied with an oration by Richard Cannon. The young gentleman took as his theme, "Emigration," and proved *ad demonstrandum*, that it is an unalterable law of nature and that we as a nation have received incalculable benefit thereby.

Martha J. McClure followed and submitted to an appreciative audience an essay on the subject, "Unfinished Work." Miss McClure is a beautiful and winning young lady and her essay was a perfect gem. She received the individual attention of all to the close.

The tenth essay was read by Sarah E. Phillips on the "Burdens of Modern Boys' and Girls," after which Ella McCargo read the last essay, taking as her subject, "The World's Allotments." The essay was a contrast between the past and present and the superior allotment of those who live in this great land. It was a clear, strong statement of earnest truth.

The last performance was an oration with the valedictory address by George T. Fleming. The young gentleman chose as his subject "Man and Mind." The effort throughout was one of superior excellence for one so young, displaying eminent culture and care. The valedictory address was feeling and appropriate and made a visible effect on Faculty and pupils.

At the close of the address the graduating class in response to their names arose in their places and received their diplomas from Principal Dean.

Altogether there has never been a Commencement in the history of the Central High School, which was more satisfactory to the Faculty and friends of this



“FLEM,” P. C. H. S. 1871.

efficient institution. Every one of the youthful graduates without exception displayed a more than ordinary amount of culture and talent. Too much praise cannot be given to Principal Dean and his devoted and able assistants for the high position occupied at present by our noble college. Its success has been in the past beyond the most sanguine expectations of its friends, and we wish it unbounded success in the future.”

Dear Reader:—When you have come this far don't say, why did he not publish the other papers' comments also? I would if I had them, or could procure them. But my uncle with whom I lived was once foreman of the composing room of the Gazette. That was our family paper for many years and that I preserved. Possibly the other accounts were nearer the truth if not such nice reading. I am sure I had Sir Aleck Hamilton laid out flatter than Lord Nelson ever had outside of metaphysics and as for Locke, Hume, Kant, Schliermacher, et al.; I considered them mere essayists.

My valedictory was undoubtedly feeling. Here is a feeler—for fate has kindly preserved these precious doc's:

“Behind the misty veil that to-morrow's sun begins to pierce who can tell the experience that awaits us? There may be joy and gladness; a noble vista may open to our astonished gaze, in which fair though it now seem may lie some pitfall of disaster; over which will certainly hang the shadows of responsibility and care.”

The pitfall was there, and the shadows certainly hung. They always do.

A few words of our being the last class in rented buildings; and then dear teachers, dear classmates, dear friends, dear public—good-bye—a word which must oft be spoken. "*Cras ingens iterabimus aequor*"—they told us. Three have crossed to the other shore. The rest are still sailing.

CHAPTER XI.
PRELUDE.**ONLY A PICTURE.**

It is only a picture hanging in the hall today—a picture of a grave, earnest face—the face of a man whose labor is ended, whose hands are folded and who lies sleeping peacefully in his grave.

Passing and repassing it day by day with scarcely conscious glance are youthful forms; the hall resounds with the rustle of light footsteps and the echo of glad voices, bright laughter and the melody of happy hearts. To these it is only a picture, and so long as his place is filled for them, it matters not how well the dead professor taught, how wisely he governed, or how great was the loss to the hearts that had known and honored him.

But sometimes other footsteps grow still before it, and there is silence long enough to allow a surge of recollections of days gone by to sweep across the chords of memory. Then the picture is no longer merely lines of light and shadow, but a living, breathing presence. The brow has the stamp of a regal intellect, the form, the power of one born to command, the tongue freighted with wisdom, and the lips eloquent to give forth words of grace and beauty.

One by one beneath that silent, steady gaze come trooping up scenes and lessons in the old laboratory, words of counsel in the chapel, a now and then glance of reproof more severe than a blow to the offender; kindly words of commendation, and always and ever the bearing of the perfect gentleman, the profound scholar, the inimitable teacher and the good friend. And with these all, too, comes the memory of a later day when the Master bade him rest from his labor, and called him to a place in the Higher School; when his books were laid aside and the apparatus of lecture and experiment put by, and he went out from us, to be numbered no more among the living.

If we look for the best eulogy today, we will find it in the lives of those whom he taught, of those who garnet his lessons and revere his memory. Nor will these and the thousand others who have been benefited by his having lived in the world forget him soon. Long years afterwards, when the countless names of others shall have been left without one record, it will still be told of him what he did, and how he labored for better means of education for the young of his adopted city—every year adding new fragrance to his memory and new glory to his deeds. (Alumni Annual, 1883.)

What truth is here, O Reader! How I would like to grasp the hand of him or her who wrote this noble tribute. How much better than my feeble efforts. Strong as I try to make them, they seem ever palpably short and insufficient.

PHILOTUS DEAN, A. M.

Philotus Dean was my best teacher, the one among many who left the most lasting impressions, the one whose life, deeds and counsel had the greatest influence upon my life and whose memory I revere only a degree removed from my sainted mother's. Mr. Dean was born at South Glasenbury, Connecticut, Oct. 29th, 1822. He was the son of Amos and Nancy Kempton Dean, and was one of seven brothers. His father fairly well to do, was the proprietor of a cotton and woolen factory. He was early sent to a good boarding school and later came under the instruction of that famous linguist, Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith."

It is not strange then that he imbibed a love and improved a taste for the study of languages so that he became proficient and wonderfully so in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French and German. Dilettanteism had no place in his vocabulary. What he touched became his. What knowledge he required he gained thoroughly. He never dabbled, but was always the master, in truth a real Master of Arts. He entered Yale College at the age of 17. His course there was characterized by unflinching attention to his studies, and throughout he was loyal to authority, and zealous in the maintenance of a strict adherence to law and order. He graduated in 1843. His career was even then full of promise, that failed not. He was proud of his circumspect conduct at school and never became involved in any "College scrapes" and took delight in telling his pupils in the course of many a "reproof," such that left the culprit penitent and ashamed, that he had nothing to regret in looking back over his school days. Knowledge was power to him and he wanted us to learn the fact and ever keep it in mind.

Unmindful of hours that should have been given to sleep and recreation he became in his youth an omnivorous reader. Diligent and constant in this pleasure, he made himself acquainted with all the standard authors. His scope was wide, and his acquaintance with literature more than general. It is not surprising that a breakdown came soon; and after leaving Yale he remained at home a year—"in ill health."

His chosen calling was the ministry, and his ardent desire was to become a missionary in the West, that wonderful stretch of our great domain developed in our day, and still undeveloped in anything like entirety. He saw then the vast empire trans-Mississippi. Its increasing power and almost infinite resources strongly appealed to him, and it was of paramount importance, he argued, that right principles should prevail in statehood as anywhere else. He therefore to fit him for this mis-

sionary work entered the Theological Department of Oberlin College in Nov. 1844, finishing a three years' course in two, and graduated in 1846. This was characteristic of the energy and vim that was inherent in him. He was a worker, and overwork ultimately killed him. In June, 1846 he was licensed to preach by the Lorain County, Ohio, Congregational Association, but not finding an immediate charge, he sought and found a school at Selma, Clark Co., Ohio, where he taught from November, 1846, until April, 1847. He was then called to supply the church at Penfield, Lorain Co., Ohio, where he remained about six months. That Fall he returned to Selma and taught nearly two years. He went to Connecticut again in 1849, and preached at East Windsor the remainder of that year, and in the winter returned to Ohio, and took charge of a school at New Carlisle, Clark Co. in the vicinity of his previous teaching. His life here was one of hardship and privation. Teachers were poorly paid in those days and while looked up to with some reverence, by many were considered as dispensable and not necessary to the proper enjoyment of life. It is not strange then that Professor Dean did not amass any competence either by preaching or teaching. True—congregations were scattered and poor. They were unable to do then what they would have done had pecuniary conditions been different. The schools too were in an embryotic and poorly equipped condition. If Mr. Dean encountered difficulties in the ministry, those that he surmounted or endeavored to surmount as a pedagogue were vastly superior. It was the era of the old log school house; the days when the schoolmaster "boarded around." That is, each family in the school district had its portion of the term when it was its duty per agreement or custom to care for, and feed and lodge the teacher. Thus Mr. Dean had no permanent abiding place—no home joys, none of the comforts of one's own fireside. Thank God! things have changed. Did he ever complain? No—not an enthusiast but a lover of men, he worked on, suffered and was silent. In after years many anecdotes of this period of his life leaked out to us, but never a complaint nor a regret. He was laboring for the good of men and probably did not want or would not ask for aid from home or friends. In 1850 Mr. Dean came under the notice of Rev. Charles Avery, of Pittsburgh, the noted abolitionist, the founder of Avery College, Allegheny City, still going on in a way. In December of that year Mr. Dean took charge there promising to graduate one class. He remained, however, until 1855. Here his labors were truly arduous. Though encouraged and sustained at all times by his particular friend,

the grand, good Avery, his work was full of peculiar trials. Many times he spoke to us of this period, also, but as of the older days without a murmur of discontent, or a mention of any one's fault and always without a lament. Nourished at Oberlin, long a hot bed of Abolitionism it is not strange that chance, or some fortuitous circumstance brought Mr. Avery and Mr. Dean together, and gave this community and our High School the benefit of his brilliancy, his long earnest faithful service and myself with many others the lasting influences of his pure life and the delightful example of his unexcelled scholarship.

In August, 1852, Mr. Dean was married to Miss Grace Perkins Southmayd, the youngest daughter of Colonel J. B. Southmayd, of Middletown, Conn. It will be seen that he was thirty years of age and only then attaining the joys of his own fireside.

With the institution of the Pittsburgh Central High School in September, 1855, he was elected Professor of Natural Science, and held this chair three years, becoming the third principal in 1859. His predecessors were Revs. Jacob L. G. McKown who remained one year and Daniel H. A. McLean, who remained three. Mr. Dean died as did his co-laborer and friend, Dickson, literally "in the harness," in 1871, sixteen years after the institution of the school, and I, then as old as the school was one of his last graduating class. It is a glad thought that the few of his first class of three still survive and also many of those who though not graduating, came under his able tuition at the start, nearly a half century ago. If Mr. Dean was assiduous in his labors as a regular instructor his work as principal can be characterized, only as untiring. His biographer, and Dr. Jillson in his reminiscences, both refer to it, and mention the fact that these labors were in those "dingy ill-adapted rooms on Smithfield street, and later in the somewhat improved but inadequate apartments on Wood street." He accomplished what he had set out to do and ever strove for, the erection of a suitable High School building, saw its walls arise, felt its then imposing, though now discredited grandeur. Serene and sustained by a deathless hope, he eagerly awaited the day that never came for him, that blessed day that should house in a mansion of their own, his loved and loving scholars. Oh, tragedy of Fate! oh cruel Parcae! why could not the spinner have held to the thread just a little while longer ere Atropos cut it off forever, and allowed this grand good teacher to have realized the full fruition of his long cherished and ever constant desires, to have attained his one great hope, and to have had granted his oft repeated prayer?

In these late days it is hard to comprehend the storms of opposition to the High School that at times threatened to overthrow it; the prejudice and even bigotry that operated against the so-called "people's college" in those early days. Mr. Dean weathered all these storms by his own untiring zeal and complete devotion and had elevated it to the high standing it had then attained and has since maintained, and even made his vacant chair a desirable one for his ever faithful friend and companion, Dr. B. C. Jillson, who succeeded him. During these years he was of course aided and supported by an able faculty, small at times but ever faithful and diligent, and no person could have become a member of that faculty had he not met the approbation of his chief and been in all ways competent and eager to advance education and the upbuilding of the school.

In 1864 Mr. Dean was appointed a Director of the Allegheny Observatory and held this position four years, and made his home there. He was an enthusiast in astronomy and in this branch alone would have attained fame had he been able to have given it the necessary time and attention. The north tower of the Fulton street building is his design. It was built with special reference to making its top an observatory to be covered with a movable dome and provided with a telescope and other astronomical instruments. He often talked about this to us, telling us how much better equipped the school would be "perhaps next year, when we get into the new building," etc. Of course we could do nothing but lament. Dr. Jillson states that the Philadelphia High School had become famous for its astronomical discoveries and researches, famous even abroad and thinks that Mr. Dean desired to add something to science and to the fame of the Pittsburgh High School. I think not. He never told us so, and I opine that this tower was to be only a means to a proper end, the better instruction in astronomy, and a wider and higher knowledge of the heavens for the pupils of the school. There are many pictures extant showing this tower with a well rounded dome. Mr. Dean was the author of a series of Arithmetics—a Primary, an Intermediate, a Practical, an Intellectual, and a High School. This last work he never quite finished. These books were used for years in the schools of this and adjoining cities and throughout Western Pennsylvania, but a few years after the author's demise they were dropped in this city for French's series, published by a well-known Eastern house. Mr. French was an LL. D. and had been or was then State superintendent of schools in New York. He had never done anything for Pittsburgh or Pittsburgh's schools but I infer some one, I never learned

who, had something to make out of the change and the royalties on the books went to strangers instead of going to the widow and orphans of a remarkable scholar and teacher who had literally broken down in the cause of higher education in Pittsburgh. An astounding instance of municipal ingratitude surely or some other kind. Mr. Dean at times, I know was discouraged. He became a passive candidate for the position of city superintendent in the spring of 1868, (May) at which election Mr. George J. Luckey won. The vote was Luckey, 81; Geo. N. Monro, 71;



PHILOTUS DEAN AS WE KNEW HIM.

[From a photograph by Cargo, 1871.]

Dean, 9. Mr. Luckey entered upon his duties in June, 1868, and remained over thirty years. The Central Board of Education did not wish to lose Mr. Dean despite the fact that the late John A. Sergeant was his main backer. Mr. Dean undoubtedly thought when he consented to the use of his name that he could advance the cause of education as city superintendent and his new building project also, and he had undoubted faith that the High School would not have fallen into other than an able pilot's hands with either Professor Kenaston or Prof. Bancroft succeeding. But Mr. Dean was destined to stay to our great joy and we never heard that he was greatly disappointed.

CHAPTER XII.

PHILOTUS DEAN—CONTINUED.

During the vacation months of 1871, a hot enervating summer, Mr. Dean as was his wont took no vacation. His mind was full of that new building, the furniture, the office, the laboratory, the library, furnished work for him. He planned it all to his satisfaction but utterly exhausted his vitality and when sickness came his overtaxed system worn-out by the constant application to his duty as he understood it, during those debilitating days had left him no power to repel disease. Attacked with typhoid fever he was confined to his bed but ten days. He died in the arms of Prof. Jillson, his friend and successor, and even in death, resigned and satisfied, he died triumphant in the Christian faith, a Christian's death. I had been away that summer in Ohio for some weeks, and on the morning of my return home, I was informed by Dr. Alex. McCandless, my neighbor, of Mr. Dean's death. This was on the 29th of August, 1871. I do not remember seeing him but a few times after graduation. I know I was at the Wood street building several times to obtain a report of my examination marks in his branches, but he had not been able to make them out, and I never did get them, and I know they were never of record. As I had studied hard during the A year, and had in those days a blessed memory and as his branches were such in great part as should and had to be memorized, I depended on those marks to offset a great deal of time wasted previously and the consequent poorer marks of many misspent days. I also wanted my diploma signed by him, but he never got to that point in his work either, and of our class Mr. Schultz was the only one who obtained that distinction, and he required his to take to Germany with him whither he soon left to spend four years in his civil engineering course. I may have seen Mr. Dean at the Third Presbyterian Church at Sixth avenue and Cherry alley, where he was a member and a rare absentee on Sabbath; and as our family attended there also and I was brought up there I met him each week. I know the tidings of death came as a great shock to me, a shock both sudden and swift, for I did not know he was ill. Our family pew was on the side of the church next to Grant street, some dozen pews from the door. Mr. Dean and his family occupied a pew in the extreme diagonal corner, next to Cherry alley, but I could see him

there rapt with earnest attention to the sermon and looking straight at the pastor all the time he preached. Rev. F. A. Noble was then pastor, and he preached his funeral sermon. The obsequies were held in the church. I attended and met my classmates and many hundreds of his sorrowing pupils. I felt as though I had lost my best friend and I think that feeling was general.

His disposition grave, his bearing dignified, speaking with well chosen words that come forth freely, the personality of Mr. Dean was one that made a lasting impression upon each new comer and it was always the same. It inspired first, a sort of awe, then respect, then admiration, ending in love and reverence. I remember as if yesterday when he took me to task in the summer of 1869. I, then a wayward impulsive boy of fourteen only, surely needed admonition. I remember the firm though not unkind tones in which he gave me distinctly to understand that he would not retrograde me—I had the ability and power within myself, he said, to go forward with my class and go forward I must. Prof. Kenaston, whom I did not love then but rather regarded as harsh, though admiring covertly his great learning and talents was in the room, and seconded Mr. Dean's remarks stating that my sins were omission and neglect, that I could readily learn if I would, and could be a credit to myself and the school. It was a turning point in my life and I went forward. I had orders to go forward and those orders brooked no disobedience. I remember also Mr. Dean's kind fatherly advice and his requests to my classmate going abroad, telling him of the dangers and pitfalls in European universities and beseeching him earnestly to remember his words of caution and come back an honor to the High School and his loving parents. Did he? Most undoubtedly, yes. I do not think this student would have fallen but Mr. Dean knew the frailty of humanity and he loved his pupils, and their welfare and interests were ever in his mind. I remember also the only time I received five demerits and was sent "downstairs," was in my A year. Some one in a study class back of us in Latin recitation in the chapel on Wood street, made a remark sotto voce, that made me, perhaps at the time inattentive, laugh. Prof. — gave me a demerit. He was plainly annoyed, if not angry. A voice behind us made another remark. I got two more demerits. I said "Professor I did not speak." He answered quickly, "No back talk, sir. I will not stand it, you can go down to Mr. Dean."

I went much abashed though cool. The B class was reciting at the time. Naturally an A sent down for bad behavior created quite a craning of necks and evoked an audible titter. Mr. Dean did not reprove

the class but said in his quiet way, "Take a seat Mr. Fleming." I did and paid strict attention to his lecture. I think it was chemistry class and when he had dismissed the class I went up to him and he said, gently, "Well, Fleming, what was the trouble?" His deep searching dark eyes looked at me steadfastly. I told him frankly and honestly the story that one demerit I deserved, the others I did not. He asked, "How do these affect your standing?" I told him very little—my score was not large. He said, "Very well then you can return to your class. Mr. — is queer at times but be careful and avoid any appearance of evil conduct." That was all. Of course before the day was over every one knew of that interview entirely unsought by me, and the causes of it. That was his mild reproof and a sample of his justness. He knew the teacher and the scholar, and although the hearing was strictly *ex parte* he believed me for his keen logical mind saw the episode as though he had been present.

When he died he left a widow, a son, Augustus Woodard Dean, and a little daughter. Augustus Dean attended the Wood street building and graduated in the class of 1873. The family I learn, long since returned to Connecticut. Mrs. Dean's residence is now in Hartford. While here the family resided on Fremont street, Allegheny, for some years.

Augustus Woodard Dean is now a resident of Chicago, Ill., where he can be found at 804 Journal Building, if any of his old schoolmates happen in the Windy City and desire to call on him. His sister, Daisy Grace Dean, is now Mrs. Edward J. Pearson, of Hartford, Conn., where her husband is an official of the Jewell Belting Company. Mrs. Pearson has one son, Dean, now twelve years old. Augustus has a daughter, now a young lady, whose name is Inez Wilmot Dean. Mrs. Philotus Dean writes me that it is pleasant to know that some of Mr. Dean's pupils remember him so well as she truly knows how much he loved them. In truth he was a man not to be forgotten and I know none who do not remember him. Most with real reverence—all with respect.

An alumnus in a memoir printed in Superintendent Luckey's report for the year 1871, thus closes in beautiful words—words that strongly appeal to me, as they are words of affection, of appreciation and of sincere sorrow:

"Perhaps no one is a keener observer and critic of a teacher than his own pupil; and it has been the universal testimony of all his pupils that Professor Dean was a teacher of no ordinary merit. His clearness of explanation, his simple and forcible manner of presenting truths, have

been remarked and admired by them and his general knowledge, as woven into discourses on special subjects evinced an uncommon power of generalization, and perceiving the relations and connecting links among all varieties of knowledge. His lectures were not merely a prosaic statement of truths as found in the text-books, but they displayed the skill of the poet and the philosopher. He clothed in fitting language, adorned with illustration and simile, the deduction and hypothesis of his own philosophic mind.

"His disposition grave, even melancholy, was yet lighted up by a most keen appreciation of the ridiculous. Even during recitations, he was quick to see and enjoy a joke, and his classes would often thus be relieved from close application by a momentary diversion.

"As we close this brief sketch of the principal events of his life, we feel impelled by the esteem and veneration we still cherish for him, to mingle the tribute of a pupil in the universal voice of praise.

"That all his pupils thus regard him, is evidenced by the fact that hundreds of those who, as pupils, had listened to his words of wisdom, during his sixteen years' service gathered, with tearful eyes, around his grave.

"As a teacher, we have ever found him patient, considerate, faithful, zealous in his desire for our improvement, often putting himself to great trouble and inconvenience for our benefit. As a friend, he had always a ready interest in our welfare, and a kind sympathy for all that concerned us. We all know with what glad welcome he received his old pupils in their visits to him; and we feel that now, in visiting the precincts of our Alma Mater, we miss the hearty laughter and genial presence of him who was so long its ruling spirit.

"May his memory linger as long in our hearts as his influence shall remain in our lives."

These are kind words—the noble tribute of one who knew him well. They are inserted here for two purposes: 1st. Because they are most grateful to me; 2nd. To show that my memoir is not the fulsome praise of one who might possibly be regarded by some as a favorite, after these many years. We were all favorites; one great family. To further show appreciation of Mr. Dean let me quote also Dr. Jillson's tribute hearty and heartfelt also, the eulogy of a sincere friend, himself lately gone from among us, in whom no one could possibly suspect insincerity.

"In the spring of 1865, while engaged in naming and arranging the minerals belonging to the cabinet of the Western University of Penn-

sylvania, a stranger entered who seemed much interested in the task before me. For more than an hour we conversed on mineralogy, geology, and some points in chemistry and physics. His knowledge of these subjects and his familiarity with the best methods of teaching them, marked him at once as a scholar and teacher. Before leaving, I discovered that he was a graduate of Yale and Principal of the Pittsburgh High School. This was the beginning of an intimate acquaintance, which continued to the last moment of his life; for six years after he died in my arms with my name on his lips. Living in the same part of the city and having tastes in common we frequently met, sometimes in the social circle and sometimes in the class room. I found him always the same genial friend and accomplished scholar. His interest in the institution over which he presided was intense. For it, he seemed to live and labor, to study and plan. Early and late he was at his post. At sunrise in the summer and before break of day in the winter, he passed my house, always carrying on his arm a large basket filled with books and papers, and the close of the day would mark his return with the same basket and additional papers for his evening labors."

Dr. Jillson then describes the buildings the school occupied heretofore referred to, and continues:

"But Professor Dean was not discouraged. The small favors were thankfully received and he labored on, hoping almost against hope, that the people of Pittsburgh would realize their need of a good High School and provide a building suitable for its wants. * * * * *

"A few members of the Board of Education who had stood by him in his troubles and encouraged him in his labors, succeeded against much opposition in obtaining an appropriation for a new building. I remember with what pleasure he laid the corner stone and saw the walls rise course by course, and watched all the arrangements of the interior, that every part might be best fitted for the object in view. If there was one portion of the building more than another in the erection of which he took particular interest, it was the North tower. I have often been asked why it was boxed up as it is, with such enormously thick stone walls extending from the foundation to the top. Professor Dean was an enthusiast in astronomy, and this tower was built with especial reference to making its top an observatory. * * * * *

"He was not permitted to see the completion and take part in the dedication of that building for which he spent the best years of his life. Literally worn-out with care and anxiety, his enfeebled frame, suc-

cumbed to typhoid fever in August, 1871. In Uniondale Cemetery he rests from his labors. At the head of the grand stairway in the High School building hangs a fine crayon portrait, ordered by the Board of Education as a memorial of his labors in the cause of education. And from the same building on a clear day, can be seen the beautiful monument which stands over his remains, a tribute of love from his grateful pupils."

I have never met a man with the same given name as Mr. Dean. I find Philotas and Philotis, given in lists of classical names. I infer Philotus was not uncommon in the East in former days. It is plainly a Latinized Greek word. Its root stands forth plainly to the view, meaning in our tongue—love. He was therefore well and euphoniously named, for love characterized his whole life—love of right, love of man, love of God. Living but forty-nine years, now dead thirty-three nearly, he would if alive, be still younger than many people yet among us. After one third of a century has rolled by, his face and its strong lines, his massive brow, his wealth of thick black hair, his bushy full beard, his gentle placid tones, his cheery though quiet manner, even the indefinable inspiration of the man comes back as yesterday. I have never looked upon his photograph or the lifelike portrait in the Fulton street building without a tremor and a pang. When I say that he was my best teacher I did so with due regard and appreciation of many other good ones. Each man's individuality has its influence. Some are born leaders, ever successful, yet different in method, manner and action. Ulysses S. Grant and William T. Sherman were antitypes. Abraham Lincoln, and Edwin M. Stanton were men of totally different hearts. David G. Farragut and Philip H. Sheridan, great leaders, were as distinctly diverse as their field of operations, and what shall we say by way of contrast when Robert E. Lee, the idol of his men, and Joseph E. Johnston and Thomas J. Jackson loom up? Had I the acumen of Xenophon whose subtlety in the characterization of the captured generals, Clearchus, Menon, et. al., has puzzled many a young translator, I might attempt a differentiation of the many noted teachers under whose tutorship I came afterward. Mr. Dean's was not only a tutorship but a kind tutelage, and at a very tender period in a boy's life. Dr. Aaron Schuyler, one of the foremost mathematicians of the age, a logician, author and psychologist; kind, paternal, learned and diligent, President of Baldwin University when I left there; Dr. William Dexter Godman, the first graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University in 1846, a scholar and a divine of high standing in the

Methodist Episcopal Church, a fine scholar, more than gifted but with a repellent rather than an attractive individuality, who compelled an admiration of ability rather than inspired a personal esteem, President of Baldwin University when I matriculated; Alfred H. Welsh, A. M., a fellow-student as well as a tutor, and an alumnus of Baldwin University, deep in research, quick, keen, ever studious, whose "History of the Development of the English Language and Literature" ranks as the standard work of its kind today, and who a successful teacher and prolific author perished in his prime like Mr. Dean—a victim of overwork; John Williams White, Ph. D., Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, called from that little country college at Berea, Ohio, (Baldwin University), to the great Harvard University, where he has remained upwards of thirty years and has become the most noted Greek scholar in America and one of the foremost in the world; Carl Riemenschneider, Ph. D., D. D., (of Bonn and Tubingen), Professor of Greek, Hebrew, etc., in German Wallace College at Berea, and now President of that institution, a real savant, handicapped somewhat in my day with an insufficient English vocabulary, yet a grand instructor and the soul of geniality; our own Prof. Kenaston since famous—all these left a refining and moulding influence upon their pupils and were earnest and constant in all that pertains to scholarship and instruction, but none of them was a Dean to me.

Mr. Dean's name has been perpetuated in that of the Literary Society that bears it in the Academical department of the Pittsburgh Central High School. His fame will be handed down to posterity by his grateful pupils but the love of him can only expire with the last breath of the last survivor of those who came under his instruction. In a life now of almost half a century, longer by far than my parents lived, to be exact, at the same age at which Mr. Dean passed away, looking backward over that life full of strange vicissitudes, reverses of fortune, often in poor health, with long continued suffering, many keen disappointments and even at times a dread of penury, the one bright memory that shines out like one of five sunshiny days in a June after twenty-five days of rain and gloom; is the recollection of those days that I passed in the Pittsburgh Central High School under the guardian care of Philotus Dean, A. M. I have walked on Easy street with head erect, proud and indifferent to the world; I have spent my last dollar for a night's lodging and my last coin for a bite; I have passed thus on the street the solid citizen, the manufacturer, the famous advocate, and the man who was foisted into a fat office at the behest of the dominant political power. All of these

were pupils too of him who helped make them upright and as perhaps they gave me the frigid nod, or passed me by as the spirit moved them, two thoughts would arise: had they ever gone, or would they ever "go broke," and did they ever think of him who was our Master when we were boys? Through all these mutations of fortune, health and business I have ever tried to remember that I was the son of gentle and refined parents; that I was the pupil for four years of Philotus Dean, and many other good instructors; that right and righteousness are ever paramount and pay; that there is a "*Facilis decensus Averni*," and no return: and that though some may say—"you at one time may have slipped," let it suffice to reply that if I did I regained my footing, made it sure and kept it so, and now like the gladiator, who, ere the combat opened saluted and said: "*O Caesar! morituri salutamus.*" So I—with the weight of increasing years, the to be expected loss of nerve power that comes from wasting and wearing functional disorders terminating eventually in disease, to say nothing of much study and overwork, many sorrows and trials—I too may soon say farewell; but if you ask me what was the greatest boon in my existence, the one thing that I most appreciate and regard as the most valuable of all events that have affected my life—I will reply—"It is that I ever came under the guardianship, and won the esteem of Philotus Dean, A. M."

This tribute is literally written against space. I have spared no thought in giving color to the subject and honor to his name. There comes to me uncalled the apparition of Moses upon Nebo, meek, obedient, resigned; the grand Lincoln, careworn, yet elated, taking new life from the successful termination of our arms; upon whose sombre career has just dawned the first beams of the sunshine of a new hope, and a new work; the healing of festered wounds, and the upbuilding of a new nation upon the shattered foundations of the old; the illustrious McKinley, gentle, suave, ever kind, a citizen of the whole country, loving all its people, full of designs for the betterment of our recently acquired possessions, and the prosperity of the entire nation—all these snatched away can but bring up the same thought, that of an unfinished life work and the consequent great loss to humanity of the marvelous influences of their pure lives. Like his two illustrious countrymen, Mr. Dean still lives in the hearts of a grateful people, the people who knew him best—his pupils, and while they survive, his memory ever brightens with their lengthening years.

CHAPTER XIII.

HORACE W. BANCROFT AND CARLOS A. KENASTON.



PROF. H. W. BANCROFT.

Horace W. Bancroft was born in Litchfield County, Conn., on June 6th, 1833. His father, Rev. Earl Bancroft, moved his family to Crawford County, Pennsylvania, and settled in Mead Township in the vicinity of Meadville. Naturally his home training was scholarly, and it included a course of reading, varied and extensive. He entered Allegheny College at Meadville, and took a full collegiate course, receiving the degree of A. B. in 1856. "While a student," his biographer says: "He was distinguished for mental force, untiring industry and conscientious punctuality in the discharge of every duty. His habit of patient study continued through life, resulting in that thorough and comprehensive scholarship, that was manifest in his professional work." How true this is, every scholar who ever recited to him, can fully attest. A classmate of Mr. Bancroft in the Class of '56 was William D. Archbald, one of the Standard Oil Company magnates.

Soon after Mr. Bancroft's graduation, he went to Tennessee, where he took charge of an academy, known locally as the Three Fork

Institute. He remained here some three years or a little more. The unsettled state of public affairs in the years immediately prior to the breaking out of the Civil War undoubtedly lead him to give up his position, and to return to Meadville, where he remained a short time. That he was appreciated and loved by his Tennessee pupils is evidenced by the fact, that he brought home with him an elegant gold-headed cane, a gift from them. It was the fashion in those days to carry canes, and a gold headed one was a mark of standing indeed above the ordinary. He came to Allegheny; then a small city of four wards, in 1863, and took charge of the First Ward School, in the vicinity of Craig and Rebecca streets, where he remained until Prof. Dickson's death, and his election to the vacant professorship of Mathematics in the Pittsburgh Central High School. It is well known to all who have any knowledge of the institution and the man, that he discharged the duties of this position with eminent ability, and success until his death on August 29th, 1876. I remember meeting Mr. Bancroft frequently. He was ever quiet, kind, and studious. Prof. Wood writes me that Mr. Bancroft had been at Rockaway Beach (near Coney Island, N. Y.), that summer and that he had returned to Pittsburgh with him after visiting the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. But forty-three years old, he was suddenly cut down in his prime, and in the midst of a most useful career, in which devotion to his work and loyalty to the school, were the prominent and distinguishing features. While connected with the High School, Mr. Bancroft saw the clouds of opposition clear away, and the institution placed upon the solid and permanent basis, it has since occupied. His biography terminates greatly as Mr. Dean's—the idea of an agreeable and unfinished life work predominating; with the exception that he lived to take part in and enjoy the new state of affairs, that an enlightened and gradually appreciating community was destined to endue the school.

Mr. Bancroft was married in 1866 to a daughter of Rev. William Hunter, D. D., a distinguished minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, editor of the "Pittsburg Christian Advocate," and a writer of several well-known hymns. Mr. Bancroft was a communicant in that church, and I take it, his father also. Mr. Bancroft left his widow and three children. Mrs. Bancroft died some years ago, as did one child—a daughter who died young. A son, Leon Bancroft, a well-known journalist, died in Chicago a few years ago, so that but one daughter, Mrs. Thomas U. Parker, of Philadelphia, survives. A brother, P.

Sanford Bancroft, has been for many years a resident of Butler, Pa., where he is Associate Editor of the "Butler County Record."

Mr. Stephen Quinon, now of New York, formerly a well-known editor and successful journalist of this city, a life long friend and fellow Alumnus of Mr. Bancroft, writes me as follows:

"Of Mr. Bancroft's personal appearance, of his character as a man, of his qualities as a teacher, of his service to Education in Pittsburgh, you are fully acquainted." I am pleased to say, that I am, as are several hundred more, perhaps over a thousand of his former pupils in all walks of life. I remember his mild blue eyes, his gentle, quiet disposition, his luxurious soft brown beard. I do not remember ever seeing him angry. He was always sedate and dignified, and no one unless a hardened sinner indeed took any liberties in his classes. He was slow to demerit, and they were always deserved. Mr. Bancroft was not swift. He was safe, sure and accurate. He never hurried, never slighted. With him it was esteemed better to have learned a few things well than to have passed over a mass of matter as was sometimes done. He had much of the manner and many of the characteristics of Mr. Dean. He lacked the magnetism and brilliancy. He had the heart, the earnestness, and the fidelity. He was true, honest and zealous in his labors, and his pupils knew and appreciated it. True he had a brilliancy and magnetism of his own. "One star differeth from another in glory." Beneath the quiet unobtrusive exterior of the plain professor of mathematics, there was hidden a vast wealth of learning other than mathematical precision and exactness. Especially was he well posted in the classics and general literature. His biographer states that the "Department of Belles-Lettres was afterwards placed under his supervision." This was evidently in the Fulton Street building, after Mr. Kenaston's resignation, and my graduation. His biography further states that "He was mourned by all with whom he had been associated in any of the relations of life." He truly was. He was a grand good man too, of the Dean type, and only slightly less esteemed, if any. For many years he resided on Ridge avenue, Thirteenth Ward, beyond Thirty-third street, so that he had quite a trip to the school, especially when it was down town. Mr. Wood, early became a neighbor and fast friend, and they generally came and went together. Any pupil who ever came under the tuition of Horace W. Bancroft can, and probably does count himself fortunate. He was an instructor, a friend and a scholar. "May he rest in peace."

CARLOS A. KENASTON.

Prof. Kenaston who was the Professor of Belles-Lettres in the Pittsburgh Central High School, from December, 1866, until his resignation in July, 1872, is a native of Ohio, or at least went there early in life, and he is an Alumnus of Oberlin College of the Class of 1861. Upon leaving Pittsburgh he became Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in Ripon College, Wisconsin. In 1885 Mr. Kenaston gave up college work and became a civil engineer, later becoming famous as an explorer and traveler. His first railroad service was with the Canadian Pacific in British America. West of Winnipeg, many a mile of this wonderful road in his work. He traveled far North and West on the great plains, locating the road, and afterwards constructing it in the Provinces of Assiniboia and Alberta. An interesting series of articles, published in the Century Magazine in 1886 and 1887, I have carefully preserved, but as they are packed away with my library, owing to frequent changes in the abiding place of the Fleming family, I am not able at this writing to refer to them.

After his Canadian experiences, Mr. Kenaston became chief engineer of the Wisconsin Central Railroad in Wisconsin, then returning to the profession of teaching, was for eight years Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in Howard University at Washington, D. C. Next we find him in Salt Lake, Utah, where he was President of Salt Lake College. The desire for travel and exploration, becoming strong again, he accepted the position of geographer of the expedition in the summer of 1891, to explore the wilds of Labrador. I have not the published account of this, but my friend and classmate, Richard Cannon has preserved it, and I quote further on, in this article. (It is to be found in the Century Magazine, September, 1892.) Upon returning from Labrador, Mr. Kenaston served one year as a substitute teacher in the Central High School at Cleveland, Ohio, then a season in the employ of the United States government in Alaska. All this prior to 1899. Following the example of Cincinnatus and our own George Washington, after the strenuous and busy life, Mr. Kenaston settled down as a farmer near Oberlin, but now resides in the town.

Two years ago (1902) Mr. Kenaston visited the Fulton Street building, and found no one he knew, Mr. Wood being absent in the South at the time on account of his health.

Under date of February 28th last, Mr. Kenaston writes me: "You see my life has been a varied one, I can not look forward to many more similar vicissitudes, since age is creeping on with slow but irresistible tread. I am still ambitious, however, to engage in some work for the world, if opportunity offers. I am in pretty fair general health, I am glad to say. I shall be glad to hear more of you, and to learn something of the fortunes of our old comrades and associates."

From the perusal of the foregoing, it is plain that Mr. Kenaston is a man of great talent. He was an earnest and careful instructor, rather stern, as a disciplinarian much disliked by those pupils who were fonder of play than study; against triflers and idlers Mr. Kenaston surely armor-plated his heart. This is my own metaphor. Once the correct writer would have said, "steeled his heart." *Tempora mutantur*, you know. The honest student, however backward, if willing and faithful, found in Mr. Kenaston a kind and ready aid. Crowded as we were in our rented quarters, a strict regimen was absolutely necessary, and Mr. Kenaston held up his end of the discipline worthy of an absolute monarch. Between him and myself there was for two years maintained an undeviating status quo—at daggers' points. Light sometimes dawns. It dawned to me. Peace had her victory, and we became better acquainted, and finally excellent friends; so much, so that he wrote me some kind and much appreciated letters from Ripon while I was at college. I am proud to have been his pupil. A boy is always a queer animal. It is a wise teacher who correctly interprets all a boy's phases and reads him as he is. Once understood, kindness is the word—the rest is easy. I am sure that those who did not regard Prof. Kenaston with that regard, essential to a pupil's best interests, did not learn his true worth, and never gave him an insight into their own innermost hearts.

Mr. Kenaston lived, while a professor in the High School here, at Bellevue. Mrs. Kenaston was a daughter of President James H. Fairchild, of Oberlin College, who died two years ago, at an advanced age, after presiding many years over the destinies of that famous institution.

Mr. Henry G. Bryant, writing of the Exploring Expedition to the Grand Falls of Labrador, states that an associate was found in Prof. C. A. Kenaston, of Washington, D. C., who entered with enthusiasm into the enterprise. The maps and measurements were made by Prof. Kenaston. Besides these, John Montague, a strong and daring young

Scotchman, and Geoffrey Ban, a full-blooded Esquimo, composed the expedition. Prof. Kenaston's measurement shows the Grand Falls to be three hundred sixteen feet in height at the principal fall.

I regret I have not the data at hand of Prof. Kenaston's Northwestern Exploration. His narratives are readily procurable, and I advise all to read them.



**THE OLD NORTH SCHOOL, 4th WARD,
At Penn Street and Cecil Alley,
1848—1893.**

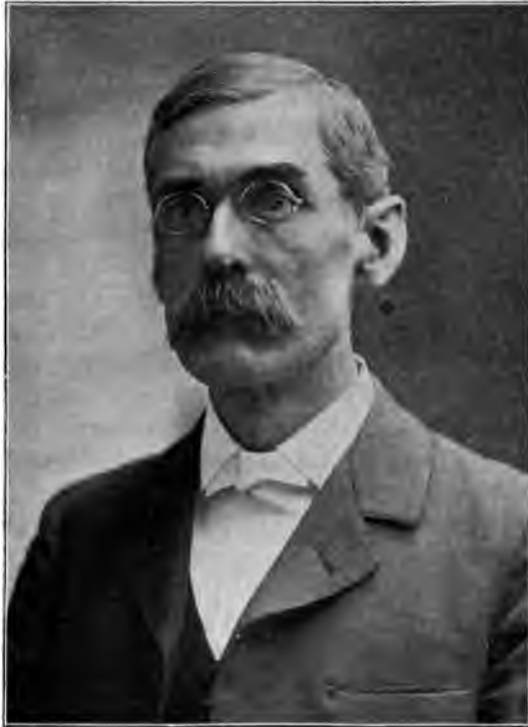
CHAPTER XIV.

CHARLES BRADLEY WOOD'S AND OTHER
BIOGRAPHIES.

Mr. Wood was the fifth principal of the Pittsburgh Central High School, though at the time of his resignation in August, 1902, he was the Director of the Pittsburgh High Schools, now three in number. Mr. Wood came to us in March, 1869, from Sewickley, Allegheny County, where he had been in charge of the Public Schools from September, 1867. At first Mr. Wood was a general assistant, but later was assigned to the Chair of Physics, and then to Mathematics, which he held until 1880, when upon the resignation of Dr. B. C. Jillson, he became principal. My acquaintance with Mr. Wood dates back to his first day in the High School. We were C's then and were in the old Bank of Commerce building. We recited physics in the morning soon after chapel, and were one of the first, if not the first class he heard recite.

Prof. Wood is an Alumnus of Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, Ohio, where he took the degree of A. B. in 1863. He was born in Fulton County, Ohio, in 1843. As he correctly states, that country was then practically a wilderness. He first attended school at Maumee, Lucas County, Ohio, and worked at carpentering, and at the cooperage until he was fourteen years of age, when he taught his first school. In October, 1863, Mr. Wood began teaching in the Seminary at Farmington, Trumbull Co., in the famous Western Reserve of Ohio. Here he remained two years. His next location was Willoughby, Lake Co., coming from Willoughby to Sewickley. He justly states—"That in looking back over my life, the one fact that stands out prominent is the fact, that people have always been very kind to me, and wherever I have been, I have never lacked friends to comfort and cheer me on my way." This is not strange, for Mr. Wood has ever been faithful, and diligent. When I look back to the two years, I attended his classes, I can easily see that he was a good example of the *suaviter in modo*. We had professors of the tumid variety, somewhat grandiloquent in class lecture and verbose in the remarks necessary to a recitation. Mr. Wood was always mild. As for myself I was not a very good boy in my C year. Few are or were then. It is a bad age in the life of an American boy, 14 to 15; but

there were professors in the school at that time, who had the reputation of being "demeriters," whom I took more chances with than quiet Mr. Wood, and there were others did the same. We looked on him as a just man, and respected him accordingly. Any boy will get along with any teacher if the teacher is fair and just. It is always the injustice that rankles; the sense of wrong that smarts. None of this



CHARLES BRADLEY WOOD, A. M.
Professor High School, 1869-1880.
Principal, 1880-1903.

can be attributed by me to Mr. Wood, and during an acquaintance-ship that has lasted thirty-five years, I have still a warm heart for Charles Bradley Wood, and hold him in high esteem.

Mr. Wood now resides at Colorado Springs, Colorado, where he is enjoying life in that most charming of American small cities. "May he live long and prosper." I know many hundred "High Schoolers" will join me in uttering this sentiment—"old but good."

JOHN H. CRUMB.

Rev. John H. Crum, or Crumb, as the old schedules had it, and as we spelled it, was born in New York, near Syracuse, where he spent his boyhood days. He was a farmer's boy and first saw the light on December 23d, 1831. He attended the country school in the winters and worked hard during the summers. In the Fall of 1849, at the age of 18, he started out in life on his own account without money, and but few friends to aid him in any way. He worked his way through college mostly by teaching. His preparatory and collegiate courses were taken at Oberlin College, where he graduated in the Class of 1858. It will be noticed that he was then twenty-seven years of age, and it had taken him nine years to secure the coveted parchment given on Commencement Days.

After graduation he passed three years in teaching and lecturing, and in the study of theology. He was ordained a minister of the Congregational Church in the latter part of 1862, and spent three years and six months preaching in Northern Michigan. His wife's health failing, he resigned his pastorate, and went to Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y., then as now the seat of a sanitarium. After a few months he was elected principal of the Dansville Seminary, from whence he came to Pittsburgh in 1868, and became a teacher in the Pittsburgh Central High School, as stated previously, first in the Normal Department, later becoming Professor of Latin and Greek in the Academical Department.

Mr. Crum resigned in July, 1872, to become the pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church of Pittsburgh. He states that that congregation picked him up out of the pews, and put him in the pulpit again; and he has since given his whole time to his work in the ministry. He has preached nine years in New York State, nearly six in Winona, Minn.; eight in Indiana, and was six years and six months a pastor in Kansas City, Mo. He is now at the age of seventy-three in active work, the pastor of a church in Indianapolis, Ind.

In 1891 Olivet College, Mich., conferred upon Rev. Crum the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. Though well past the three-score-and-ten mark in life, Mr. Crum is still hale and hearty, and does as effective work in the pulpit as at any time in his long career.

He writes that he has very pleasant and hallowed recollections of his associations in Pittsburgh, and enduring memories that bind him to those who have been under his tuition, as well as to those



REV. JOHN H. CRUMB, D. D.

Professor of Latin and Greek, 1869-1872.

who have worked with him as a teacher and minister. I have no doubt that hundreds of his old pupils will read this short sketch of his life with pleasure, for they thought a great deal of him and upon his retirement from the school presented him with a mark of esteem, which affected him greatly, and one remark he made in his short speech was: "There is a little woman at home, who will be glad to hear of this."

PROF. W. W. DICKSON.

William W. Dickson was born at Andes, Delaware County, N. Y., October 19th, 1827: He moved with his parents to Mercer County, Pa., in 1839. His early years were spent on a farm, and he had no educational advantages, but what the country district school afforded. The knowledge he possessed in after years, which was far in advance of many college graduates, fitting him to occupy a prominent position among the educators of Pittsburgh, was entirely self-acquired, by constant reading and study. His first work as a teacher in Pittsburgh was in the year 1852, as assistant in the Third Ward (Grant School), (Mr. J. M. Pryor then Principal). In the fall of 1854, he was elected Principal of the Fourth Ward (North School), where he remained till

the organization of the Central High School, when he was elected Professor of Mathematics in that institution, and occupied that position till his death from typhoid fever on January 12th, 1867. He was always a hard worker for the cause of education, taking an active part in the Allegheny County Teachers' Association, and the success of the High School is in some measure due to his instrumentality, for this institution was, as we have seen, unpopular, he therefore exerted himself to the utmost, by working in every possible way, in earnest and faithful co-operation with Mr. Dean, to promote its interests and to create a popular feeling in its favor; and although he did not live to see the results, many have reaped the fruits of his labors. The three classes preceding my entrance attended Mr. Dickson's classes, and all of them and his former pupils speak lovingly of him. When he died



W. W. DICKSON,

(DECEASED.)

**Professor Mathematics, Pittsburgh Central
High School, 1855-1867.**

the Alumni Association raised \$400 by voluntary contributions and erected a suitable monument over his grave at Clarksville, Mercer County, Pa. It will be noticed that he was not quite forty years of age. Mr. Dean was forty-nine, and Mr. Bancroft forty-three, respectively at their deaths.

BENJAMIN C. JILLSON, A. M., M. D., PH. D.

At the forty-fifth annual meeting of the Alumni Association of the Pittsburgh Central High School on the evening of January 29, 1904, after the business meeting and the supper at 9:30, memorial ceremonies were held in honor of Dr. Jillson. The program was as follows:



BENJAMIN CUTLER JILLSON.

Born 1830—Died 1899.

- Master of Ceremonies Joseph Stadtfeld, '78.
"Dr. Benjamin Cutler Jillson," Wm. D. Evans, '80.
"The Memorial and the Man," Charles W. Scovel, '80.
Unveiling of the Portrait of Dr. Jillson.
"Dr. Jillson as I Knew Him," Prof. Edward Rynearson.
"A Tribute to a Friend," John W. Alexander, '75.
"Reminiscences" George M. Sleeth, '75.

The portrait was hung in the main hall and it is a striking likeness. It is the work of John W. Alexander, of the Class of 1875, now of New York City; Pittsburgh's greatest artist, whose every effort is a gem, and whose paintings are in the leading galleries of the world. Portraits such as Dr. Jillson's bring Mr. Alexander from \$3,000 to \$5,000. This is his most important work yet owned in his home city. The portrait was presented by the class of 1880 with the generous co-operation of the artist, who entered into the work with great zeal and who was present at the ceremonies and took part in them. The class of 1880 was the last under Dr. Jillson's principalship. It is rare to find instances of classes thus signally honoring an instructor twenty-four years after their graduating, and the class of 1880 have certainly set a good example. I did not know Dr. Jillson. He came after me. He was previously of the faculty of the Western University of Pennsylvania.

Like Mr. Dean and Mr. Bancroft, he was a native of Connecticut, where he was born in 1830 at Willimantic. He was an alumnus of Yale in the Medical Department and had previously studied at Amherst. He taught science in the Western University, became Principal of the High School in 1871 and remained until 1880. After leaving the High School, Dr. Jillson removed to Illinois where he was Professor of Science in the Industrial University at Champaign. He returned to Pittsburgh in 1887 and became Professor of Chemistry and Geology in the High School that year, which chair he held until his death in 1899. Dr. Jillson was a ripe scholar and was much beloved by his pupils. Though he was a doctor of medicine, he did not practice after the war. His whole life was given to teaching. That he was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him the testimonials of the class of 1880 and the Jillson memorial reunion of 1904 are ample evidence.

After leaving Yale Dr. Jillson went South and taught for some years in Nashville, Tenn. Just previous to the Civil War he went abroad, and upon returning entered the service of the United States as a surgeon of volunteers and was stationed at the Mower Hill Hospital in Philadelphia. While there he was married to Miss Anna Ravoudt of that city. She is still a resident of this city with her two daughters and son-in-law, Dr. R. K. Fleming. They reside on South Highland avenue. Mrs. Fleming was formerly Miss Lizzie Jillson, who was teacher of drawing in the Fulton street building at one time. Dr. Jillson, in the interest of geology made a voyage to Greenland with an exploring expedition in the summer of 1896. Many interesting facts, and much hitherto un-

known was brought to light by this expedition though upon their return trip their vessel, the steamer *Miranda*, was lost and the party had a narrow escape and underwent many privations. There were over ninety people on the *Miranda* when she was wrecked. They were providentially rescued by a Gloucester, Mass., fishing schooner, the *Regel*, Captain Dickson, who, to provide for this great number of unexpected passengers was obliged to throw overboard his entire cargo. The *Miranda* sank after a fruitless effort to save her. An account of this trip, and the scientific results obtained was published by the Doctor on his return, and much other matter thereto pertaining, in the press of this city. The Doctor was also a writer and lecturer on "Home Geology," and the High School library has many bound volumes of his researches on this topic.

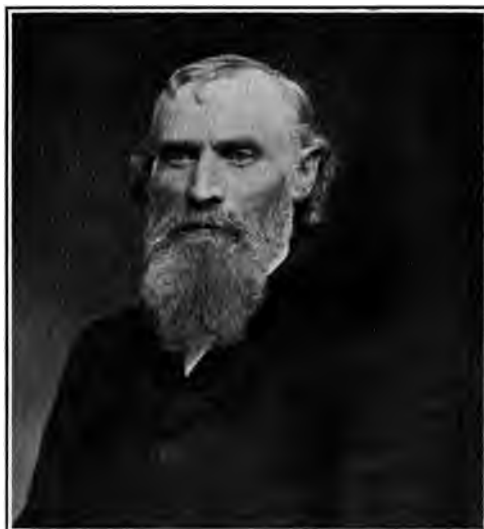
Dr. Jillson's death was a distinctive loss to the school. His learning was vast; he was a forcible lecturer, and his attainments made him a most desirable member of the able faculty the school has ever had. This alone, to say nothing of entire devotion to his work and the interests of the school and his pupils made his death deeply lamented.

• ROBERT M. M'CARGO.

If from among the many hundreds of Pittsburghers, I have known during my long residence here, I were asked to pick out him whose heart was always warm, whose voice was always tender, whose greeting ever smiling, and whose friendship was undeviating—in fact, who came very close to being the soul of cordiality; I should unhesitatingly reply: Robert M. McCargo, for his was an individuality *sui generis*, with a charm and cheeriness that uplifted and was gently enthralling.

In his simple life, he carried out the law of love, and kindness was his daily theme. He loved art—lines of beauty, and the subtle blendings of shade and color entranced; he loved poetry—beauty of thought and diction strongly appealed to him, and were quickly recognized. He loved right, he loved his friends, he loved children—the violin he always carried with him in his school work, he used to bring forth that harmony that characterized his life; a harmony of tone and action ever rhythmic, softly, sweetly flowing. His friends loved him, the children loved him. The writer was a friend. This statement seems hardly necessary.

Robert M. McCargo was born in the First Ward of Allegheny, Pa., near what is now Ridge avenue, on September 13, 1828. His father was Nathan McCargo, a native of Scotland, who came to America in his early manhood. His mother's maiden name was Isabel Sayle, whose native place was the Isle of Man. There were six children in the family: John, Robert, Elizabeth, William Frank, David and Isabel. For many years the family resided on Penn avenue, in what is now the Twelfth Ward of Pittsburgh.



PROF. ROBERT M. McCARGO,
(DECEASED.)
Supervisor of Music, Pittsburgh Schools.

John McCargo was at one time Controller of the City of Pittsburgh, and for nearly twenty-five years David was General Superintendent of the Allegheny Valley Railway Company, with headquarters in this city.

On September 4, 1851, Robert M. McCargo was married to Sophia Elizabeth Henrici, whose father, William Henrici, was a brother of Jacob Henrici, long and well known as the Leader of the Harmony Society at Economy. There were seven children: Ella M., now the wife of Harrison D. Mason, of Allegheny; Clara E.; Annie and Herbert, who died in infancy; Charles Sumner, formerly General Freight

Agent of the Allegheny Valley Railway Company, deceased, February 2, 1891; Edith S., now the wife of Harrison M. Williamson, of Allegheny; and Gertrude Henrici.

For many years Mr. McCargo was the best known photographer of Pittsburgh. Later, he became Supervisor of Music in the Public Schools of Allegheny, and still later served in the same capacity in the schools of Pittsburgh for a long time. The family lived in Franklin, Pa., for several years, during which time he was in the service of the Allegheny Valley Railway Company. Returning to Pittsburgh, he again assumed the duties of Supervisor of Music in the Public Schools of that city, holding the position until his death, which occurred May 29th, 1902.

During the Fremont campaign, in 1856, he sang frequently in glee clubs, and some of the songs were of his own composition. He was at Lafayette Hall, on Wood street, Pittsburgh, when the Republican party was formed, and remained loyal to that party throughout his life. He was a strong Abolitionist, and among his friends were men connected with the "Underground Railroad," over which many runaway slaves traveled on their way to Canada. He took the deepest interest in the cause of temperance, and believed in total abstinence. He was the friend of Andrew Burt, the author of Burt's Grammar; Marius Robinson, the Abolitionist, of Salem, Ohio, and Miss Martha Glass, one of the best teachers Pittsburgh ever had.

He was one of the original members of the society whose efforts have resulted in the foundation of the First Unitarian Church of Pittsburgh, and whose beautiful stone church on Ellsworth and Morewood avenues, has just been dedicated. Against every discouragement, this society struggled for years to found a church here, and Mr. McCargo was a devoted worker in this cause. He did not live to see the new church.

On a picturesque plateau overlooking the Ohio River, about ten miles from Pittsburgh, he owned a country home where his later, and in some respects the happiest, years of his life were spent. He loved nature and found there were among the hills the quietude and the beauty which appealed to him. All his leisure time was spent in improving this place.

He was a man of high integrity, intensely devoted to his principles. Few men have believed more thoroughly than he in humanity or labored more zealously for its upbuilding. His life was clean and

his convictions were deep and strong. He held fast to what he deemed to be right and true. He loved music and was happiest when teaching it to children. In this task the sweetest and most lovable traits of his character were brought to the surface. He was ill but four days with bronchial pneumonia. Just before this illness he was preparing the school children for the Decoration Day exercises, and this work was uppermost in his thought. In his last hours, while tossing in delirium, he fancied himself at school with the children, and his hand beat time to a song they were singing. "I can't sing with you to-night, children; I will be with you in the morning," were among the last words he uttered. It was a fitting close to a life devoted to harmony.

I have given this memoir a place in "My High School Days," because during those days, while I was a classmate of his daughter Ella (Mrs. Mason), I was often a visitor at his home, and because he was so long and so intimately identified with the public schools of Pittsburgh, and because he was my friend.

DANIEL C. HOLMES.

Mrs. Carrie S. Holmes Milnor, now of Washington, D. C., writes a brief biography of her father thus :

"My father, Daniel Crocker Holmes, was born June 28, 1809, at Halifax, Mass., but always hailed from Plymouth, as his parents moved to the latter place, when he was a very small boy. In the year 1837 Mr. Holmes moved to Pittsburgh, when he became one of the faculty of a large Ladies' Seminary in the lower part of Allegheny, called 'Kilbuck.' This place eventually became the home of the well-known McKnight family of that vicinity. My father taught here several years.

"In 1842 Mr. Holmes opened a Young Ladies' School in Pittsburgh upon the hill in the locality then known as "Lacyville," the upper end of Roberts street in the vicinity of Passavant Hospital. In the year 1847 Mr. Holmes became the first principal of the Franklin School, called at that time the Sixth Ward School (now the Franklin Sub-District School of the Seventh and Eighth Wards.) With the exception of a short period, three or four months, Prof. Holmes had charge of this school for about thirty-five years, resigning his position in 1883. For many years my father was organist of St. Andrew's P. E. Church, whose edifice on Ninth street, has just been demolished, and for a short time of the old Third Presbyterian Church, at Sixth avenue and Cherry alley.



DANIEL C. HOLMES,
(DECEASED.)

Principal Franklin School, 1847-1883.

“Daniel C. Holmes passed from this life on June 1st, 1887. During the brief period Mr. Holmes was absent from the Franklin School he taught in the Preparatory Department of the Western University of Pennsylvania.”

Thousands of citizens of Pittsburgh, their mothers, wives, and children attended the Franklin School under Mr. Holmes' management. I did from December 1863 until April, 1867. I am sure the pictures here shown will be welcomed by all who will own my book. Not only welcomed, but treasured for Mr. Holmes was a grand good man, quiet, unobtrusive, scholarly, he did his life work well, and passed away full of years and honors.

HENRY BERKOWITZ, D. D.

Henry Berkowitz was born at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 18th of March, 1857. He attended the public schools of that city, graduating at the Central High School in 1872. He entered Cornell University in that year, but the following year took up the study of law in Pittsburgh, with the firm of Brown and Lambie, continuing there during several years. Thereafter, he removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, entering

the Hebrew Union College to fit himself for the Jewish ministry. He graduated at the University of Cincinnati in 1881. After completing the eight-year course at the Hebrew Union College; he graduated in 1883, in the Pioneer Class of the Rabbis of the first Jewish Seminary in the United States.

His first charge was Mobile, Alabama, where he remained five years. In 1888 he was called to the ministry of the Jewish congregation of Kansas City, Mo., and in 1892, from that position to his present post, as Rabbi of Rodeph Shalom Congregation, Philadelphia, Pa. He took an active part in all public work in these communities, especially in educational and charitable enterprises, being the founder of the Societies for Prevention of Cruelty to Children and to Animals in Alabama, and organizer of the Bureau of Charities in Kansas City. He was prominent in the organization of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, being its first Secretary. He represented the Alumni of the College on the Board of Governors, since his graduation. He is a member of the Publication Committee of the Jewish Publication Society of America, and prominent in all the work, aiming to promote the interest of the causes with which he is identified.

In 1893 he founded the Jewish Chautauqua Society—being elected as its Chancellor—which has developed into an international association, for the promotion of the study of Jewish History and Literature, religion and the Hebrew language. Numerous reading circles are conducted under its auspices in all parts of the United States, in Canada and Great Britain. The Summer Assembly of the Jewish Chautauqua has met during the last eight years in Atlantic City, N. J., during the month of July. It has come to be an important factor in the educational interests of the Jewish people, and has established a broad platform in which all sections and interests meet, and on which non-Jewish speakers and teachers are cordially welcomed. In the summer of 1903 Dr. Berkowitz was invited to England to inaugurate the Jewish Summer Meetings there.

Dr. Berkowitz has contributed frequently to periodicals and newspapers, both secular and religious, and has published the following named books:—"Bible Ethics," 1883. The "First Union Hebrew Reader"; "Second Union Hebrew Reader," 1883; "Judaism and the Social Question," 1888. "The Pulpit Message," 1892; "The Open Bible," 1896—a guide to readings in the Hebrew Scriptures, taking ac-



HENRY BERKOWITZ, D. D.
P. C. H. S. 1872,
Rabbi Congregation Rodeph Shalom, Philadelphia,
Chancellor Jewish Chautauqua.

ount of the critical standpoint. "Kiddush" or "Sabbath Sentiment in the Home" illustrated, 1898.

He was married in 1883 to Miss Flora Brunn, and has one son and one daughter. Mr. Berkowitz is given extended notice in these pages, because he was a typical High School boy of the old era, one of the Dean boys, who maintains the scholarship, and is proud of his first alma mater.

CHAPTER XV.

COURSE OF STUDY—1867-71.

FIRST YEAR.

Written Arithmetic, finished; Mental Arithmetic; Robinson's Elementary Algebra through Quadratics; Andrew's and Stoddard's (afterwards Bullion & Morris) Latin Grammar and Reader; Hart's Constitution of the United States; Fuller's Political Class Book of Pennsylvania; Worcester's General History (afterwards Anderson's) begun; Iron City College Course in Bookkeeping; Reading; Spelling; English Grammar and Geography continued; German, optional.

SECOND YEAR.

Algebra finished; Geometry begun; Mental Arithmetic, Chemistry begun; Latin Reader, finished; Cæsar's Commentaries, four books; General History, continued; Reading; Spelling, English Grammar, and Geography, continued; German, optional.

THIRD YEAR.

Geometry, finished; Mental Arithmetic; Chemistry, finished; Natural Philosophy; Cutter's Physiology begun; Wood's Botany begun; Mitchell's Physical Geography begun; General History, finished; Virgil's *Æneid*, 6 books; Reading; Spelling, Grammar, and Geography continued; German, optional; Greek, optional. We used the old Virgil Delphini or the Dauphin's Virgil, with a Latin Ordo and Vocabulary, with reference, and Latin Notes. A few used Cooper's Virgil.

FOURTH YEAR.

Trigonometry; Surveying; Engineering; Robinson's (afterwards Kidder's) Astronomy; Dean's Mental Arithmetic; *Bucolics* and *Georgics* of Virgil; Cicero, four Orations; generally *Anti Cataline*. We read also *Pro Archias*, and the *Manillian Law*; Horace; Physiology, finished; Sanford's Zoology; Dana's Geology; Physical Geography, finished; Wayland's Intellectual Philosophy; Fairchild's Moral Philosophy; Coupee's Rhetoric, Coupee's Logic; German, optional; Greek, optional; Reading; Spelling; English Grammar, and Geography. I do not re-

member attending any classes in these studies after the first year; but I find them scheduled, and we were quizzed at all times on Grammar and the happenings of the day, and were expected to speak English as properly as the Professors, and to locate any point geographically, when called on. Our class did not read any Horace; but did read some five or six of the *Bucolics*. The course was varied to suit the class, and the teacher sometimes.

Too much work was crowded into the last year, but we could not see how it could be avoided. Some of the studies above were once a week recitations, but we had a Latin recitation four days per week during the four years I was there, and also one in Mathematics of some kind. Physical Geography was once a week for two years. History once a week for three years. We got plenty to do, presume they do yet. The above course had likely been in use for some years previously. "The thread system" or so-called infrequent recitations has long since been abolished.

DISCIPLINE.

Explanations of the monthly, bimonthly, or quarterly reports ran thus; we had each style of report one time or other. In column headed—AVERAGES, 10 was the maximum mark. 0 denoted failure. In column headed—GRADE, 1 denoted highest standing, other numbers denoted nearer the highest as they were nearer 1. It follows that if there were 21 in a class, and 20 made 10 or perfect on examination, 20 would be graded No. 1, and the other would be 21 in the class, no matter how near he came to perfection. This often happened in Mathematics and Mental Arithmetic, in case mentioned, for there were surely 20 higher than he. Absences and tardiness were noted, and if unexcused, punished by demerits. The demerits were then no bar to standing as now. There was a double column headed—FAILED, showing how many times the pupil had been called on to recite, and how many times he recited. So there was no closing of the "old man's" eyes at home. Of course, sickness and absence hurt your standing, but you could score many a failure, and put in a series of faulty recitations, and then study up for examination, or on review and pass. This seemed unjust one way, but it was the rule.

For advancing in class, the general average had to be 50 per cent. only, and not under 30 in any one study. There were very few retrograded. We had so much to do, that with many those studies that

pleased took their best efforts, and for the ones that displeased or bored, we did not care so one could easily muster enough average to pass, and as there was always more that pleased, and consequently many good marks; it pulled the general average away above. The minimum has saved many a one from going back. As a general thing when a pupil found the course too much for him, he quit and classes dwindled rapidly after the first year.

Demerits were given for absence and tardiness, an unexcused absence of one day of $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours involved 22 demerits, so there was no playing hook. The rules called for demerits for intentional acts of disorder and disobedience, whispering, prompting, inattention, playing, neglect to observe regulations, etc., also for failure to perform the required exercises in Elocution, so there was no getting out of rhetorical. The faculty could abate demerits, and teachers were forbidden to give demerits in anger; but it was sometimes done. 40 demerits, (only 25 now), within three consecutive months caused the offending pupil's suspension, and he was only re-admitted to classes on satisfactory promise of amendment. This involved an undesirable interview with "pa," and often a visit to the school on his part, which was quite a source of mortification to the "bad one" before "all you fellows." Pater though, was always notified by mail or some equally safe way. One demerit was given for an offense. If the offense was repeated in the same hour, that meant two more. For flagrant acts or cumulative penalization, the offender was sent to the principal for a fuller and further hearing. The demerits were always to be announced at the time of the offense. When one's score crawled up above 30 within the time limit—the demerit living three months, caution was the word, and go slow on funny business the rule. 'Twas then that parental cognizance was feared. A demerit given on September 1st ceased to be dangerous on December 1st. A demerit book was kept, the date first, the teacher, the time, the offense being put down, so that a common question was: "How many you got now?!" and during the first quarter: "When does your first die?" These were essential facts to all interested, so much so that we were all careful to have our record in mind at all times. It was too dangerous not to. When a pupil's demerit score was known to his mates to be "high up," he was not teased any, and he was kept as free from temptation as possible. He generally had good recitations during the probationary period, and when enough had died, he could afford to take chances

again, and his face take on more of the nature of a full moon and less of that of the poker or tongs. If the luckless one succeeded in gaining 40 a second time within three months, he was suspended for thirty days. A third time he was up to the Central Board of Education for dismissal. There was one such case during my time. It seems the fellow could not be good—he was not vicious, but a guy for many and very unfortunate. He was given a chance by good Professor Dean and in due time graduated, but has for years disappeared from my knowledge. The discipline of the school could not have been more rigid. The first year and the C year showed up many bad ones, the remaining years each class, and its teachers gradually developed into a happy family. As for myself I ran nearly the whole gamut, but discreetly kept away from the danger line.

CHAPTER XVI.
THE DEDICATION.

The dedication of the Fulton Street building took place on October 13th, 1871, and the report of it is also officially made by Prof. Crenshaw at request of Supt. Luckey and is also to be found in the report before referred to. Then too there was a procession of school children with the exception that the High School pupils, some 280 in number came last. On their banner was inscribed the words—The People's College. About 5,000 pupils turned out this time. The line was formed on Liberty, right resting on Wood street, at 10 a. m. The late William R. Ford, then Principal of Springfield School, 12th Ward, was marshal. Geo. P. Fulton, principal of the Highland School, and John H. Crumb, Professor of Languages in High School were assistants. The Highland pupils turned out this time mounted and in carriages. As will be seen this pageantry was but a grander exhibition of that of two years previous indicating a healthy and pleasing change in public sentiment and public interest. Mr. Crenshaw says the procession was a mile and a half long and occupied thirty-eight minutes in passing a given point. The streets were thronged and enthusiasm was at a high pitch. So thronged indeed were the down-town streets that the marchers could only pass through the crowds by twos. They do things differently now, the police officials rope off the streets, or in, (as you are in or out). The route was nearly the same as at the corner-stone ceremonies, but public interest was more than doubly manifest and there were many, and much more beautiful banners and more bands in the procession. I did not attend the ceremonies. This dedication does not belong to "My High School Days" I was out of it forever, but I saw and remember the procession. I remember now that I was employed in a down-town store. I might have gone, but without Mr. Dean the affair was a private phase and I remained away. The pupils in line went from the north side of the building to the chapel on fourth street, down the stairs on the south, taking time to inspect the room which was "convenient and well furnished." They were then taken to the premises and down Bedford avenue to Loggansville. They were dismissed by their respective principals. It is not to be called unique on account of the pre-

exercises were held in the afternoon and evening. A large audience assembled at each session. Mr. John Wilson again presided in the afternoon. Rev. Jos. H. Montgomery of the class of 1860, offered prayer. Prof. Andrew Burt made the first address. It was both forceful and appropriate. William D. Moore, Esq., followed in a short address and then Dr. B. C. Jillson, the new principal, delivered a pleasing address, brief but telling and in turn was followed by Rev. John S. Sands, in finished oration the account states that caused general pleasure. At the evening exercises Mr. Thomas J. Craig, one of the building committee and member of the Central Board from the Oakland District, presided. Hon. Henry Bucher Swope, then United States District Attorney for Western Pennsylvania, delivered the principal address. Those who remember Mr. Swope and who have listened to his masterful oratory can readily imagine that his effort on this occasion was beautiful and eloquent. He was followed by State Superintendent Wickersham, and Mr. W. by J. H. Miller, Esq., a prominent attorney and a former member of the Central Board. Mr. Luckey and Dr. Collier, President of the State Agricultural College, also made brief addresses. Mr. Miller gracefully referred to Mr. Dean, as the Father of the School, and as inseparably connected with its history and mentioned the abiding faith he had in the future that sustained him through years of unselfish devotion to its interests.

Thus after years of struggle and trials Pittsburgh had a building of its own, then and there duly consecrated to the work intended—a work since well and faithfully done and even now going on.





**1872—AT LAST—THE GOAL.
Now the Pittsburgh Central High School, in fact as in name.**

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FULTON STREET BUILDING.

It is evident from the perusal of the preceding pages that this building became a source of pride to the community. Having now a structure on its hands at a cost approximating \$200,000 the pendulum of public opinion swung the other way, and the first official school report after its completion states that, "The magnificent building which crowns the summit of the hill overlooking the Allegheny river, standing as a guardian sentinel of three sister cities (South Side, one) did not, by some magic power arise in a single night to greet the morning sun. It was the work of many months, the thought of many years."

A building was contemplated with the inception of the school in 1855. For various causes no building was attempted until this one. The report above referred to goes on to rehearse the inadequacy and deficiencies of the first building, and then to mention the great opposition that arose from the school's commencement; an opposition that steadily increased in virulence and rancor. How truthful this quotation. "That spirit in human nature which prompts one to exaggerate the faults of that which he does not indorse was fully manifest in the hostility shown; for many who were opposed to a High School of any description took undue advantage of the circumstances under which the school was laboring, and upon the defects arising from these inconveniences, based their arguments of opposition to all higher education."

With these, the three R's were evidently enough of a curriculum on which to squander public funds. So great indeed was the school's unpopularity that upon the graduation of the first class in 1859, a class of three only of 114 who had entered, one of the daily papers of the day—name not given—(sorry I can't give it) in its report of the exercises stated that—"the mountain had labored for four long years at great expense to the city, and produced only three live mice." The panic of 1857 and the consequent hard times, the disturbed state of the country, the fluctuating and uncertain currency of many private and state banks that passed as money, and the opening of the Civil War, all had an influence in keeping down the average of enrollment and thus the necessity for a building. Perhaps the more mature ages of the first ad-

mitted pupils, their readiness to enter upon their life work had also an influence. But along in 1864 the Central Board of Education requested of the Councils of the city a lot on which to erect a building. The building was occupied in seven years from that time. Quick work, you query? Well, pretty quick, considering the times, circumstances, opposition, etc., etc. On the 25th of July of that year Councils granted the Board the lower basin lot. The city had but two basins then—the other is still at Bedford avenue and Ledlie street, surrounded by what is known as Central Park. On the 13th of September this grant was accepted with thanks to Councils of course. Immediate measures were taken, committees appointed to investigate, plan, etc., but all efforts to do anything tangible proved failures. The war was on, and the country was disturbed by the exciting Presidential election of 1864 and any pretext was a cause for delay. As I write these lines my good friend, John A. Sergeant, Secretary of the Central Board for many years, and always a friend of the school, is lying dead at his late home. I had hoped to see him and talk over these times and had looked up his residence to that end, but he seems to have lived a long life of usefulness, (78 years) and I doubt even if he had not been so near his end if his condition were not such by reason of failing powers, to have precluded me much information. As before stated we had to get out of the rooms on Smithfield street and went to the "Superior" rooms on Wood; and here the school began first to prosper and with the increase in pupils and during the good times that came after the war and continued until the dark days financially of 1873, there began a healthy growth in public favor. Mr. Dean on the 15th of October, of 1868, the fall after we entered the Wood street building, requested again a building in these words:

"I beg leave to offer my opinion that the present and prospective pressure of this growing city upon the capacity of the High School justifies the immediate serious consideration of the question, whether the city should not soon have erected a building, planned and suited to its wants. The rooms now occupied are manifestly inadequate in number, and are not planned as school rooms should be, and are in cities that take the lead in educational matters."

On motion Mr. P. H. Laufman, Highland District, (19th Ward), this request was referred to the High School Committee and they were instructed to report at the next meeting and did so through their Chairman, Dr. J. J. Covert, then representing the Lawrenceville districts, that the Committee deemed it desirable and advisable to build on the city lot that had been granted them over four years before. A Committee was

appointed to procure designs and estimates. It consisted of Mr. John Harrison, of Minersville District; Thomas Aiken, of the Liberty; James M. Taylor, of the Ralston; Capt. Wm. Mays, of the Moorhead, and Thomas J. Craig, of the Oakland. I am sure that all these are long since dead but they did something that counted, for on February 9, 1869, their report was accepted and a design of a stone building as planned by Messrs. Barr & Moser, architects, was adopted, the initial contract awarded and the building proceeded with. It was finally and officially decided that there was the necessity for such an institution in the city and that it should be built by the city and for the city. The wavering doubt of former years ceased to waver. We gladly saw the malignancy of a virulent and unholy hostility sneak away, and that privilege that law and common justice granted the youth of the city at last theirs—a privilege that other cities of equal population and importance possessed, and many of lesser note. Now what town of any standing is without its High School and in what locality is higher education discredited?

The expenses of the High School for the year 1870 were \$18,838.85, \$14,585.25 of which was for salaries and \$1,800 for rent. There was a quantity of diplomas bought for \$122.35 and some music books at last for \$81.25. For many years there has been little said about High School expenses and the extravagance so called of those days has lapsed into a profitable and popular outlay of municipal funds. *Tempora mutantur, sure.*

In the building of the Fulton street structure there was not much speed made but work went on apace. In April, 1869, the contract for grading was let to Flinn & Noonan. On June 20th the contract for the basement was let. This work was pushed by the contractor, Patrick Brough and cost \$22,526.14. Mr. Brough also had the contract for the stone and brick work for the superstructure, for which \$69,684.50 was paid, but he died soon after the work was finished and before a settlement. He received high praise for his labor and interest and the committee in its final report states that he gave his entire time to this work and that it seemed more a labor of love than profit that his bid was 33 per cent lower than any other and that "his heirs nevertheless received some benefit from the contract." Barr & Moser's bill was \$4,740. J. H. Nobbs, a practical builder and a member of the committee was superintendent of the work at a salary of \$100 per month for two years. D. W. Lloyd did the plastering, Robert McKain the carpenter work, which cost \$4,141.22 and \$28,841.61, respectively. Many other interesting items of expense could be enumerated but I have given enough

for comparison with these times when building operations and material and labor are especially expensive. The original committee before mentioned was continued throughout the work with Mr. Harrison, chairman, with the addition of Messrs. Jos. Hartman, of the Franklin District, and Mr. Nobbs of the O'Hara, and later upon the expiration of the term of Captain Mays in February, 1871, his place was filled by Mr. John L. Hamilton, of the Forbes District (8th Ward). So the school was built and if I were to write a history of the Brilliant Water Works it would be the same story of delay, trial, tribulation and public clamor, only to have them completed in the end and their designer and engineer, Mr. Joseph Lowry, triumphant, but he did not die then as did Mr. Dean.

CHAPTER XVIII.
WHO WERE THERE.

When I entered in 1867, there was one A pupil, Miss Anna M. Asper, the Class of 1868.

These were B's, the Class of 1869:

Miss M. E. Duval,	Miss Margaret Williams,
" Emma Dyer,	Mr. Amos L. Asper,
" Sophia Hoyer,	" Geo. Glass,
" Kate Keys,	" John B. Herron, Jr.,
" Mary E. King,	" Wm. J. Hunter,
" Elvira Reese,	" Clark H. Johnston,
" Isabella Seltz,	" John C. Martin,
" Mary Walker,	" Edward P. Wilkinson.

These were C's. Those with an asterisk, the Class of 1870:

*Miss M. E. Bowes,	Mr. E. J. Dashbach,
" *Flora B. Covert,	" Geo. H. Garrard,
" *Annie Donaldson,	" Frank C. Henry,
" *Bessie R. Evans,	" David Hutchinson,
" H. I. Houston,	" *Henry Herr,
" *Ella Wagstaff,	" George Herr,
" *A. W. Wallace,	" Homer W. Moore,
" *Fannie Wright,	" John H. Neely,
" Amelia Tutell,	" *Wm. L. Scaife,
" *C. A. McClarren,	" *Raphael Sergeant,
" *A. E. McClelland,	" Geo. Sheppard,
" *Alabama McNeely,	" *Abraham Strasburger,
" M. W. Petticord.	" *F. P. Swindler.
*Mr. Thos. S. Bell,	
" *Albert Berkowitz,	*Class 1870.
" *Richard Cannon, (1871)	Admitted 1866.

Messrs. George Herr and George Sheppard graduated in Commercial Department in 1870.

These names are on record as having been admitted to the school the year preceding my entrance (1866), but I remember none as C's in 1867—some I know were not.

Miss Anna Ballantine,	Miss Eliz. Peet,
" L. B. Carlisle,	" Blanche Rutledge,
" Agnes Crooks,	" M. J. Stange,
" A. M. Dalzell,	Mr. S. W. Black,
" H. C. Devore,	" A. Hageman,
" A. C. Floyd,	" M. L. Martin,
" Marietta Gardner,	" A. McClelland,
" A. C. Glosser,	" T. C. McNeely,
" M. J. Gordon,	" Wm. J. McNorton,
" Annette Howey,	" E. A. Mundorf,
" M. I. Irwin,	" Benj. Richards,
" *H. R. Kuhn, (1872)	" A. G. Small,
" Aimee S. Lambie,	" J. E. Thomas,
" E. M. Martin,	" W. J. White,
" A. V. Mathews,	" J. V. Wiegant.

Several names here have a familiar sound. I remember Miss Kuhn, on Wood Street, as a member of the Class of 1872.

These were D's. Class of 1871, marked with asterisk. Those of my class at old Green Street School; Old Seventh Ward, marked with dagger; From Franklin School, marked with two daggers:

*Miss E. J. Asper,	Miss Ella M. Thompson,
" *†Lucy Barnes,	" Jennie Walker.
" Pauline Bartberger,	†Mr. Chas. J. Atkinson,
" *V. C. Bigelow,	" Louis J. Bloor,
" *E. M. McCargo,	" Jesse A. Cullison, (1866)
" Emma R. Gray,	" Job R. Evans,
" *††Mary E. Gray,	" Albert Everson,
" *M. J. Hoyer,	" Thos. H. Fahnestock,
" *S. Ella Hunter,	" *†Geo. T. Fleming,
" †A. M. Johnston,	" Chas. S. Graham,
" †M. V. Johnston,	" John F. Lauth,
" *Anna McCague,	" Geo. E. Liscomb, (1866)
" ††A. M. McCreary,	" ††James D. Little,
" †† M. J. McCrickart,	" ††John G. S. Little,
" †M. E. McEwen,	" ††J. W. Mills,
" †*Anna F. Mays, (1872)	" *A. L. Shultz,
" ††*Eliz. Montgomery,	" Harry C. Seitz,
" *S. Emma Phillips,	" Theo. Steiner,
" Emma Reese,	" Geo. A. Thompson,
" *†Mary Reid, (1872)	" †Edwin M. Tower,
" K. M. Siebert,	" ††Arthur Williams.
" Maggie E. Sloan,	

The above were D¹. These were in D² Class:

Miss E. J. Allinder,	Mr. Jas. S. Black,
" M. N. Bannon,	" Jos. A. Brown,
" S. E. M. Brown,	" †† Wm. D. Brickell,
" *N. Y. Boyce,	" W. R. Faxon,
" Rosanna Byrnes,	" F. C. Hutchinson,
" M. O. Douglass,	" †† Wm. A. Logan,
" M. A. Evans,	" John N. McFall,
" S. D. Faxon,	" Homer McKelvey,
" *S. A. Hamilton, (1872)	" Frank D. Nobbs,
" M. A. Hutchinson,	
" *M. J. McClure,	Admitted 1867.
" Kate Thorn.	*Class of 1871.
" Elvira Thompson.	††From Franklin School.
Mr. John F. Acheson,	Years previous to date of head
" †† John Barr,	line indicate party admitted.
	Years after, date of graduation.

The records show that these were also admitted in 1867. I know they were not D¹, and perhaps some never entered, and some did not attend long, if at all:

Miss F. Aaronson,	Miss Kate Munn,
" Elvira Baird,	" E. J. Richards,
" S. A. Clark,	" M. J. Scott,
" *L. A. Cooper, (1872)	" E. A. Smith,
" M. A. Drum,	" Eliz. Sproul,
" Jennie Hannan,	" A. E. Thompson,
" H. B. Horner,	" Mary Walker.
" R. J. Jenkins,	
" Anna McKee,	Admitted in 1867.
" A. A. Morland,	*Graduated year named.

Miss Morland I know never attended and L. A. Cooper came the next year. I may have a name or two in D1 that should belong to the D2 Class; depending solely on memory as to classes.

Of those admitted with me I know that Misses Montgomery, Boyce and Phillips of the graduates are deceased, and also Misses McEwen, Sloan, Brown; Messrs. Atkinson, Louis Bloor, Evans, Everson, Seitz, Hutchinson and McKelvey are dead and the locations of many who came to the school but a short time and some I even knew well, are utterly lost to me now. Of the preceding classes Miss Emma Dyer, a teacher and Clark H. Johnson, an attorney, Miss Annie McClelland, a sister of the Drs. McClelland, John H. Neely, Frank C. Henry and Raphael Sergeant, are also dead, but in looking back over the rolls of the earlier graduates the word "dead" occurs with painful frequency now in the later Alumni Annuals and some classes have but a single survivor. Miss McClelland was elected a teacher in the new building in 1872, but died before she could take the place.

These were D's in the Fall of 1868 at the Wood St. building:
 Graduates thus * in 1872:

Miss M. J. Adair,	Mr. Jas. S. Arnold,
" C. Allinder,	" *Henry Berkowitz,
" M. A. Armstrong,	" W. B. Billingsley,
" *Ida M. Arthurs,	" Wm. A. Black,
" Julia Bennett,	" Wm. J. Black,
" M. A. Berlin,	" Sylvanus Blackmore,
" *Sarah Booth,	" J. McD. Bryce,
" M. J. Cannon,	" G. O. Cunningham,
" S. E. Collingwood,	" *W. C. Dickson,
" *J. E. Cooper,	" E. Z. Duncan,
" *Jane Cuddy,	" F. G. Duncan,
" Frances Cuddy,	" John A. Duval,
" M. E. Cunningham,	" Wm. W. Eburg,
" M. I. K. Dennison,	" John C. Fleck,
" Priscilla Focer,	" Albert S. Glass,
" Ida Gartside,	" Ed. J. Harrison,
" Agnes Gillespie,	" John Hill,
" A. C. Hemphill,	" W. D. Hillerman,
" *Anna Hetherington, 1871	" Edward Jenkins,
" J. P. Hutchinson,	" F. T. Kennedy,
" *M. A. Hunter,	" Edward Kirsh,
" E. O. Jones,	" *Rush S. Lake, 1873,
" M. L. Jones,	" Frank S. Lewis,
" Marg't Kemp,	" John D. Littell,
" Alice Kinzer,	" Wilson McCance,
" Kate Layton,	" *T. A. R. McCutcheon,
" M. A. Little,	" *Jos. W. McGinness,
" *Jennie Martin,	" Hugh McIntyre,
" *Caroline McCullough,	" *Morris W. Mead, 1873,
" Susan McPheely,	" *Wm. Montgomery,
" Mary McCandless,	" Albert Neely,
" Elizabeth Miller,	" N. J. Neemes,
" Laura Moon,	" John Paisley Jr.,
" M. M. Murtland,	" Wm. Parcels,
" Rose A. Neely,	" *Harry P. Pears,
" Anna Patterson,	" John Paffenbach,
" Kate Porter,	" T. L. Ringwalt,
" M. H. Riemensnider,	" A. L. Sergeant,
" Annetta Rigdon,	" Martin Shroeder,
" A. K. Robinson,	" T. W. Singer,
" Emma Roth,	" J. W. Smith,
" Annie M. Ross,	" Frank Staub,
" Leah Silvermann,	" Allan Tindle,
" Emma Simms,	" Francis P. Ward,
" *Eliza Shore,	" T. W. Welsh,
" Rose Smith,	" Ed. W. Williams,
" Martha Tibby,	" C. A. Wishart,
" Fanny Ward,	" James B. Wolf,
" Mary Watt.	" F. N. Yarlett.

Of this list, Misses Booth, Collingwood and Ward; Messrs. Blackmore, Dickson, F. G. Duncan, Frank Lewis, McCutcheon, Sergeant, Williams are known to be dead, and Edward E. Little's name is omitted.

With those of this class which was the last to enter the Wood Street building, and the first to go out from the Fulton Street building under the principalship of Dr. B. C. Jillson, there must be included the names of Thomas D. Chantler, and Agnes K. Fife, who were admitted in the Fall, or at a later date in 1868, and Sarah Hamilton and L. A. Cooper, Anna F. Mays and Mary N. Reid, who had been admitted the previous year, also Hermina R. Kuhn, before mentioned, and Harry C. Shaw and Morris S. Verner admitted in 1869. Twenty-three graduates.

These were admitted in June, 1869. * Indicates were graduated in Class of 1873.

Miss M. J. Anderson,	Mr. Ben F. Anderson,
" *H. D. Anderson,	" Francis Alton,
" *E. E. Baelz,	" John W. Best,
" J. A. Bennett,	" Thos. F. Best,
" A. W. Caldwell,	" James E. Booth,
" Clara McCargo.	" *Nathan P. Boothe,
" Louisa Culmer,	" Clarence Burleigh,
" Annie Davison,	" *John G. Canfield,
" *Lizzie Doak,	" Walter Coffin,
" *M. V. Donnelly,	" *Wesley I. Craig,
" Lucinda Dunn,	" *Augustus W. Dean,
" *Marg't Durning, (1874)	" John De Arman,
" A. E. Evans,	" *Rob't L. Dickey,
" M. E. Ferguson,	" *James D. Downing,
" *Adelia Floyd,	" *Chas. R. Ewart,
" Emily Fox,	" Jacob Fleishman,
" M. D. Harrison,	" Henry C. Fownes,
" Kate Hartman, (1866)	" Henry Hamilton,
" Emily Heuser,	" Wm. H. Handlon,
" Amanda Hill,	" Jos. A. Harper,
" Annie Hope,	" W. D. Hartupee,
" Martha Horner,	" Ernst Hauch,
" Virginia Hunter,	" F. A. De Haan.
" Lydia Lepper,	" G. B. Heazleton,
" Martha Lewis,	" J. N. Hetherington,
" *Annie W. Lewis,	" *John J. Hill,
" *Nancy Mackrell,	" Wm. Hunter,
" M. E. McDowell,	" Jos. E. Lewis,
" Mary McGregor,	" Marcus W. Lewis,
" Mary C. Miller,	" Alex. McClintock,
" Fanny Mindil,	" Chas. S. McClure,
" Marg't Moore,	" *Wm. H. McClung,
" Martha Nobbs, (1868)	" Jno. E. McCrickart,
" Eleanor E. Norris,	" James McDonald,
" Laura O'Donnell,	" Rob't J. McKee,
" Jennie Patterson,	" Sam'l McKinley,
" Helen Smith,	" Ralph Means,
" Arabella Statenfield,	" *Rob't Mulhatten,
" Jane Thomas,	" Fred. W. Myler,
" *Mary A. Wilson,	" Henry C. Shaw,
" *Valla B. Weddell,	" *Nathan Strasburger,
" Mary Zahniser.	" John J. Thomas,

Mr. Sam'l H. Thompson,
 " Morris S. Verner,
 " Frank Wallaker,

Mr. James S. Watt,
 " *Wm. J. Welsh,
 " *John H. Jones.

* John H. Jones (this name does not appear printed on entry lists, but Mr. Jones graduated, and I remember him very well at High School).

These were the D's in the Fall of 1870, and were the last to enter a rented building of the Pittsburgh High Schools in the Academical Department. The graduates of 1874 are marked with an asterisk:

Miss *Elizabeth Arensburg,
 " *Emelia Arensburg,
 " Susanna Backofen,
 " Jeanette Carter,
 " Laura Chamberlain,
 " Marg't Chadwick,
 " Henrietta Curry,
 " Ella De Knight,
 " *Mary Dickson,
 " *Anna Diehl,
 " Emma Doherty,
 " Martha M. Douglass,
 " Lydia Dummett,
 " *Emma Dunn,
 " Jane Handlon,
 " *Mary E. Hartman,
 " Amelia Kappel,
 " *Ada Z. Kennedy,
 " Lydia Lepper,
 " Mary Lowry,
 " *Ella S. Martin,
 " *Mariana Miller,
 " Mary Mitchell,
 " Agnes Mitchell,
 " *Elizabeth Munn,
 " Cath. Moore,
 " Kate McBride,
 " M. McGinnis,
 " Marg't McKibben,
 " Marg't McMasters,
 " Mary Patton,
 " Eliz. Phipps,
 " Mary Purviance,
 " *Clementine Rees,
 " Hannah Reese,
 " Wilhelmina S. Repp,
 " Mary C. Robertson,
 " Jean Robertson,
 " Matilda Smith,
 " *Mary P. Squier,
 " Martha Stevenson,
 " Emma Stevenson,
 " Jane Tibby,
 " Anna White.
 Mr. Robert Barnes,
 " W. C. Buffum,

Mr. C. E. Bushnell,
 " Wm. Cohn,
 " *Wm. R. Conrad,
 " *Geo. S. Davison,
 " Albert Demmler,
 " Wm. A. Demmler,
 " Rob't C. Gallaber,
 " Edwin Hill,
 " *Harry S. Hill,
 " *Chas H. Hoffman,
 " Wm. A. Hope,
 " *Augustus C. Hoyer,
 " Philip Keller,
 " Wm. A. Kramer,
 " Jos. H. Lauth,
 " *Wm. G. Lindsay,
 " *Wm. T. Littell,
 " *Wm. M. McElroy,
 " Aaron Naumburg,
 " Chas. S. Nelson,
 " Chas. R. North,
 " *Geo. M. Paisley,
 " Andrew Peak,
 " *David T. Reed,
 " Edgar Reed,
 " Harry J. Rinehart,
 " Albert Roberts,
 " Geo. W. Rowley,
 " *Ogden Russell,
 " James Scott,
 " *Chas. S. Shaw,
 " Chas. S. Squier,
 " Graham Stevenson,
 " John Van Buren,
 " Henry W. Verner,
 " Gust. A. Vockrodt,
 " Emanuel Weiler,
 " *Geo. H. White,
 " John A. Weaver,
 " *Chas. W. Wightman,
 " Fred K. Winters,
 " *George Wright, Jr.,
 " Walter H. Wright,
 " Rob't J. Wright,
 " James H. Woods,
 " David Woods,

I do not find the names of Mary L. Park and Jane Stewart on this list of admissions, yet they appear regularly later, and were probably admitted in the Fall of that year. They also graduated in 1874, in which class there were thirty.

The first graduates of the Commercial Department in 1869 were:

Miss Eva S. Miller,	Mr. Clark H. Johnston,
Mr. Amos L. Asper,	" John H. Neely,
" John C. Fleck,	" Henry C. Over,
" George Herr,	" Wm. A. Parcells,
" Henry Herr,	" Henry Reppert,
" Geo. W. Hughes,	" George Sheppard,
" Wm. A. Irwin,	" John W. Smith.

Some of these names do not occur in list of admissions to Academical Department.

The first Normals, graduated the same year, were:

Miss E. M. Bridge,	Miss Jane Troop,
" A. J. McCandless,	" Emily J. Wible.
" Sarah McClung,	

Five only out of a total of ninety-one, and an average attendance of fifty-five. These never attended the Academical Department.

In these later lists of admissions to the school there are many names who never attended a day. Yet it is not possible for me to pick them out now. Of those who came in the last two years, I know that Messrs. Wesley Craig, Robert Dickey, James Downing, Frank Alton, Dr. Chas. R. Ewart, Mark Lewis, Fred Myler, and also Misses Annie Lewis (Mrs. J. J. Thomas), Mary McDowell, Eleanor Norris (Mrs. M. W. Mead), A. Statenfield, are long since dead with the exception of Attorney Craig, who died recently. Of the last list Miss E. Arensburg, Mary Hartman, and Mary Park are dead. Also Robt. Barnes, Harry S. Hill, Augustus Hoyer, W. T. Littell, Graham Stevenson, Dr. Charles Shaw, Harry Rinehart, and Robert Wright. Mr. Rinehart was a brother of Prof. Edward Rinehart, the well-known music teacher, and he was killed at Martha's Vineyard, Mass., while yet a young boy, by diving, and striking bottom suddenly—where he imagined the water was deeper. Fred Myler was a son of former postmaster, J. A. Myler, of Allegheny, and was killed by the cars in St. Louis, Mo., and his brother, John T., of the Class of 1875, lost his life in Allegheny at the Federal St. Crossing by the same common means of destruction. Mark Lewis was for many years assistant secretary of the Central Board of Education, and he died a few years ago in Arizona, whither he had made a hopeless pilgrimage in search of health. Dr. Ewart was an old Minersville boy, and died in Logan, Kansas, a few

years since. I am positive that this list should be much larger. Chas. S. Graham, once my seat mate, a globe trotter for many years, is at present abiding in Rome, Italy.

It will be seen that many names occur irregularly as to classes. This did not always mean retrogradation, but for reasons satisfactory. True, there was some retrogradation. Others who lost time, voluntarily took a five-years course. Some did so at the desire of their parents, who thought the course too long for four. Some ladies would go into the Normal, and then come and graduate in the Academical, though more took the reverse course. Sickness and home affairs too, had an effect in thus grading pupils. Then we had some pupils who paid tuition, who came from Allegheny, and the South Side boroughs principally. These names do not always appear in the list of admissions from Pittsburgh schools. We also had pupils from private schools, and those who took less than a four-years course, had the equivalent elsewhere. There were some special cases where pupils were exempted from the study of Latin at the command or request of parents; but these were rare cases; so we all took it, and got the regular collegiate requirements for admission. Latin was really an optional study, but no one knew it while I was there, and I did not for years afterwards. It was considered so essential to a thorough knowledge of English, that much influence or a peremptory parental demand alone prevailed to excuse a student, and then only after much delay, so that there were very few "bobtails" or "shut cuts" in my day. When you took the Academical Course—you got it all. Things are much different now. There are more options, and German can be taken instead of Latin. Today and for years the Pittsburgh Central High School has been a grand Academy.



**HUGH BOICE,
"The Old Janitor."**

The bell is silent now;
Old Hughey rings no more,
I almost see him standing in the hall,
The clapper holds he firm,
His eyes are on the clock—
He's just about to ring the well-known call,

"How plainly I can see him watching by the clock, with the bell in his hand, waiting for the exact second to ring it; and then his hatchet in hand and a pocket full of nails for patching and mending the stairs as fast as we wore them out with our constant traveling over them. I seem to see him hammering quietly, so as not to disturb the recitations."—*Some one's Reminiscences in 1883 Annual.*

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HIGH SCHOOL PRIOR TO 1867.

Upon the organization of the Central Board of Education in February, 1855, that body proceeded, according to the requirements of the law creating it, to make arrangements for the opening of a High School at the beginning of the next school term,—i. e., the September following. Although the letter of the law seemed to require them to establish two schools, its intent was wisely construed as meaning one, because one only was then needed. It was duly organized and established and named: THE PITTSBURGH CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL. The word, Central, readily conveys the impression that some day other schools not central might and would be established, and they have been. Hence among those, who have ever attended the old schools, and the Fulton Street building, the letters P. C. H. S. are deeply significant. The school's first principal was the Rev. Jacob La Grange McKown. He was elected from among numerous applicants on July 23d, 1855. He came to Pittsburgh from Cooperstown, New York, and remained one year. On August 21st, 1855, Philotus Dean was elected to the chair of Natural Sciences, and William W. Dickson to that of Mathematics. Mr. Dean came directly from Avery College, Allegheny, and Mr. Dickson from the Fourth Ward, or Old North School, that stood on the site of the Horne building, at Penn Avenue and Cecil Alley. An examination was held by appointment of the Board for the position of Female Assistant, resulting in the choice of Miss Mary Maitland. She taught one year, but returned again in September, 1857, and taught another year, returning the third time after a year's lapse in September, 1859, and she remained this time until August, 1863. Miss Maitland now resides in California. Her last successor was Hephzibah Wilkins (Mrs. Hamilton), one of the first three graduates, who was still teaching at the time I entered, and for nearly two years after. Rev. McKown was succeeded by Rev. Daniel H. A. McLean, who remained three years. Then came Philotus Dean to August, 1871; B. C. Jillson to 1880; C. B. Wood to 1902, and then the present Director (as was Mr. Wood), of all the High Schools, Mr. Edw. Rynearson. Mr. Dickson remained until his death on Jan-

uary 12th, 1867. Mr. Bancroft came then and remained until his death in August, 1876. Principal McKown first taught Belles-Lettres, then his successor, Prof. McLean; but Mr. Dean upon succeeding to the principalship retained his professorship of the Natural Sciences. In 1858 French was dropped, and the next year German and Greek. John C. Schaad taught French and German the first year, and Frederick L. Apel, the two succeeding, and then there was no German professor until 1869, when Captain P. F. Rohrbacher came in my time.

Prof. Apel did not teach French, but Alphonse Danse taught two years; August, 1856, to July, 1858. He was also of the faculty of the old Pittsburgh Female College in Eighth street (then Hancock). In 1859 there were four teachers daily engaged. There were still four upon my entrance, and until Mr. Wood came in 1869, four was the total of teachers having all-day classes daily. There were besides Mr. Dean and Mr. Dickson, two ladies in 1859: Mrs. D. E. Kean was a teacher in 1856-1857; Miss M. A. J. Dickson, a sister of Prof. Dickson, taught part of 1857. Amanda S. Beggs taught two years. M. A. J. Dickson again from October, 1859, until September, 1863, Josephine A. Sheplar (Mrs. Libby), Class of 1860, from October, 1863, until June, 1866. Miss Sarah Rutledge (Mrs. Bryant), came in 1869. Rev. Joseph H. Montgomery, Class of 1860, upon his return from the army in August, 1863, taught until November 13th, 1866. He was a male assistant and resigned to study for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, where he has obtained distinction as a divine. He married his classmate, Miss Carrie Dawson, one of the first pupils. She taught us awhile in the Smithfield Street building, as a substitute during the absence of Miss Wilkins. Mr. Wood was first as assistant male teacher: tutor, he would be called in a college, as was Julian B. Crenshaw later, having about the same status as Mr. Montgomery. There were various professors of penmanship and bookkeeping. A. T. Howden was the first, who remained only six months. J. D. Williams finished out the first year. Then came Henry Williams, who remained two years. Marcus J. Morton, Alexander T. Douthett (later County Superintendent of Schools), Alexander Cowley (Author of Cowley's Copy Books), the celebrated Jno. Barry, John C. Smith and Robert Johnston, bring the list down to my day. Smith and Cowley were proprietors of the Iron City Commercial College, still in existence at the old stand, and prospering under Chas. J. Smith, the son of Prof. J. C. Smith, its well-known principal for many years. Henry Williams also taught phonography for two years as a professor, 1856-1858. The first

Professor of Drawing was A. Heddaeus, one year; then Marcus J. Morton, three months; then Geo. F. Schuchman, one year, afterwards a celebrated lithographer in Pittsburgh; Henry Mosier came next, and remained six years. A. Van der Naillen, a queer one, until September, 1867, and my first year was under Mr. John Earle.

At first the law permitted those only to enter who had spent at least one year in the public schools of the city, and upon an examination being held by the High School faculty on September 25th, 1855, one hundred fourteen pupils were certified as having passed, and the school was immediately opened in the Smithfield Street rooms, where I entered twelve years later. The first half of the school year, or until February, 1856, was spent in reviewing the ward school studies, and not till then was a regular High School course of study adopted, and the pupils advanced to it. The original A Class was formed of thirty-four—eighteen boys and sixteen girls. These were those who had passed the best examinations. All the rest of the school, about eighty, in number were B's, and were divided into sections; B-1, B-2 and B—English Course. This class reviewed ward school studies for five months after admission. The classes that came in 1857 were C's, and 1858, D's, then E's and F's, etc., until the original A and B Classes were gone, when the nomenclature began as at present, each class being known as D on admission. It will be noticed that pupils were first admitted semi-annually, and that more came into the school during the summer than at the winter examinations—often as few as two at that season. This continued for some time.

Two courses of study were adopted in February, 1856, from which the pupil by his parent or guardian elected: viz., a two-years and a four-years course. There were then two terms in each school year. There was no Latin in the first course, and no Greek, German or French. Variations were allowed from these courses and the faculty often decided. The choice, and any variation from it, was made a matter of record; so it came that the dead languages were really optional, having been originally placed in the full Academic, or four-years course, from which by a regular rule of the faculty, variations were allowed. Mr. Dean in his first official report printed in 1869, states that "The trying circumstances through which the school passed did not permit the full realization of these courses of study, but there has always been a fair approximation to the four-years course, except in modern languages and Greek. In the latter the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon, and Homer's *Iliad*, were read, or some substitutes for them in

the B and A years respectively. Horace was read in the A year, and was in my day, but not by my class. We read some Eclogues, and the preceding class, many of the Georgics of Virgil. These were variations. The Calculus was a mathematical requirement in the first term of the A year. It is evident the class did not go very deeply into it. The revised course, mainly as we had it, is given previously in these pages.

On February 3d, 1856, at the opening of the second session, twenty-nine more pupils came to the school, and on the 25th of the month two more.

Of the first admissions I am fully satisfied, that we have still among us, hale and reasonably well: Messrs. Wm. C. King, of the United States Glass Co.; Francis McCutcheon, Wm. H. Arthurs, Robert D. McKee, Eustace S. Morrow, Assistant City Controller; Alf. B. Davitt, C. W. Gerwig, Col. Sam'l W. Hill, Kuno Kuhn (at Bradford, Pa); Rev. Jos. H. Montgomery, J. S. Ferguson, Jos. Z. Culver, at Rochester, New York. Mrs. Hamilton (Miss Wilkins), Mrs. Montgomery (Miss Dawson), Miss Coleman, for many years a teacher in the Franklin School and others; Miss Wilkins, Messrs. Kuhn and King were the first graduates—"the mice that the High School Mountain brought forth," as they were derisively referred to in a daily paper at the time of their graduation (1859).

Of those who went in also with the one hundred fourteen, and who lost their lives in the great war, there were Samuel Taggart and G. B. U. Martin, both of whom were captains. The first class also numbered Chatham T. Ewing, who also became a captain, but removed to Kansas, after the war, and died suddenly about fourteen yers ago; and D. L. Crawford, who was adjutant of the 139th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and has been dead for some years.

Thomas P. Houston, Geo. S. Hays, Lewis and Henry Demmler, A. D. B. Fundenberg, Richard S. Smith, Jas. S. Vandergrift, James Cabbage are familiar Pittsburgh names. Mr. Houston was one of the proprietors of the "Gazette" at his death which is long since. Harrison, Lewis, Errett, Sheplar, Case, Cupples, Friesel, Hamilton, Lytle, McKnight, Paisley, Wallace and Wiggins, are also names of old Pittsburgh families occurring among the ladies of the one hundred fourteen. I give more prominence to the men, because they, being in business, or professionally engaged, are more apt to remain before the public than the women, whose identity often becomes lost to public view by marriage, or rather merged with the husband's, and is so men-

tioned when it can be given. Of those who came in February, 1856: Messrs. S. H. Gamble, Clerk United States Court; Frank P. Case, Ex-City Assessor, etc., long dead; Chas. C. Lange, M. D., deceased also; J. C. Read, Wm. C. Smyth, dead; John M. Campbell, A. W. Foster, Jr., and Samuel C. Brown, will be recalled readily by many. The two who came on February 25, 1856, were Geo. E. Chester, who died about a year ago, and Chas. T. Hays.

On July 22d, 1856, there entered among others, Miss E. J. Proudfoot (a former well-known teacher, long dead); Louisa Dithridge, S. A. Fownes, and Mary A. Gill, have a familiar Pittsburgh sound in their names. Of the boys, Theodore F. Anshutz is still around; John H. Kerr, also, a well-known attorney; Geo. W. Dithridge (Class 1860), in New York, and is heard from frequently, as is also his classmate and helpmate, Harriet M. Lewis Dithridge (1860). Mr. Kerr is an honorary graduate, having left school to enter the army. At the next session January 30th, 1857, we find some others well known, viz.: Robert D. Barker, dead; Alex. M. Hamilton, of Bellevue, a glass manufacturer; Isaac Bunton, Thomas P. Henderson, who died, but recently, John G. Bryant, Esq., died 1891; Lazarus Fink, Randal Kent, Dr. Quincy A. Scott (deceased), and Frank Weyman. Aiken, Collard, Christy, Spear, Allinder, Harper, McMaster, Musgrave, Mason, Moffat, Sloan and Wallace, among the ladies are familiar family names in Pittsburgh yet.

The next year among the ladies' names we find Misses Buffum, Marshall, McPheely, Frethy, Snyder, Carson, Fahnestock, Mellon, Petty, and Wilson, and Messrs. Albert Canfield, Walter Renton, Thomas Butler Barnes, David M. Watt (dead), and Geo. I. Whitney (his partner, Frank Stephenson, coming the next year). Mr. Canfield, now dead, had long been in Texas; Messrs. Renton and Barnes, I meet occasionally. "They are pretty well, I thank you." Mr. Whitney has been well known for many years in financial circles, as is also his partner, and the firm, Whitney & Stephenson. After July, 1857, examinations were held annually. Only ten ladies were admitted at the first annual examination in 1858. Two graduated, Miss Sutch (1863), and Miss Prince (1862, Mrs. Geo. Booth) Thomas H. Phelps, John S. Lambie, and Samuel Paisley were well known Pittsburghers in their lives. The roll for this year contains these familiar names also: Jos. S. Hamilton, Louis Rott, Wm. C. Dithridge, Chas. C. Scaife, Geo. W. Little, and Robert S. Marshall. All of the Scaifes appear to have attended the school, unless I may except Oliver P. Scaife, who was

through the public schools in the Franklin "Holmes" Class of 1850. In July 1859 there were fifty-nine more admissions, a large increase. Thirty-eight of these were girls, one is apt to write "ladies." They were really both, and girls in years. I find the names of many now living, but as it is so many years back, I forbear mentioning. Of the men who entered then—boys, please (oh, yes), Harry F. Dannals, G. T. Fundenberg, C. D. Kettenberg, J. E. McKelvey, Geo. W. Biggs, W. Sam. McCutcheon (a Union Line official and now a Member of Central Board of Education); Fred. M. Magee (dead), Hall Patterson, attorney; Anthony W. Smith, the well-known florist; Chas. W. Coffin, Thomas Taylor and Stephen Woods, attorney, all have a distinctive Pittsburgh ring to their names. Annie R. McCutcheon, sister of W. S., Frank, and T. A. R. McCutcheon, afterwards Mrs. R. C. Miller, of the Class of 1863, now deceased, also entered that year.

1860 saw a small increase with sixty-three admissions. Of the boys we can mention Jas. Y. Boyce (a minister), John F. Davitt, Kennedy F. Lange, Alfred C. Lindsay (killed in war), Wm. G. Hubley, David R. Goucher (Class of 1863), for many years a banker at Carthage, Mo.; Alex. B. Rutledge (dead); Christopher L. Magee (dead), probably the best known and most loved Pittsburgher in three decades; John Renton, Alex. G. Scott, and D. S. Salisbury. Of the ladies, Catharine Dain (Mrs. W. G. Hubley), Julia Demmler (Mrs. Schenck), and Mary F. Hughes are numbered among the Alumnae of the school, of the Class of 1864. No boys graduated that year. In 1861 the war broke out. There were twenty boys in this entering class, the same as the preceding year. Twenty-eight girls among them. Walter Backofen, R. D. Nicholson, Chas. R. Dallas, Ed. W. Demmler, C. L. Umbstetter, Geo. C. Bailey (dead), Chas. C. Montooth, attorney (dead), S. W. Owens, Robt. G. Bryce, James M. Taylor, Andrew Shaw and Geo. J. Wilson. The Alumni list shows the names of Sarah Rutledge (Mrs. Bryant), C. E. Caskey (Mrs. G. C. Davis), M. G. Eaton, Isabella McFall and Mary Wilkins.

Forty-six pupils came to the school in 1862.—Nineteen boys, James W. Houston, the wholesale grocer; Wm. L. Buettler, formerly a music dealer; Wm. S. Ward; Samuel J. Barclay, of Philadelphia; Andrew Logan; Lauriston L. Scaife, John W. Thompson and Geo. F. Wright, a banker, are among them. The Class of 1866 numbered three only. Miss Mary Evans and Messrs. Barclay and Scaife. Mr. Barclay has been with the P. R. R. as Mantua Transfer Agent for many years, and Mr. Scaife, long a resident of Boston, where he has

attained distinction at the bar. The school was not at a low ebb, but had not really prospered. Eighty-two was the average enrollment that year. Seventy-nine the preceding year, seventy-eight the lowest ever touched. 1863 saw fifty-seven come in as D's. Twenty-one of them boys. Jos. H. Buffum, Geo. H. Evans, J. F. Henrici, Robert McClelland, Abram Glosser (dead), John N. Hazlett (for many years City Editor "Leader"), Alex. McCandless, Wesley Wallace, and James McEldowney seem familiar names. Dr. Buffum graduated, and is now a resident of Chicago. Lieut. Geo. H. Evans, U. S. A., is dead. Dr. McCandless' name is frequently in the papers. Robert McClelland became a civil engineer, and has long since left Pittsburgh for the far West. Of two lady graduates that year, one was Margaret Sleeth (Mrs. Beggs), a sister of Prof. Geo. M. Sleeth, for many years Professor of Elocution in the School, and Class of 1875.

Only forty-nine were newly enrolled in 1864.—Fifteen boys, among those that I knew were S. S. Colville, Frank E. Moore (dead), Thomas E. Renton, Alfred S. Bloor, Dr. Wm. E. Hallock; James M. May (now of Beaver Falls), and Jas. M. Wilkinson (dead); Mr. Bloor was a brother of Louis Bloor of our D-1, and long since went to Texas. He was a lawyer, and I have his old Blackstone (Sharswood's Edition). Other names are Roderick Williams, John Cherry, F. A. Yoder, Haskell Buffum, Frank H. Bole, C. G. Cassell, and James Logan. This class graduated one, the record for the lowest in number, and it barely saved the High School from what counts as a whitewash in baseball parlance. However, they put one more through the next year (1869).

In 1865 I begin to find names of those who were in attendance when I entered. The names of the graduates have been given previously. Of those who did not graduate I can mention Edwin Case, James Crooks, Edward Barton, T. A. Gillespie, Alfred Kane, S. A. Kiskadden, J. N. McGonnigle, J. W. Reinhart, Sam'l S. Shore, Archibald Wallace, William Wallace and John Wilson. None of these last were attending when I did. This brings us down to the time (1865), when Mr. Dean was making a supreme, and finally successful effort to get out of the Smithfield Street dungeon. Sixty came in as D's that year, and fourteen graduated. Sixty-two came in the next year. Eighty in 1867—a perceptible growth. These students who were entered prior to the War of the Rebellion, and who left school to enlist before their graduation, were made honorary Alumni, having attended three years or more:

Rev. James Y. Boyce, Wm. C. Dithridge (killed? Records say, "Missing in action"), Wm. G. Hubley, John H. Kerr, Alfred Lindsay (killed), Alex. C. Montgomery, Jas. E. McKelvey, Charles Preston, (killed) and John A. Robertson.

Alfred C. Lindsay was First Lieutenant of Company F, 136th Pennsylvania Infantry, and died May 1st, 1863, from injuries received the preceding day. The Army of the Potomac was on the advance to Chancellorsville at the time, and while the regiment was bivouacked at about 4 P. M., April 30th, some of the enemy's batteries, having obtained the range, threw a shell or two in the 136th's camp, which killed several men, and mortally wounded Lieut. Lindsay. Alfred Lindsay was a Christian gentleman. Like Samuel Taggart, he was of a deep religious nature and was wont to pray and hold prayer meetings in camp. He was also much beloved by his command. John G. Bryant was a member of his company, though Mr. Bryant was serving with some seventeen others from the regiment, with the Fifth Maine Battery, having volunteered to fill the depleted ranks of that veteran organization during their term of service. Thomas G. Jones, now in charge of the Book room at the Fifth Avenue High School, and well-known in school circles, served on the same gun with him, and was also in Lieut. Lindsay's Company. Mr. Bryant was also a Lieutenant in Company A, 193d P. V.

Of the Class of 1860, all but Mr. Dithridge donned the blue—at one time or other, for longer or shorter terms of enlistment, several served three years or more. (Hill, McKee, Lange, Culver). Of those who did not graduate, these also are on Uncle Sam's roll of honor: Isaac Bunton, Geo. E. Chester, A. B. Davitt, C. W. Chapman (killed), Frank Weyman, John Renton, Walter Renton, D. S. Salisbury, J. L. Read and David M. Watt. These, in addition to those previously mentioned. Of the graduates, Kuno Kuhn (1859), John G. Bryant (1861), John S. Lambie (1862), were also soldiers of the Union.

Mrs. Heppie Wilkins Hamilton, in whom the High School has no more devoted friend, has furnished me much data, and has been very helpful to me in this work. She writes that upon the opening of the school the first meeting was held in the chapel on the fourth floor, which was room one. The teachers were, as previously stated. Mr. McKown, the principal, made a lengthy address to the pupils, the course to be pursued was fully outlined to them, and the schedule of recitations explained. I will quote her verbatim. "Mr. McKown's remarks in reference to any misconduct, were very emphatic and pro-

duced a profound impression. The pupils present, one hundred fourteen in number, had been admitted from the nine wards of the city, upon written examination, held separately in each ward—all having the same questions. The scholars were known only by number. The numbers only of those entitled to admission from each ward were sent to the nine principals. Two grades were established, A and B. The thirty-four pupils who passed the best examinations were placed in the A Class, and started upon the regular High School course immediately." The remainder of the school were divided into three sections as previously told in these pages. These class arrangements, are also explained. Mr. Dean as quoted in the story of the High School found among Mr. Luckey's early reports, with other historical matter, relating to all Pittsburgh Public Schools, states that not until February, 1856, was a regular course of study adopted, and entered on. It is probable that the class followed a course afterward agreed on, but not official at the time of which the pupils would likely know nothing. It is true though, that the B's began their regular course in February, 1856, which made their date of graduation as per program herein mentioned on February 9th, 1860. The A Class had theirs (the first Commencement), on July 1st, 1859.

Mrs. Hamilton informs me that of the original A Class, nine she knows are dead. Of sixteen ladies (girls) in this Class, thirteen became public school teachers, and two were High School teachers. Miss Sheplar and herself. The full roll of the class is subjoined. The Central High School pupils gave a Public Exhibition on July 16, 1857. (See Chapter XX.) Among those who took a prominent part were: Miss Myra McLaughlin, Chatham T. Ewing, afterwards Captain of Battery G, West Virginia Artillery, better known as Ewing's Battery, in whose mother's house, in Center Avenue and Kirkpatrick Street, I lived for six years, 1884 to '90: John S. Ferguson, a well-known member of the Allegheny County Bar; and Wallace J. Radcliff, a noted Presbyterian divine. Mr. Radcliff attended for three years, and then went to Jefferson College at Canonsburg. He became a very successful minister, and has been Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. He is or was lately the pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church of Washington, D. C. His photograph is given in group on page opposite with Misses Dickson, Sheplar (Mrs. Libby), Miss Wilkins (Mrs. Hamilton), and Rev. Montgomery. Mrs. Hamilton states that she had been very ill shortly before her picture was taken, and at the time weighed but eighty-seven



**WALLACE J. RADCLIFF, Miss M. A. J. DICKSON,
HEPPIE WILKINS, JOS. H. MONTGOMERY, JOSEPHINE A. SHEPLAR.**

pounds. With the exception of Miss Dickson, all are living. Miss Dickson's full name was Mary Ann Jane Dickson. I presume now in these days of "highfalutin" and the namby pamby styles of given names, it would be classed as old-fashioned, and causes Geraldine and Gladys to slightly elevate their patrician noses. Miss Dickson was a good teacher and a graduate of Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary, Mass. Miss Beggs, who took Mrs. Kean's place in 1858, married Rev. Nevin, a missionary to China, and died some years ago. There were, as will be noticed, frequent changes in the faculty in those days, much more frequent than now, and Miss Wilkins must have had as lonely a time, perhaps lonelier than the Class of 1868, for girl company at least, as she was the only A girl for two years.

In that sorry affair at Reams Station, Va., August 25, 1864, in which the brunt of the Confederate attack was borne by Miles' First Division of the Second (Hancock's) Corps, and to which the 116th



CAPT. SAMUEL TAGGART, P. C. H. S. 1860.

Pennsylvanians belonged, Capt. Garrett Nowlen, commanding the Regiment was killed. The regimental history thus chronicles what took place immediately following this fatality:

"Captain Sam'l Taggart then took command of the regiment. A few minutes elapsed and Taggart, passing down the line (it is thought for the purpose of seeing Nowlen's body), crossed an opening in the line. He walked slowly, knowing no fear. As he approached the spot that was so exposed to the fire some of the men called

out: "Hurry, Captain; they may kill you, too." But the brave soul never hastened a step, and as he reached the spot where Nowlen fell he was shot through the body. The men ran forward and carried him behind the works and laid him beside Nowlen. He was perfectly sensible and tried to speak but could not. He turned his head a little and smiling on the men who had gathered around him and who loved him tenderly, he awaited death, calm, serene and fearless, as became the gallant martyr that he was. He lived fifteen minutes after he was struck, the smile never leaving his face for a moment, and his pure spirit ascended to heaven, bright with the light of battle and radiant with the light of a stainless life."

The historian of the regiment is General St. Clair A. Mulholland, of Philadelphia, formerly its Colonel, and for many years United States Pension Agent at Philadelphia. Although losing sixty-eight men, the regiment never once broke, and General Mulholland adds:

"During the afternoon the men never abandoned the bodies of the two dead captains whom all had loved so dearly; and when darkness fell and the retreat began the bodies were placed on stretchers and carried mile after mile through the gloomy forest back to the camp at Petersburg, then embalmed and sent home."

Surely an instance of great regard. General Mulholland pays a beautiful tribute to Captain Taggart's memory in this same history. Such was Sam. Taggart, a Pittsburgh boy and a High School graduate of Class of '60. He lies buried in the Allegheny Cemetery, and is to this day held in loving remembrance by all who knew him, especially his schoolmates of the old P. C. H. S.

In the High School Annual for 1886 Dr. Jillson, writing on Memorial Day from Illinois, and the ceremonies of the day going on while he was writing, bringing up thoughts of the High School, and the young defenders she sent out, makes this grand suggestion, which no one has ever attempted to carry out. It is respectfully referred to the Alumni Association with power to act:

"I have often thought their names should be engraved in large letters on a tablet placed on the wall at the head of the grand stairway that all students might know the names at least of those of their number who deserve well of their country and form part of its history. 'Tis true most of them still live and with more recent graduates are doing their duty in the various walks of life, but living or dead, let them be remembered with honor."

Charles Wesley Chapman is one of the first names on the list of boys in 1855; perhaps he did not attend a year. He was a large jovial whole souled fellow who gave up his life in defense of the Union, as captain of Co. K., 63d Pennsylvania Infantry. Robert D. McKee, of Class of '60, thus tells me the story of his death:

"The 63d was sent to the neighborhood of Pohick Church in the winter and spring of 1862 to do picket duty. This church is on the Mt.

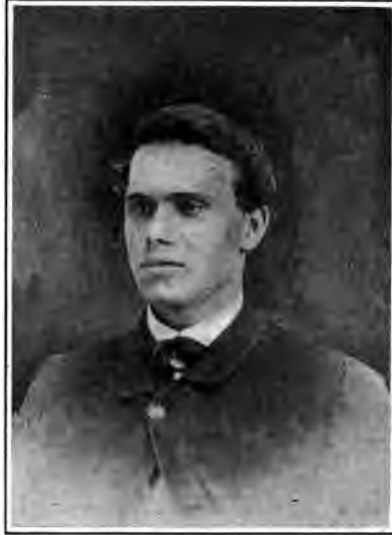
Vernon road about nine miles from Alexandria, Va. Between this place and Occoquan Creek was neutral ground then, not occupied by either army, but was infested with bands of guerrillas who made a practice of ambushing scouting parties of Union soldiers and even sentinels on picket. To break up this reprehensible and murderous warfare scouting parties were sent out to be kept on this hitherto unoccupied ground; not only to prevent such occurrences and to capture the guerrillas."

On the night of March 5th, 1862, a detachment of the 63d Pennsylvania under Lt. Colonel A. S. M. Morgan, of about one hundred men, returning from a successful expedition to this end, was ambushed near Pohick Church. Captain Chapman, Lieut. Jas. M. Lysle, and Sergeant afterwards Captain Geo. B. Chalmers, still with us, who were in the lead fell at the first fire. The first two were killed. Chalmers was desperately wounded. The detachment had almost reached their post. Mr. McKee, the nearest picket, hearing the firing immediately turned out the guard. The woods, brush, thickets of pine and undergrowth were thoroughly searched, but in the darkness the treacherous enemy familiar with the grounds easily eluded our men and escaped. Captain Chapman was an old member of the Washington Infantry, prior to the war. He was a giant physically and Mr. McKee recalls an instance of his goodheartedness that while on this same march to Pohick Church tramping wearily through the mud; Virginia mud mind you, weighted down with forty rounds and accoutered as only a soldier can be and when your gun seems to gain a pound weight a minute—while trudging wearily along, slipping and stumbling, Mr. McKee, rather a small man, found himself picked up bodily and later ensconced on Captain Chapman's broad shoulders, and after being carried for nearly a quarter of a mile he was set down and the Captain said cheerily—"There Bob, don't that give you quite a lift?"

This was the end of one of the first High School boys—not a graduate but a patriot and a martyr to liberty, and deserving of a place on the tablet, or one of the tablets to be placed in the school perpetuating the memory of those who perished on the battlefield, or gave their young lives to their country. I say to be placed there—when once patriotic Pittsburgh arouses again and sees the beauty and utility of Dr. Jillson's suggestion.

Wm. C. Dithridge is another name to go on the tablet. The circumstances of his death will be told by his brother, Geo. W. Dithridge of Class of 1860.

Charles Preston is another name worthy of all honor.



LIEUT. CHARLES S. PRESTON.

Charles Seymour Preston, was another of the High School boys who left the school shortly before graduation to enlist in the service of his then needy country and who has long filled a soldier's grave. Charles Preston was the son of Barclay Preston for many years a resident of Bluff street and of the former well-known iron firm of Everson & Preston, proprietors of the Pennsylvania Forge in Pipetown, on Second avenue, and a brother of Matthew A., Henry M., and Geo. B. Preston, all well-known Pittsburghers of today. Chas. Preston was admitted to the school in July, 1857. (See roll of students at end of chapter.) With his classmates, Wm. C. Dithridge, and David M. Watt, long after the war and until his death connected with the P. R. R., they belonged to the Pittsburgh Zouaves, which organization as stated in the succeeding pages became Co. A, the 5th Excelsior Regiment of Sickles' Brigade, or lineally, the 74th New York Volunteers. In his company Chas. Preston was originally a private but passed through all the grades to first lieutenant. He was a captain when he was killed but did not know it, and his commission as such reached his home after his death and is now a precious heirloom in the possession of his brother

Matthew. Lieut. Preston was badly wounded at Chancellorsville, having been shot in the upper left arm, the large round bullet inflicting the wound dropped into his jacket pocket and was brought home and presented by him to Rev. Herrick Johnson, then pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church at Third and Ferry streets, an edifice destroyed by fire at about that time. I presume Doctor Johnson still has it.

Upon Lieut. Preston's return to the army he told his comrade D. M. Watt that he had had a dream of a battle in which he was shot through the abdomen while the regiment was charging up a height and that he would soon be killed. While home on the furlough on account of his wound, he told his friends he would never return from the war. His father, his brother Matthew and his bosom friend, Chas. C. Scaife went down to the old original P. R. R. depot at Liberty and Grant streets, to see him off; the very same depot at which the writer arrived in Pittsburgh four months later. There was an affecting parting, so much so that the Lieutenant even kissed his chum, Scaife, good-bye—a rare thing for a man to do. Here was a young man—a High School boy rather—with everything in life to live for. His parents had ample means. His father's influence was great. Barclay Preston was a warm friend of General James K. Moorhead, then our member of Congress. Lieut. Preston had seen two years of gory war. He had been through the Peninsular Campaign of 1862; the second Bull Run battles, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and only escaped Gettysburg because he was home wounded, in a battle where Sickles' corps bore the brunt of the fighting. It needed only a line with his signature to have secured a release from the army. An officer can resign; an enlisted man must be given his discharge. In the latter case the influences noted above would have been potent. But Lieut. Preston was of heroic mould and went back to his company and at their head at Wapping Heights, near Manassas Gap, Va., on July 23d, 1863, he met his death substantially as he had predicted. Thus perished in his early manhood, only twenty-one years of age, another brave Pittsburgher, a High School boy of undaunted spirit and noble patriotism; whose name shall go on that tablet Dr. Jillson so fervently besought—that commemorative tablet that is coming some day when our Alumni wake up and some no longer give out the stale and stilted (?) excuse thus—"I am too (adjective) busy to bother about old High School matters."

Hon. John M. Kirkpatrick, in his life an eloquent lecturer, Judge of the old District Court, afterwards Common Pleas No. 2, in a war-time speech, made this reference:

"At Wapping Heights young Preston fell, his pure, sweet soul soaring out upon the azure of the cloudless summer sky, above the field of carnage and of blood to the bright keeping of the angels away beyond the stars. Poland and Malvern Hill are in his death married to immortality; whilst in the Wilderness the gallant Patterson—a noble son of a most worthy sire—himself a hero of an old-time war, fell as a soldier would ever fall,

"With his back to the field
And his face to the foe."

"Poland" is Major Poland of the 102d Penna. Vols., who fell at Malvern Hill, and "Patterson," colonel of same regiment.

Mr. George W. Dithridge, Class of 1860, now of New York, contributes the following memoir of his brother in an account not only interesting but pathetic and he also explains why he alone of the Class of 1860 did not go to the war:

WM. C. DITHRIDGE.

William Curling Dithridge was born in the year 1843. He entered the P. C. H. S. from the old Eighth Ward Public School (now Sixth) in the year 1858, in July.

In the year 1861 he, (as well as many other H. S. boys, both graduates and undergraduates) joined one of the young companies in training with the hope of being among those called to the front. The company joined by him and many of his classmates was called the Pittsburgh Zouaves. In the meantime Edward Davies Dithridge, the eldest brother, age 24 years, had joined the Pittsburgh Rifles, (afterward Co. A, 9th Penna. Reserve Corps), and Geo. W. D., age 19½ years had joined Knapp's Battery. Edward Dithridge, father of the three sons named, was moved to action. He was entirely willing to give up two of his boys, but two he had a right to hold back, the youngest being only 17¾ years of age. He appealed to the youngest to stay and graduate before taking this step, but his reply was that his companions were as young as he and there was as much reason for them to withdraw as for himself. He recognized the power of parental authority to effect the discharge of minor sons, but replied that he would kill himself if he were forced to remain at home; he could not become a deserter, and he would not accept the baby act in his behalf.

Thus was the father compelled to recognize that the youngest as well as the oldest were destined to go to the front, and he turned to the

middle son with an appeal not desert him; that he needed one son to help him and that they two could be more valuable to the armies fighting the battles than for all his sons to be there. He appealed to him to consent to his application for his discharge from the battery on the ground of minority. The son consented, but with a heavy, despondent heart. The father kept his word; with the proceeds of real and personal property he paid for the equipment of companies, and what he did not give outright he lent to the Government continuously month after month to the amount of \$100,000. When remonstrated with by friends, who held up the possibility of the obligations of the Government becoming as worthless as those of the C. S. A. became, he shooed them away indignantly. "If the Government goes down," he said, "everything goes down and we go with it. Nothing will be worth anything if the Government does not win."

In the meantime the call for 75,000 men had been filled, and hundreds of thousands of volunteers were drilling in camp and extemporized armories, all hoping and striving for some opening by which they could be let out "to the front."

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles had been fortunate enough to receive a commission to raise a brigade of 5,000 men, and immediately there was a great pressure from all over the country for the admission of companies outside the State of New York. Among these eager applicants were the "Pittsburgh Zouaves" and the "Friend Rifles", both of Pittsburgh, Pa., the former led by Capt. John P. Glass and the latter by Capt. Jacob Brunn. The "Zouaves" became Co. A of the 5th Excelsior Regiment or the 74th N. Y. Vols. and the "Rifles" Co. E. 70th N. Y. Vols. the 1st Excelsior Regiment.

These companies being supplied with their own arms and having been long and sedulously drilled, were exceptionally desirable material and Gen. Sickles was pleased to accept both companies. Accordingly they were sent forward and encamped with the brigade on Staten Island.

The last time any of the family except the writer saw the subject of this brief sketch, was on the departure of the train for New York.

The writer was in New York City the Saturday before the first battle of Bull Run, and on that memorable Sunday morning he went across the bay to the camp of the brigade and spent with his younger brother the last few hours that were destined to be their last meeting on earth. The news that there was fighting going on west of Washington City penetrated the camp in the afternoon, but no one realized how serious the character of it was.

Camp sanitation was as poorly understood in 1861 as it was many years later and dysentery was quite prevalent among the boys, and William C. and some of his companions were down with it.

The history of Sickles' Brigade is a shining part of the history of the war, and Company A. Fifth Regiment, the Pittsburgh Zouaves, fought itself to the decimal point. From the time that Sickles' Brigade was sent to the front in the summer of 1861 until the second battle of Bull Run, at and about Bristoe Station, Va., in August, 1862, was about one year, but in that short period the brigade had done the work of veterans and been already decimated. After that battle in August, 1862, the Confederates held the field and would not permit of burying parties to return and bury the dead, or to look for the wounded. No flag of truce on an errand of mercy was permitted on the ground fought over, and the wounded burned with an ever-rising fever were unquenched by a cup of merciful water until in delirium they died where they fell.

The last uncertain word that ever floated back of tidings of Wm. C. Dithridge was a report from a hard-pressed comrade that he saw one whom he thought to be he, leaning helpless and wounded against a tree.

A week after that severely contested fight on that blistering August day the Confederates were driven back and some newly enlisted Pennsylvania regiments, (139th one) including many Pittsburgh companies, were sent forward to bury the derelict dead on the field where they lay. Not one of the fallen was recognizable by form or feature, but fragments of Pittsburgh papers on the field where the two Pittsburgh companies fought and a trampled envelope addressed to "Wm. C. Dithridge" showed that here he had fought and died and somewhere near in an unnamed grave lies the unrecognized body of him who gave his life that we and our children might live and Freedom's flag forever after float over "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The fate of Wm. C. Dithridge remained uncertain until after the close of the war. A visit of his father to Washington and exhaustive efforts to determine his fate all ended in classifying him as "missing." For a long time it was hoped that he might be found a prisoner in one of the Confederate prisons, but this hope was modified by the known interval of a week between the day of the battle and the burial of the dead.

No tidings of his fate ever reached his home.

In the Pittsburgh Chronicle of August 25th, 1864, appeared the following lines from the pen of Mrs. A. Annie Wade.

LINES

affectionately inscribed to Mrs. Dithridge on the death of her soldier boy, William C. Dithridge:

Mourn not for him, dear friend, his work on earth is done!
 For him the battle's fought, for him the victory won.
 For him the pearly gates of Heaven opened wide,—
 He walks its pearly streets, a spirit glorified!

His voice you loved so well you will listen for in vain;
 His gentle tones of love you ne'er shall hear again.
 But round the jeweled throne another angel kneels—
 Through Heaven's lofty dome a song of triumph peals!

In spirit land, dear friend, where shadows never fall;
 Where wars are never known, where Death ne'er spreads his
 pall,—
 In that bright world of bliss, where God and Christ e'er reign,
 'There you will meet your soldier boy, never to part again."

In one of the issues of Harper's Weekly during the year 1865 there were published the succeeding verses inscribed to the memory of William C. Dithridge:

THE NAMELESS GRAVE.

The low wind sighs o'er a southern plain
 That once was strewn with battle slain;
 And the moist earth drinks the falling rain
 That once was wet with a blood-red stain!

Dark, lowering clouds the heavens o'erspread,
 Whence the battle smoke has long since fled;
 And where voiceless lay the fallen dead,
 A nameless grave is seen instead.

Through the leafless woods the low winds creep,
 As a sobbing moan from the loved who weep,
 And with aching hearts their vigil keep
 For one in a nameless grave asleep!

The withered grass, 'neath the falling rain,
 O'er the grave bends low, like ripened grain;
 But weary hearts, though bowed with pain,
 His nameless grave shall seek in vain.

In forest wild and meadow green
 May be many a lowly hillock seen:—
 A patriot heart from the tempest keen,
 Each nameless grave for aye shall screen.

'Neath this low mound lies one who gave
 A life to God, the right to save;
 Too noble thou to live a slave,—
 Thou fillest now a nameless grave.

Slumber, loved one, sweetly sleep:—
 Thou art at rest,—the living weep;
 Green thy memory here we'll keep,
 For we who weep thy life-grain reap.

Rest thee, dear one:—not in vain
 Hath thy life-star set in pain;
 For thou the holy place shalt gain,
 The patriot dead alone attain.

On wings triumphant from the tomb,
 Rise, patriot spirit, this thy doom:—
 Enshrined for aye in vernal bloom.
 A nation's heart shall be thy tomb!

Geo. W. Dithridge.

New York, Memorial Day, 1904.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. Sometimes. Martin, Chapman, Lindsay, Dithridge, Preston—noble, bright young lives. Are they not worthy of a tablet?

Answer ye, who may.

During the war period, recitations were frequently interrupted by the strains of martial music, and the pupils were permitted to go to the windows to see the boys in blue, many of whom were known to them, and as the soldiers marched by, they were saluted with cheers and hand-clapping. On several occasions the school was closed for a day or more, while the professors worked their time in the trenches in common with other citizens. Some of these intrenchments are still to be seen on the hill back of the Bellefield School, and on Herron Hill, and many of the forts, are still standing on the South Side hills, on Squirrel Hill, and in Allegheny. Anon the strains of a dirge betokened that some hero was being borne to his last resting place—that a soldier of the Union was mustered out, forever: perhaps one of the old High School boys, who had “fought his last battle, and whom no sound would awaken to glory again.” That old Smithfield Street building, even in its transformed condition, is yet the source of many hallowed recollections.

Many of the Alumni do not know that there is a very creditable paper published at the High School and has been for nearly ten years. Its title is the "High School Journal." It is in pamphlet or magazine style and the bound volumes in the Director's library present a neat and decidedly journalistic appearance. Nothing amateurish is noticeable in its make-up or matter. The "Journal" is a monthly and is published during the school year and has therefore annually ten issues. The matter both written and illustrative, is wholly the work of students of the school. There is a regular staff, editorial and business, and I have found in those I have become acquainted with in my researches, a clever set of young journalists. The "Journal" has the following departments: Literary, containing stories, essays and verse; School News, containing news from all three High Schools; Athletics, containing detailed accounts of all school games of baseball, basket ball and hockey; Personal containing notes humorous and otherwise about individuals in the schools; Alumni, containing whatever news of the Alumni the editor can gather; and Exchange, containing clippings from about fifty exchanges, mainly other school and college papers. There is also a staff artist who designs covers and head pieces and illustrates the stories. In addition there is the Business Department's advertising specialties; the securing of advertisements, the contract work for printing and engraving and the circulation. The "Journal" is no longer an experiment. It long since passed that stage.

Yes, old Smithfield street "fellows"—think of this and sigh—or not as ye may desire! The stirring war times would have given us many an item that would have lived—as for instance:

"On the 24th (April, 1861) recitations were interrupted for one half hour to see the 13th Pennsylvania march past the school on their way to the front. The ten o'clock lessons for that day were recited the next."

"There was no school for three days last week on account of the professors having to work on the fortifications now being erected for the safety of the city. Prof. D.'s hands were terribly sore after using a shovel all day in the rifle pits."

"Last week (May, 1862) Lieutenant Alfred Lindsay's remains were brought home. School was dismissed and the pupils took part in the funeral procession and marched to the Allegheny Cemetery. The remains were interred in a remote section with neither habitation of the living nor of the dead visible. After the coffin was lowered and the solemn last words and prayer spoken, the provost guard fired three vol-

leys over the grave. The hills re-echoed. The cloudy sky, the winds sighing in the tall oaks added a somberness and a requiem to a scene never to be forgotten. May he rest in peace."

A kind friend has placed in my hands numbers 2 and 3 of "The High School Journal," a monthly published in February, March and April, 1858. The initial copy was once loaned by the owner, and, unlike the celebrated feline in the song, it never came back. It is thus that some people easily and cheaply obtain articles of more or less value. Having been the victim of such rather reprehensible practice, I am sure my readers will excuse these "un-feline" remarks.

The editors of this short-lived journalistic venture were Wallace J. Radcliff, Samuel Taggart and Joseph H. Montgomery. My informant states but three issues saw the light, and then the "High School Monthly" died. Poor little thing! It was really truly spicy—as spicy as though written in "Araby, the blest." It was in magazine form, fifteen pages, no advertisements—(no wonder it died). No. 3 did have the Iron City College ad. on the back (Friend W. Jenkins, Principal), full page, with wood cut of building. Mr. Jenkins was a brother of the well-known grocer and the father of the young Lieutenant of the same name lost on the "Maine." The Monthly was printed by W. S. Haven, a well-known printing establishment in Pittsburgh for many years. The contents of No. 2 were, "Despise Not the Day of Small Things," by Marta (writer not designated); "Chronicles of the High School," by Phineas Ramrod, K. G. E. S. (W. J. Radcliff); "Early Sorrow," an anonymous poem; "Man and Manners About Town," Ebenezer Pancake (Samuel Taggart); "Climate," anonymous—probably an editorial; "The Minstrel's Curses," translated from the German of Ludwig Uhland by John Scott Ferguson (signed J. S. F.); "Nature," anonymous; "It Might Have Been, but Now It Is Too Late," by Happy (Heppie Wilkins); "Nothing," by Gossip, writer not indicated, and an enigma of some length finishes the number.

It will be seen by the perusal of the article on "Nothing" that humor of a dry character found a lodgment in some High School scholar's embryonic mental make-up.

No. 3 starts off with an item on "Man and Manners About Town," by Eb. Pancake; a delightful essay "Passing Away," by L. J. M. (Lucy J. Marshall); Chap. VIII, et seq., "First Book of Chronicles of the High School;" a poem "Our Country's Enemies," by F. (Mr. Ferguson); an essay, "Light," by F., presumably the same author; an original short story

by Minnie Mayflower (Miss Myra McLaughlin, now Mrs. H. L. Mason); a poem by Maud May—authorship unknown to me; "Faded and Gone," essay by Lucy J. Marshall under her initials, winding up with a charade and an enigma.

It need not be doubted that J. S. Ferguson, Esq., could fill any of the court rooms if he would announce that he would give readings from his own works. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead" who cannot appreciate verse? Let him read Mr. Ferguson's patriotic and prophetic verses subjoined to Chapter XXI, this volume.

The Chronicles of the High School were printed in double columns and were eminently Biblical, by a since noted divine. The faculty were given fanciful names. Principal McKown, the High Chief, was "Tecumseh;" Mr. Dean was "Whiskerus"—described as "a man after the people's own heart, and cunning in all the works of science and art, yea, even in the Black Art was he exceedingly skillful." The Chronicler proceeds thus:

"And the second lot fell to Moses, a man skillful in work in all manner of figures and symbolical signs."

This referred to Mr. Dickson. Miss Maitland was dubbed Deborah by the Chronicler, and the school "The Granary of Knowledge." The coming of Professor Danse, professor of French, is thus told in Chapter IX, verse 4:

And they chose Ebenezer, the son of Hananiah, the son of Froginium, to teach the language of those who consume the Batrachians.

The next verse refers to Professor Apel, the German teacher:

And Jonah, the son of Chrontios, the son of Apollyon, did they choose to teach the words of the Beiroum language.

All of the Chronicles are very interesting, even to this generation, and full of dry wit and hits no doubt telling in that day, as the points of many are readily discernible to any High School pupil familiar as he is with an almost unchanged routine in many things.

It appears from the Chronicles a Great Unknown, or a rich citizen, on April 20, 1856, gave a sum of money to be distributed in prizes among the High School pupils—"The sons and daughters of men of this Granary of Knowledge, who have diligently applied themselves unto their

Studies;" and verse 23 of Chapter IX that " they made a great stir, and there were some, moreover, who did burn, from the time whereip it was made known to the seventh and twelfth day of the month, that which is called the midnight oil."

These verses indicate that everything is not smooth in the new school and read thus (typography given exactly):

18. ¶Furthermore it came to pass that Tecumseh had become oppressed in spirit in that he saw he had found ill favor in the eyes of the captains and leaders.

19. Now Tecumseh communed with himself whether or not it would be expedient that he should continue to work in this part of the vineyard or to transfer his labors to another garden, for he was of the tribe of Levi, and did expound unto the tribes round about the Granary of Knowledge his sayings, both new and old.

20. Then he did conclude that it would be for the interest of all that he should change his field of labor.

These verses furnish the only reason I have been able to discover why Principal McKown's stay was so very brief. The captains and leaders indicated probably meant the school authorities or the dominant faction in the Central Board. If there was none, it was certainly a rare aggregation of humanity, in all that the name humanity can imply.

Mrs. Hamilton, referring to the donor of the prizes mentioned in the Chronicles, states that they were books and their value amounted to one hundred dollars and that they were donated by a " generous citizen." In these later days Dr. J. Lipman Levi, of the 8th Street Synagogue, has come forward with some elegant prize offers, but in the many years intervening citizens generous to the extent of one hundred dollars discreetly kept themselves from public view, and the first generous citizen went down into High School history as a " Great Unknown." I have been unable to learn who the generous citizen was or who were the recipients of his bounty.

The departure and farewell of Professor McKown are told in Chapter X, herewith, as follows:

CHAPTER X.—FIRST BOOK OF THE CHRONICLES OF HIGH SCHOOL.

1. Now it came to pass that when it was made known unto the sons and daughters of men that Tecumseh was about to depart, never more to return, they did call a great meeting in the synagogue.

2. When they had assembled, Zebedee opened his mouth and spake:
3. Hear me, O, President, for my cause, and ye children of the tribes and half tribes be silent, that thou mayest hear the words of thy servant, Zebedee.
4. It behooveth us to give unto Tecumseh his walking stick, inasmuch as the Board hath given unto him the walking papers at his request.
5. Thy servant, Zebedee, therefore moveth that we present unto him that which in vulgar tongue is cane, and on top thereof a head made of the gold of Ophir.
6. Then the saying of Zebedee found favor in the eyes of the sons and daughters of men, and they cried aloud with a great and mighty voice, Zebedee, he is wise; Zebedee, he is wise. Let it be as the glorious Zebedee hath exhorted.
7. Now it came to pass, in the seventh month and the fourteenth day of the month, that the children of men and many of the tribes and half tribes, and gentiles in the country round about, did gather themselves unto the Faculty in the synagogue of the Granary of Knowledge.
8. And it was so that Tecumseh did look like unto a spirit, for he was greatly wasted with grief.
9. Then the captains and leaders gave unto the children of men the gifts of the Great Unknown.
10. And the wicked and evil sons and daughters did look with a jealous eye upon those to whom were given the gifts of the Great Unknown.
11. But Deborah did observe with a careful look, and they feared greatly lest Deborah should give unto them demerits, and they did nothing whereby they might offend the Faculty, or wound them in spirit.
12. Then Zebedee stood up before all the people and did give unto Tecumseh the cane having a head wrought from the gold of Ophir which the children of men had bought for him, that when he should wander far from them he should retain in his mind the sons and daughters of men in the Granary of Knowledge and the tribes and half tribes round about.
13. Then Tecumseh stood up and was sorely vexed, even unto the shedding of tears.
14. Moreover he opened his mouth and spake unto them, saying:
15. O, ye little children of men, my heartstrings are wrung in pain that I must this day part from thee, for I must go and work in another part of the vineyard; all the gates of usefulness in the Granary of Knowledge have been closed against thy servant.
16. Farewell, then, ye children, ye tribes of men, ye Board, ye Faculty
17. And it was so that Tecumseh could not continue, but he sat upon his seat, and great tears like unto large drops of rain did fall upon the floor.
18. Then Whiskerus stood up, and in the name and by the authority of the Faculty did extend unto him the right hand of Christian fellowship, and bid him depart in peace.
19. Then David, the son of Jubal, the son of Musicus, did sing a parting song, and then did they disperse each unto his own abode.
20. ¶ Thus Tecumseh reigned over all the Granary of Knowledge.
21. And the time that he reigned was one year and ten months—ten months reigned he before they opened the Granary and one year afterward.

22. Now, the acts of Tecumseh, the chief, first and last, are they not written in the Book of Hazarmaveth, the scribe, and in the record of the Granary of Knowledge.

23. With all his reign and his might and the times that went over him, and over the fountain of learning, and over the Board and over the Faculty.

NOTHING.

BY GOSSIP.

Nothing is the subject of my thoughts. Descended from nobody and inhabitant of nowhere, nothing existed before the world was created, and greatly exceeds the world in size, for out of nothing the world was made; and though we are all descended from Adam, yet we can trace our origin back further still, for Adam was made from nothing. Notwithstanding the size of this wonderful agent, nothing may be seen at any time by closing the eyes. It may also be heard by closing the ears. Persons without hearing are called deaf by Webster, and yet upon being questioned they will assert again and again that they at all times hear nothing, the most ancient of all ancient things. Monstrous contradiction! Nothing may be felt by placing the hand in a vacuum. As for tasting nothing, whenever nothing is not tasted something is tasted. Notwithstanding that nothing has always existed and is living still, it can be produced at any time, by combining a positive with a negative. The conversation of ladies generally ends in nothing. The mischievous school boy always does nothing. The communicators of secrets always talk about nothing. One caught in a scrape didn't do nothing. Tobacco chewers eat nothing. Boys and girls found whispering in school were saying nothing. Many know nothing about their lessons. Nothing and nobody wander over the world hand in hand, bearing blame for everything that should be done and is not done, and should not be done and is done. If ink happens to be found spilt on the parlor carpet, a looking-glass broken, a purse stolen, or a house set on fire, nobody did it. Nobody never is nowhere, doesn't know nothing, never does nothing, and I have nothing more to offer upon this subject. (Vol. I, No. 2, High School Monthly, 1858.)

All of which suggests "Much Ado about Nothing," and it is given a place here because nothing else seemed to come in—that is, to fit. So by authority already conceded, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. See? Don't? Too bad!



CHARLES C. LANGE, M. D

(DECEASED.)

P. C. H. S. 1860.

Enlisted as private in 103d Penna. Infantry, September 16, 1861, promoted to hospital steward; captured at Plymouth, N.C., April 20, 1864; prisoner of war at Andersonville eleven months and fifteen days. "Bates' History of Penna. Volunteers" states that Chas. Lange, while in confinement, was detailed into the hospital of the prison and made there a faithful record of all Pennsylvania soldiers who died in that prison from February 26th, 1864, until March 25th, 1865. This record was made from the prison records and from personal knowledge and was published by Surgeon-General Phillips in 1865.

REVS. MCKOWN AND McLEAN,**The First and Second Principals.**

THE FIRST PRINCIPAL.

Rev. J. L. G. McKown.

Rev. Jacob La Grange McKown was born in Guilderland, Albany Co., N. Y., August 13th, 1824. At the age of seventeen he entered an academy at West Poughkeepsie, Vt., and afterwards graduated from Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

In 1849, he united with the Oneida Conference of the M. E. Church, but soon after his health failed, and he turned his attention to teaching.

He was first Professor in Newark Wesleyan Seminary, and then President of Richmondville Union Seminary of Cooperstown, N. Y. On the 23d of July, 1855, he was elected the first Principal of the Pittsburgh Central High School; the school was opened under his charge on the 25th of the following September. He died at Roseville, N. J., May 2d, 1879. As stated, Mr. McKown remained only one year in Pittsburgh. Many of his former pupils are still living and remember him well. It will be noticed that he was but a few years older than Mr. Dean, at his death—or fifty-five years. Another High School teacher, who died comparatively young.

DANIEL H. A. M'LEAN.

Rev. Daniel H. A. McLean, the second Principal of the Pittsburgh Central High School, was born at Shenango, Crawford County, Pa., on April 5th, 1816. He graduated from old Jefferson College at Canonsburg in 1836, and in 1840 was licensed by the Shenango Presbytery of the United Presbyterian Church, as a minister. Upon the founding of Westminster College in 1852, Mr. McLean became Professor of Mathematics, in that institution. He and Rev. G. C. Vincent were the original committee men from the Presbytery, and Mr. McLean was arduous and constant in his efforts in behalf of that now standard and well-known institution, which he modestly did not allow to be widely known at the time.

In 1856 Mr. McLean succeeded Mr. McKown, as Principal of the High School in this city, and remained three years. Upon his resignation he became an Associate Editor of the "United Presbyterian." Later he accepted a call to the United Presbyterian Church at Beaver, Pa., preaching there, and at Four Mile in that vicinity, for four years. He taught and preached as he had calls for many years. The last four years of his life he passed in total blindness, with much suffering. He passed away full of years and honors after a long period of usefulness on June 3d, 1894, in Pittsburgh. His widow still survives, two sons, Dr. E. P. McLean, of Alexandria, Va., and D. B. McLean, of Pittsburgh; and three daughters, Mrs. Dr. J. E. Libbey, Miss E. L. McLean, Actuary of the Children's Aid Society, of Allegheny County, and Mrs. A. S. Lewis, of Clifton, Ohio; four grandsons, D. H. A. McLean, Charles S. McLean, James P. McLean and John A. McLean. The first two are well known in Pittsburgh banking circles, and all are residents of this city.

Principal McLean is held in esteem by those who were his pupils, many of whom are now living and he is always spoken of affectionately by them.

THE CENTRAL BOARD OF EDUCATION.

The Central Board of Education that provided a High School for Pittsburgh, held its first meeting in the North School building, on Penn avenue, February 20, 1855. The city at that time was divided into nine wards, and each ward had one representative, as follows:

First Ward—John B. Bell.

Second Ward—Reuben Miller, Jr.

Third Ward—Samuel M. Kier.

Fourth Ward—R. E. McGowan.

Fifth Ward—William McCague.

Sixth Ward—James Lowry.

Seventh Ward—William M. Arthurs.

Eighth Ward—W. H. Everson.

Ninth Ward—William Varnum.

R. E. McGowan was elected President and Joseph W. Lewis, Secretary; Reuben Miller, Treasurer. All these men I am sure are dead.

Since that time the Board has held its meetings in various places:

The first six months in the North School. Then at 504 Smithfield street for thirteen years, then in the Wood Street High School rooms for a year and a half, going thence to 81 Fourth avenue (old No.) from September, '69, to April, '71. Then to Grant School for a few months; the Fulton Street building for nearly two years. Then four years again to No. 81 Fourth avenue, which brings us down to June, 1877. Then they removed to 88 Fourth avenue and stayed three years and on May 11th, 1880, they went to the McClintock Building at 514 Market street, where they remained until the completion of the Fifth Avenue High School in 1895, where they have elegant and commodious quarters.

The Central Board occupied two of the original ten rooms in the Smithfield Street building, but a partition was removed between two rooms. One of these was used by the Central Board, as an office and library; but the large room would then seat about fifty pupils, so that the school had only eight rooms, as before, two of which were used as dressing rooms. The building was the same in my day as for the years previous to my admission. The chapel was No. 1 on the fourth floor. Mr. Dickson's room on the same floor, No. 2. On the third floor were No. 3, a drawing room, No. 4 the ladies' dressing room, and No. 5 a small recitation room opposite. On second floor, No. 6 was the office and Central Board room, No. 7 the laboratory, No. 8 a recitation room back, and No. 9 the boys' dressing room. Here we generally ate our dinners, and it was in No. 8 that I was examined for admission. New modern windows have been put in the old building, and fire escapes line the front, changing its aspect considerably. I have not been in the old rooms for many years.

SCHEDULE OF DAILY RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES IN PITTSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL.

For the term commencing Monday, February 1st, 1858.

MONDAY.

	8-45	9	10	11	11:50	12.5	1	2:15
MCLEAN	CHapel Exercises	A. Greek	A. Latin	D ² . Geog.	RECESS		A. Logic & M. Phil.	ESSAY AND DECLAMATION
DEAN		C. Nat. Phil.	B. Latin	A. Botany		D. Stud. or Lec.	B. Physiol-ogy	
DICKSON		E. Algebra	C. Latin	B. Geom-etry		A. Astron-omy	D ² . Algebra.	
MISS BEGGS		D ² . Orthogra-phy	D ¹ . Latin	C. Geom-etry		E. Arithme-tic	D ¹ . Algebra.	
MISS MAITLAND		D. Orthogra-phy	E. Latin	E. Studies		C. Studies	C. Grammar	
		1st Ger. c. A. & B. B. Studies (8 & 9).	3d Ger. c. D ² & E. 2d Fr. c. C. & D ² .	D ¹ . Draw-ing		B. Drawing	E. Drawing	

The ladies and gentlemen of the school are required to pass separately from one class room to another. Six minutes are allowed at the close of each recitation for changing of classes. Within that time and at regular intervals, the bell will be rung three times. The first interval is allotted to the ladies, and the second to the gentlemen to make the required changes.

Every teacher is expected to dismiss his class at the ringings of the bell, and every pupil is required to be in his proper place within his allotted time.

Note.—This is a Monday schedule and the inference is that such classes not enumerated as 2d German, must have recited on another day.

LIST OF ADMISSIONS, 1855 TO 1866.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1855.

Amanda J. Acheson,	*Sarah A. Johnson,	Job M. Reamer,
*Mary R. Bunn,	Harriet M. Lewis,	William Riddle,
*Mary F. Bell,	Anna Loy,	Wm. H. Robinson,
Martha A. Brown,	M. J. Lytle,	H. H. Stephenson,
†*Emma Case,	Mary McClure,	James S. Thompson,
Eliza Caskey,	Elizabeth McKnight,	John Baird,
Anna B. Dravo,	Annie Marlatt,	John Barclay,
Caroline Dawson,	Margaret A. Moore,	Harry Cheeseman,
Sarah M. Fleming,	†*Nancy Paisley,	*James Cabbage,
Mary Friesel,	*Anna M. Robinson,	Simpson Daft,
†*Margaret Hamilton,	*Jane H. Ralston,	Alf. B. Davitt,
Sarah A. Hope,	*Josephine A. Sheplar,	Lewis Demmler,
*Esther Johnson,	E. L. V. Vandergrift,	†Chatham T. Ewing.
Kate Kirkpatrick,	*Jane Wallace,	*John S. Ferguson,
†*Ella Love,	Matilda Wiggins,	A. D. B. Fundenberg.
Sarah McClelland,	*Hephzibah Wilkins,	C. W. Gerwig,
Mary McKee,	Emma F. Willett,	S. W. Hill,
Myra McLaughlin,	Wm. H. Arthurs,	George Irwin,
Rebecca Mills,	†*C. W. Chapman,	W. T. Kent,
Elizabeth Murtland,	†*D. L. Crawford,	*Kuno Kuhn,
Mary C. Owens,	*Joseph Z. Culver,	G. B. U. Martin,
Mary Parker,	Henry M. Davis,	Wm. F. McCosh,
Ellen J. Radcliff,	Henry Demmler,	Robert D. McKee,
Jane A. Shephard,	John F. Denniston,	Joseph L. Miller,
*Sarah S. Sheplar,	James H. Ferguson,	Wm. H. Moore,
Amanda S. Wagley,	Benj. Fownes,	Hiram Mundell,
Mary Ward,	S. B. Fundenberg,	James Parker,
Mary Bindley,	George S. Hays,	*Wallace Radcliff,
Josephine Branstrup,	T. P. Houston,	*Frank T. Reamer,
Emma Bratt,	†*James Johnson,	*Wm. C. Reamer,
Martha A. Coleman,	*W. C. King,	*Richard S. Smith,
*Rebecca Case,	Adam D. Lee,	Samuel Taggart,
J. H. Cupples,	*G. P. McClelland,	James S. Vandegrift,
Harriet Dithridge,	*Francis McCutcheon,	†*John W. Vandevort,
Jane S. Errett,	W. M. McKelvy,	James W. Wallace.
Martha J. Ferguson,	J. H. Montgomery,	
Margaret J. Hall,	Eustace S. Morrow,	*1st A Class.
Elishaba Harrison,	Thomas S. Oliver,	†Deceased.
†*Sarah M. Hunter,	Alfred Parsons,	

MY HIGH SCHOOL DAYS.

FEBRUARY 3, 1856.

Helen Aiken,
 Sarah A. Dannals,
 Sarah Friesel,
 Rebecca Jackson,
 Elizabeth Martin,
 Ellen P. Mason,
 Lucy G. Shephard,
 Martha Bailey,
 Mary Fortune,
 E. F. Goodall,

Martha J. Kelchner,
 Margaret Martin,
 Cornelia I. Scaife,
 Susan Young,
 S. H. Gamble,
 Francis P. Case,
 Samuel C. Brown,
 Frank Hitchcock,
 Charles C. Lange,
 J. L. Read,

Wm. C. Smyth,
 Frank Ward,
 John M. Campbell,
 A. W. Foster, Jr.,
 Lucien Gray,
 Frank Jaynes,
 Wm. McCracken,
 John Shirlien,
 James Todd.

FEBRUARY 25, 1856.

George E. Chester,

Charles T. Hays.

JULY 22, 1856.

Rosena Ackerman,
 Alice Baird,
 Anna J. Donald,
 Mary A. Gill,
 A. I. Hudspeth,
 Ann E. Morledge,
 Eliza J. Proudfoot,
 Elizabeth M. Smith,
 Eliza D. Armstrong,

Elizabeth E. Brown,
 Louisa M. Dithridge,
 Sarah A. Fownes,
 Eliza J. Hamilton,
 Margaret J. Hill,
 Caroline S. Smith,
 Elizabeth H. Wright,
 David H. Bates,
 Theodore F. Anshutz,

Ben. H. Flack,
 Wm. J. McKee,
 John H. Miller,
 Aaron Arnold,
 Geo. W. Dithridge,
 John H. Kerr,
 James W. Mackrell,
 Edward S. Peters,
 John F. Stoer.

JANUARY 30, 1857.

Rebecca A. Aiken,
 Minnie Backofen,
 Elizabeth Bowes,
 Anna G. Christy,
 Mary E. Daniels,
 Adela Lamborn,
 Margaret J. Marlin,
 Sophia Miller,
 Alciphron Moore,
 Maria Musgrave,
 Amanda E. Spear,
 Matilda E. Allinder,
 Harriet J. Bailey,
 Sarah Bryant,

Anne M. Collard,
 Margaret Harper,
 Martha S. McMaster,
 Eliza J. Mason,
 Matilda Moffat,
 Isabella J. Musgrave,
 Jane E. Sloan,
 Mary E. Wallace,
 John Aiken,
 Robert D. Barker,
 George Brown,
 Isaac Bunton,
 Robert J. Fleming,
 Alex. M. Hamilton,
 Thomas P. Henderson,

Charles J. Long,
 Alex. Montgomery,
 John Robinson,
 W. L. Stevenson,
 Charles Wray,
 John G. Bryant,
 Lazarus Fink,
 Hiram Frank,
 Charles Hays,
 Randall Kent,
 J. McF. McMillan,
 John Prince,
 Quincy A. Scott,
 Frank Weyman.

LIST OF ADMISSIONS.

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JULY, 1857.

Mary A. Baker,
 Caroline H. Buffum,
 Mary Dippel,
 Mary E. Frethy,
 Emma Johnson,
 Lucy J. Marshall,
 Caroline M. Matthews,
 Emma McDonald,
 G. Anna McPheely,
 Mary E. Smith,
 Amanda Snyder,
 Maria Wilson,

Elizabeth D. Brown,
 Mary A. Carson,
 Hannah D. Fahnestock,
 Josephine Hall,
 Euphemia C. King,
 Sarah H. Marshall,
 Fannie A. Mellon,
 Nancy T. McMaster,
 Loveday Petty,
 Mary Snyder,
 Elvira J. Wilson,
 Albert T. Canfield,

William Foale,
 John Johnson,
 James McKnight,
 Walter Renton,
 Thomas B. Barnes,
 John Everson,
 Gordon Johnson,
 Henry C. McCurdy,
 Charles Preston,
 Charles Snyder,
 David M. Watt,
 George I. Whitney.

JULY, 1858.

Rebecca Gallaher,
 Alice Jackson,
 Mary J. Lafferty,
 Martha Phipps,
 Mary Scaife,
 Melinda Hamilton,
 Esther Jordan,
 Charlotte C. Martin,
 Elizabeth J. Prince,
 Barbara Sutch,

William Allen,
 George D. Ballantine,
 John H. Cooper,
 Joseph S. Hamilton,
 George W. Little,
 E. P. McLean,
 Samuel L. Miller,
 Thomas H. Phelps,
 Louis Rott,
 Frank L. Stephenson,
 John A. S. Willson,

Howard L. Baird,
 Samuel M. Brown,
 Wm. C. Dithridge,
 John S. Lambie,
 W. K. McCausland,
 Robert S. Marshall,
 Samuel T. Paisley,
 John A. Robertson,
 Charles C. Scaife,
 James Thompson.

1859-1860.

Emeline M. Adams,
 Margaret L. Anshutz,
 Rebecca Burns,
 Kate D. Dithridge,
 Henrietta M. Findley,
 Anna E. Gray,
 Jane Hastings,
 Harriet Jenkins,
 Mary Jones,
 Sarah A. Lee,
 Margaret E. Little,
 Margaret McClintock,
 Eleanor McCutcheon,
 Isabella McKee,
 Matilda McMunn,
 Helen McOwan,
 Alice S. Bailey,
 Martha A. Caskey,
 Lucy V. O. Drum,
 Isabella Fleming,

Mary E. Hartley,
 Mary Hughes,
 Mary A. Jones,
 Letta E. Kirk,
 Sarah A. Leech,
 E. J. McCandless,
 Anna R. McCutcheon,
 Mary McElroy,
 Margaret L. McKee,
 Elizabeth McOwan,
 Isabella G. Moffat,
 Alice E. Patterson,
 Henrietta Neely,
 Kate K. Patterson,
 Ellen Smith,
 Jennie M. Allen,
 Eleanor N. Sheplar,
 Susan Stephenson,
 Henry F. Dannals,
 G. T. A. Fundenberg,

C. D. Kettenberg,
 George A. Low,
 James E. McKelvy,
 Clifton G. Marshall,
 C. Z. F. Rott,
 George W. Biggs,
 Alexander Dallas,
 John H. Douglass,
 Robert Hodgson,
 C. A. Lehmann,
 Wm. S. McCutcheon,
 Fred M. Magee,
 Hall Patterson,
 Anthony W. Smith,
 A. C. Whitmore,
 Charles W. Coffin,
 Thomas Taylor,
 Ernest Tendam,
 Stephen Woods.

1860-1861.

Anna M. Bechtold,
 Charlotte E. Caskey,
 M. N. Cunningham,
 Elmira C. Davitt,
 Margaret Dickson,
 Mary E. Duncan,
 Mary J. Evans,
 Rachel S. Fowler,
 E. A. Gemmil,
 Mary A. Hamilton,
 Sarah E. Hartman,
 Mary Hughes,
 Anna M. Lange,
 Mary J. McClain,
 M. A. McFadden,
 Alverda McFarland,
 Nancy Montgomery,
 Ann J. Normecutt,
 F. A. Pritchard,
 Elizabeth Taggart,
 Anna E. Wilcox,

Mary Wilson,
 Ella R. Bratt,
 Laurretta L. Christy,
 Catharine Dain,
 Julia M. Demmler,
 Rebecca E. Douglass,
 Mary A. Dunn,
 Mary A. Fedder,
 Charlotte Gemmil,
 Eliza F. Hagerty,
 Caroline M. Hartley,
 Mary J. Hill,
 Margaret E. Jones,
 E. A. Little,
 M. A. McCreight,
 Isabella McFall,
 Emma D. Miller,
 Eliza J. Nelson,
 Mary K. Polan,
 Louisa Sellers,
 Mary E. Whiting,

Julia Wilcox,
 John F. Davitt,
 John F. Goucher,
 James F. Hughes,
 Kennedy F. Lange,
 Alfred C. Lindsay,
 James Y. Boyce,
 David R. Goucher,
 William G. Hubley,
 W. J. Klirkpatrick,
 F. A. Lehman,
 Joseph H. Lynch,
 C. L. Magee,
 John Renton,
 Alex. B. Rutledge,
 Alex. G. Scott,
 James D. Wilson,
 Ralph Marshall,
 John Richards,
 D. S. Salisbury,
 Alfred Sowers.

1861-1862.

Anna Allen,
 Emma L. Baird,
 Lillie B. Burt,
 Sarah A. Clark,
 M. Dannenfels,
 Sarah E. Graham,
 Mary E. Hamilton,
 Anna E. Hutchinson,
 M. J. Johnston,
 Eleanor Matthews,
 E. McCormick,
 M. J. Nicholson,
 M. E. Robertson,
 M. J. Wilkins,
 Elizabeth Baker,
 Margaret A. Black,

Mary A. Caskey,
 Isabel Cromlish,
 Mary G. Eaton,
 Eleanor Hamilton,
 Martha J. Herron,
 Annie E. Irwin,
 Nannie Love,
 Jane Mitchell,
 A. A. Neemes,
 Mary Ralston,
 S. A. Rutledge,
 Laura Wood,
 Walter Backofen,
 James Brown,
 C. R. Dallas,
 James M. Hamlin,

A. E. Luty,
 James McCutcheon,
 R. D. Nicholson,
 S. T. Prestley,
 Henry Streib,
 C. L. Umbstaetter,
 George C. Bailey,
 Robert G. Bryce,
 E. W. Demmler,
 Christian Lange,
 C. C. Montooth,
 Stewart McKee,
 S. W. Owens,
 Andrew Shaw,
 James M. Taylor,
 George J. Willson.

LIST OF ADMISSIONS.

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1862-1863.

M. J. Armstrong,
 Agnes Ferguson,
 E. E. Gamble,
 J. A. Hammer,
 Sallie Johnson,
 Nancy B. Littell,
 A. D. McKee,
 Em. Moorhead,
 M. J. Neely,
 M. M. Richards,
 M. F. Rutledge,
 M. H. Sleeth,
 V. M. Ward,
 Sarah L. Wilson,
 Isabella Beverlin,

Mary Fleming,
 Emma Graham,
 A. E. Houston,
 E. Kirkpatrick,
 Mary McCreight,
 L. A. Mellon,
 Reb. S. Morton,
 Jane M. Neemes,
 Elizabeth Robb,
 Em. Sawdon,
 L. V. Sutch,
 Kate Wilson,
 Wm. L. Buettler,
 Sam. H. Findley,
 James W. Houston,
 Herman A. Kunz,

A. W. Maddocks,
 W. J. Morrison,
 R. Q. Richards,
 Wm. Scheibler,
 Wm. S. Ward,
 Sam. J. Barclay,
 P. H. Donaldson,
 G. W. Hammersley,
 Alex. M. Hunter,
 Andrew Logan,
 Wm. Martin,
 John D. Negley,
 L. L. Scafe,
 John W. Thompson,
 George F. Wright.

1863-1864.

Amanda Alexander,
 Cornella Ammond,
 Annetta E. Bryant,
 Martha Dalzell,
 Ellen Duncan,
 Maria Holmes,
 M. J. Hutchinson,
 Bertha Kuhn,
 E. McClaren,
 A. McCreary,
 E. McNeely,
 C. N. Patterson,
 Alice Scafe,
 Margaret Scott,
 Emma Smith,
 Martha Thompson,
 Margaret Williams,
 Nancy Young,
 Marg. A. Allen,

Theodosia Bloor,
 Phoebe Bracey,
 Agnes Davitt,
 Susan R. Friesel,
 M. E. Humbert,
 Jennie Inskeep,
 Marg. McCandless,
 Nancy McClure,
 M. H. McMaster,
 Annie Miller,
 Jane R. Nelson,
 Marg. Rafferty,
 Ella Scafe,
 M. E. Sloan,
 Hannah Thomas,
 Blanche Williams,
 Sarah E. Williams,
 Joseph H. Buffum,
 Sam. S. De Arman,

George H. Evans,
 James B. Hartman,
 J. F. Henricl,
 Thomas Johnson,
 Henry Luty,
 Robert McClelland,
 Wm. McNeely,
 John Taylor,
 Theodore Brubach,
 Alex. Cherry,
 James M. Dobbs,
 Abram Glosser,
 J. N. Hazlett,
 Wm. Houston,
 Frank Luty,
 Alex. McCandless,
 James McEldowney,
 N. Morganstern,
 Wesley Wallace.

1864-1865.

Maria F. Ackley,
 Anna M. Asper,
 Phoebe J. Burns,
 Clara M. Cassel,
 Mary M. Dean,
 L. R. Fortune,
 Mary Harris,
 E. A. Hunker,
 Melzina Kelly,
 M. A. Lupton,
 C. A. Miller,
 N. A. McCormick,
 Hannah McCreight,
 M. J. McKelvy,
 M. A. Price,
 F. V. Siebert,
 Jane Watkins,

Elizabeth Allen,
 Martha Barr,
 Dorcas Byrnes,
 Sarah J. David,
 Irene L. Eshelman,
 M. S. Graham,
 C. J. Huber,
 L. Hutchinson,
 Mary E. King,
 Emma Metzger,
 Mary E. Miller,
 S. C. McClelland,
 S. M. McCutcheon,
 M. E. Phillips,
 N. E. Shannon,
 M. E. Smith,
 Agnes Wilson,

Frank H. Bole,
 C. G. Cassel,
 S. S. Colville,
 James Logan,
 Frank E. Moore,
 Thos. E. Renton,
 Roderick Williams,
 Alfred S. Bloor,
 Haskell Buffum,
 John Cherry,
 Wm. E. Hallock,
 James M. May,
 Samuel Morrison,
 J. M. Wilkinson,
 F. A. Yoder.

1865-1866.

Annie S. Addy,
 Nancy Austin,
 Emma Backofen,
 E. M. Bevington,
 Maria Beynon,
 M. M. Brown,
 Anna L. Best,
 F. J. Bevington,
 Olivia A. Blair,
 E. J. Cook,
 M. E. Duvall,
 Emma Dyer,
 Mary L. Evans,
 Sophia A. Hoyer,
 E. C. Hofman,
 A. H. Killen,
 Kate Keys,
 E. J. Lytle,
 Clara Levake,
 M. J. Martin,

Mary E. Merts,
 E. J. Montgomery,
 M. B. McMullen,
 Nancy McA. Melvin,
 E. A. Metcalfe,
 Mary E. Potts,
 Elvira Reese,
 Emma Rowswell,
 Isabella C. Seitz,
 Anna C. Shaffer,
 Elmira V. Taylor,
 Amelia Tutell,
 Martha R. Taylor,
 Mary Walker,
 Martha A. Walker,
 Sarah A. Wallace,
 Amos L. Asper,
 Edward Barton,
 Edwin Case,
 James Crooks,

W. P. Cowl,
 George Glass,
 Th. A. Gillespie,
 Henry Herr,
 John B. Herron,
 George Herr,
 Wm. J. Hunter,
 Clark H. Johnson,
 Alfred Kane,
 S. A. Kiskadden,
 J. N. McGonnigle,
 John C. Martin,
 Thomas Rape,
 J. W. Reinhart,
 Samuel S. Shore,
 S. S. Snyder,
 Archibald Wallace,
 E. P. Wilkinson,
 William Wallace,
 John Wilson.

GRADUATES PRIOR TO 1868.

CLASS 1859.

Mr. William C. King,
" Kuno Kuhn, Bradford, Pa.

Miss Heppie Wilkins, (Mrs J.
S. Hamilton), Avalon.

CLASS 1860.

Miss Mary F. Bell,
" Martha A. Coleman,
" Caroline Dawson, (Mrs.
Montgomery),
Miss Harriet M. Lewis, (Mrs.
Dithridge), New York.
Miss Josephine A. Sheplar,
(Mrs. Libby), San Francisco

Mr. Joseph Z. Culver, Roches-
ter, N. Y.
Mr. Geo. W. Dithridge, New
York.
Mr. Sam'l W. Hill,
*Chas. C. Lange, M. D.,
Mr. Jos. H. Montgomery,
" *William H. Moore,
" *Samuel Taggart,

CLASS 1861.

Miss Eliza D. Armstrong,
" ††Elizabeth Bowes, (Mrs. W.
L. Donahue.)
††Miss Margaret Harper, (Mrs.
Jas. Loughridge.)
Miss Lucy Marshall, (Mrs. W.
J. Chamberlain.)

Miss Sarah H. Marshall, (Mrs.
Geo. H. Christy), Sewick-
ley.
††Miss Martha S. McMaster.
*Mr. John G. Bryant,
*Mr. Thomas P. Henderson,
Mr. Alex. M. Hamilton,

CLASS 1862.

*Miss Mary A. Baker,
*Mr. Albert T. Canfield,
*Miss Melinda Hamilton,

Miss Elizabeth Prince, (Mrs.
Geo. Booth.)
*Mr. John S. Lambie.

CLASS 1863.

Mr. David R. Goucher,
*Miss Jane Hastings, (Mrs. T.
J. Gillespie.)
*Miss Annie R. McCutcheon,
(Mrs. R. C. Miller.)

Miss Margaret J. McKee,
Mr. Anthony W. Smith,
Miss Barbara Sutch,
*†Miss Kate K. Patterson,
*†Miss Eleanor N. Sheplar.

CLASS 1864.

Miss Kate Dain, (Mrs. W. G.
Hubley), Colfax, Cala.
Miss Julia M. Demmler, (Mrs.
F. E. Schenck.)
Miss Mary F. Hughes.

*Miss Carrie M. Hartley, (Mrs.
C. H. Mering.)
Miss Annie M. Lange.
Mr. Wm. G. Hubley, (honorary)
Colfax, Cala.

CLASS 1865.

*Miss Margaret A. Black (Mrs. D. O. Kiser.)	Miss Margaret McClintock, (Mrs. W. C. Brown.)
Miss Charlotte E. Caskey, (Mrs. G. C. Davis.)	Miss Isabella McFall, " Sarah Rutledge, (Mrs. J. G. Bryant.)
Miss Mary G. Eaton, " †*Martha J. Herron, (Mrs. . Geo. Crawford.)	Miss Mary J. Wilkins. *Mr. George C. Bailey, Mr. Edward W. Demmler.

CLASS 1866.

Mr. Samuel J. Barclay, Phila- delphia.	††Miss Mary Evans, *Miss Mary F. Rutledge, (Mrs. Wm. H. Arthurs.)
Mr. Lauriston L. Scaife, Bos- ton,	

CLASS 1867.

Jos. H. Buffum, M. D., Chicago.	Mr. Robert McClelland, Seat- tle, Wash.
*Mr. Geo. Evans, U. S. A.	Miss Margaret Sleeth, (Mrs. Geo. Beggs.)
Miss Bertha Kuhn, (Mrs. Geo. Pohl), Franklin, Pa.	
Alex. McCandless, M. D.	

*Deceased.

†This name occurs in Mr. Dean's first published list of Alumni, but does not appear in all Alumni Annuals.

††These names are given in Mr. Dean's supplementary list "as having attended four years or more, but not having pursued enough of the course of study entitling them to a regular diploma received certificates of their partial course." All these names occur on list of admissions—one five and one six years previously. This frequently happened and does not necessarily imply retrograding. It is as apt to indicate irregular attendance, though some were five years in obtaining the coveted diploma by reason of failure in examinations and retrogradations.

This first list is one name short. Mrs. Hamilton furnishes the list of the 1st A Class and has the names of Messrs. Errett and Fleming but does not remember their given names. Neither is on this list. The 1st A's were eighteen boys and sixteen girls. Mr. Dean states in his report hitherto referred to "the fact that this report has, as part of its duty to gather and put in type facts connected with the history of the school that would otherwise pass from the power of anyone to reach, will be my excuse for embodying here lists of admissions since the beginning as nearly correct as my imperfect data will permit me to make them. These names are those that appear on the records as having been in actual attendance."

CHAPTER XX.

SOME PROGRAMMES.

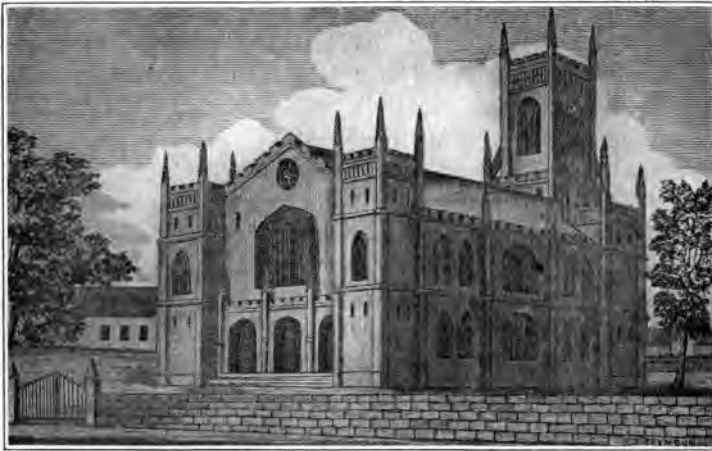
The programmes for the Exhibitions given by the pupils of the Central High School in 1856 and 1857 through the kindness of my former teacher, Mrs. Heppie Wilkins Hamilton, I am enabled to give in facsimile. Also a facsimile of hers, one of the first diplomas.

Mr. King's diploma was the same as Mrs. Hamilton's with the exception that it certified to his having studied surveying and navigation instead of Latin and Greek and French and German; Mr. Kuhn's same as Mr. King's with Latin and Greek, as each graduate took a course in two languages. The diploma is lithographed parchment with view of Pittsburgh, and is the work of Geo. F. Schuchman. The Commencement programmes are given in order. All performers were not necessarily graduating. B pupils were always impressed when there were few graduates to make up a full evening's entertainment. This was frequently the case up to 1869, from thence there were always more than enough.

The statement has been published in one of the Alumni Annuals that up to 1872 the valedictorian was "selected by the faculty without any regard to his record in scholarship." In 1870 the article goes on to state that there were 17 graduates and as all could not appear at Commencement and it was attempted to make a selection of ten or twelve but this caused so much trouble that it was abandoned. Three or four voluntarily asked to be excused and the rest performed.

In 1871 eleven performed at Commencement, three at Class Day exercises—two were excused or marked declined. I never knew a case where scholarship was not an element in the selection of valedictorian unless it was in my own. I could not prove it though for as I have stated I never got my marks in everything and possibly the rest of the class did not get theirs. In looking back over those names who were accorded this now acknowledged first honor and finding the names of Wm. Lucian Scaife, William J. Hunter, Robert McClelland, Lauriston L. Scaife, the Demmlers, Edward and Julia; John S. Lambie and John G. Bryant, I assume that the author of the assertion was simply misinformed. Mr. Dean knew—he was far-seeing and made no mistakes. Perhaps he knew in my case. I will frankly admit that I do not know what

his whole standard of merit was in awarding the honor, but I do know that no one ever received it who was not deemed worthy of it—by the Faculty at least, the sole tribunal of award, and if by reason of favoritism on their part or any other reasons an unworthy or an unjust selection was made, I never knew it or heard of it and had I not received it I presume I would have shed no tears. I was 16—not a crying age in boys. Now of those having the highest marks ten scholars win places. The top-notch is valedictorian, sometimes one or two are added to commencement programme for extraordinary proficiencie in elocution. Why not in algebra or German, or any other branch? In many schools valedictories have been abolished. There was none at the High School's first Commencement. That feature has come to be a mere formality where each year the same stilted platitudes are repeated. Necessarily: Good-bye has few synonyms—farewell, adieu. There you have it.



OLD TRINITY CHURCH, SIXTH AVENUE,

That we passed on our way to and from the Wood Street building,

EXHIBITION
BY PUPILS OF THE
HIGH SCHOOL
AT LAFAYETTE HALL,
Thursday, Feb. 12th.
Commencing at 7 o'clock, P. M.

The Piano used on this occasion, is from the celebrated manufactory of Nunn & Clark, New York, and has been kindly loaned by H. Kleber & Bro. Fifth Street.

PROGRAMME

PROGRAMME 1856.

MUSIC
 ORATION, WALLACE J. RADCLIFF
 ESSAY, JOSEPHINE A. SHEPLER—

Subject—Our Country
 Let me go home

MUSIC
 DECLAMATION, A. B. DAVITT—
 ESSAY, HEPPIE WILKINS,
 ORATION, C. S. EWING,

Death of Gen Taylor
 Subject—City and Country
 Subject—The Bible

MUSIC

DIALOGUE--THE WEATHERCOCK,

Old Fickle
 Tristram Fickle,
 Sneer,
 Brief wit,
 The Barber,

JAS. THOMPSON
 WALLACE J. RADCLIFF
 C. T. EWING
 SAM'L C. BROWN
 SAM'L TAGGART

MUSIC
 ESSAY, MYRA J. M'LAUGHLIN,
 ORATION, SAM'L TAGGART,

Subject—Light and Shade
 Subject—American Genius

MUSIC
 ESSAY, MARTHA A. COLEMAN,
 DECLAMATION, C. W. GERWIG,
 ESSAY, CAROLINE DAWSON,

Soliloquy of the Town Clock
 Speech on the American War
 Passing Away

MUSIC

DIALOGUE, ALL FOR GOOD ORDER.

Schoolmaster
 Isaac
 Squire Snyder,
 Mein Herr Von Stein,
 Mrs. O'Blairy,
 'Aliah Saunders,
 School Boys.

C. T. EWING
 BENJAMIN F. FOWNES
 JAS. S. THOMPSON
 C. W. GERWIG
 JOS. H. MONTGOMERY
 SAM'L C. BROWN

MUSIC
 ESSAY, ELLIE LOVE,
 ORATION, J. S. FERGUSON,
 ESSAY, EMMA CASE,

Subject—A Dream
 Subject—The Past, Present and Future of America
 Subject—Tendency of the Mind to Superstition and its Effect,

MUSIC
 ORATION, JAMES S. THOMPSON,
 ESSAY, SUSAN YOUNG,
 ORATION, JOSEPH H. MONTGOMERY,

Subject—Mutability of Earthly things
 Subject—Past, Present and Future
 Subject—Heaven

DIALOGUE--THE DOCTOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

Gregory,
 Dorcas,
 Squire Robert,
 Harry,
 James,
 Sir Jasper,

C. W. GERWIG
 MISS E. CASE
 JOS. H. MONTGOMERY
 A. B. DAVITT
 SAM'L TAGGART
 J. S. FERGUSON

MUSIC

High School Exhibition.

THE PUPILS OF THE
PITTSBURGH
HIGH SCHOOL,

Will give a Public Exhibition

IN LAFAYETTE HALL,
On Thursday Evening, July 16, 1857

Doors open at 7--Exercises commence at 8

PROGRAMME.

Duet on Lucia, by BRUNNER
 Performed by JOSEPH L. and SAMUEL L. MILLER.

Oration—JOHN G. BRYANT. SUBJECT: The march of civilization.

Essay—MYRA M'LAUGHLIN. SUBJECT: Life's Changes.

Duet on the Trovatore—Misses HARRIET and KATE DITHRIDGE.

Essay—MARTHA S. M'MASTER. SUBJECT: Kind Words.

Oration—JOSEPH Z. CULVER. SUBJECT: Who's here at base that
 he would not be an American?

Essay—HEPPIE WILKINS. SUBJECT: Evening Musings.

MUSIC.

"I'm a merry, merry laughing girl," GLOVER

Sung by Miss HARRIET DITHRIDGE.

Oration—SAMUEL TAGGART. SUBJECT: The Union.

Oration—C. T. EWING. SUBJECT: Life of man.

MUSIC:

The Witches' Gallop, by MARY E. M'LEAN

Essay—WILLIAM H. MOORE. SUBJECT: Growing Old.

Oration—JOSEPH H. MONTGOMERY. SUBJECT: Immortality.

MUSIC:

Air from the Trovatore, VERRI

Sung by Miss MYRA M'LAUGHLIN.

Oration—JOHN S. FEEGUSON. SUBJECT: Progress of Civilization.

Oration—WALLACE J. RADCLIFFE. SUBJECT: Modern Polytheism.

MUSIC:

Le Papillon, Etude, by ASONER

Miss HARRIET DITHRIDGE.

Dialogue—Cure for the heart-ache.

MUSIC

Spring Flowret, composed and performed by Prof. V. DE HAM

Distribution of Prizes.

Song, by Mr. HENRY KLEBER

Tickets of admission may be obtained of the School Directors of the
 several Wards.

The Piano used on this occasion is from the celebrated factory of
 Steinway & Sons, and furnished by Kleber & Bro.

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES

BY

Pupils of the High School,

IN LAFAYETTE HALL,

On FRIDAY EVENING, July 1st, 1859, at half-past 7 o'clock.

PRAYER.

Essay.....IS MAN SUPERIOR TO WOMAN.....M. A. COLEMAN
 Oration.....EDUCATION.....JOSEPH Z. CULVER
 Essay.....WHERE IS THY HOME?.....MARY BELL

MUSIC.

(Qui la voce, aria from I Puritani).....MISS M. DE HAM
 Essay.....NO GREATNESS WITHOUT ENERGY.....CAROLINE DAWSON
 Oration.....SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.....WM. C. KING

MUSIC.

(Kathleen Mavourneen).....MISS M. COCHRAN
 Essay.....ALL FOR THE BEST.....HARRIET M LEWIS
 Oration.....ADVANTAGES OF THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE.....KUNO KUHN

MUSIC.

(Duet from Gazza Ladra).....MISSES M. COCHRAN and M. DE HAM
 Essay.....PERSONAL INFLUENCE.....JOSEPHINE A. SHEPLAR
 Oration.....THE BATTLE OF LIFE.....JOS. H. MONTGOMERY

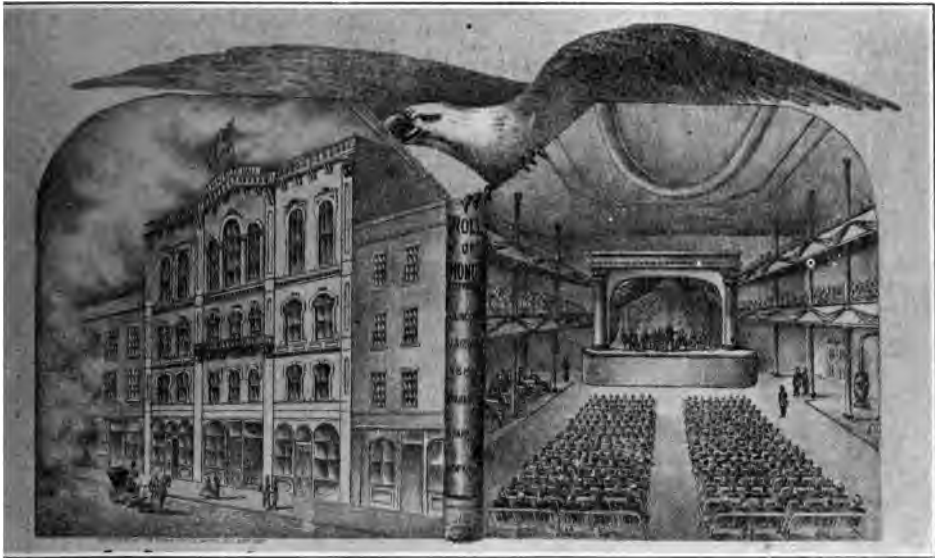
MUSIC.

(The Serenade, melody by Schubert).....MISSES M. COCHRAN and M. DE HAM
 Essay.....THE STUDENT'S HOPE.....HEPPIE WILKINS
 Oration.....OUR COMMON SCHOOLS THE NATION'S HOPE.....SAMUEL TAGGART

DISTRIBUTION OF DIPLOMAS.

MUSIC.

The Piano used on this occasion is from the celebrated factory of STEINWAY & SONS, New York, and is kindly loaned by H. KLEBER & BRO.



**OLD LAFAYETTE HALL,
On Wood Street.**

Site now occupied by the Tradesmen's Building.
(Columbia Bank.)

PROGRAMME

OF THE

HIGH SCHOOL

Commencement Exhibition,

AT LAFAYETTE HALL,

ON THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1860.

PRAYER.

Oration.....OUR SOCIAL CONSTITUTION,....ROBT. D. M'KEE.
 Essay....."ALL IS VANITY,".....MARTHA A. COLEMAN
 Oration.....ACTION,.....JOS. Z. CULVER.

MUSIC.

Oration.....HOMEWARD BOUND,.....CHAS. C. LANGE,
 Essay.....THE SEEN AND UNSEEN,.....MARY F. BELL.
 Oration.....AMERICAN LIBERTY,.....SAMUEL W. HILL.

MUSIC.

Oration.....THE WAY OF THE WORLD.....WM. H. MOORE.
 Essay.....OUR ONE LIFE,.....CAROLINE DAWSON.
 Oration.....FREEDOM OF SPEECH,.....GEO. W. DITHRIDGE.

MUSIC.

Essay.....LINKS OF LIFE & PROVIDENCE, HARRIET M. LEWIS.
 Oration.....GENIUS,.....J. H. MONTGOMERY.
 Essay... "MARK ONLY THE HOURS THAT SHINE," ..JOSEPHINE A. SHEPLER.
 Oration, THE RULING INCLINATION, with VALEDICTORY, SAMUEL TAGGART.

MUSIC.

DISTRIBUTION OF DIPLOMAS:

MUSIC.

HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT EXHIBITION.

Thursday Evening, June 27, 1861.

PROGRAMME.

Music.	Prayer.	Music.
Oration—Philosophy the Light of Reformation, Thomas P. Henderson		
Essay—An Aim in Life	Elizabeth Bowes	
Essay—Goodness and Greatness	Josephine E. Branstrup	
	Music.	
Essay—The Lord's Prayer	Eliza D. Armstrong	
Oration—The Force of Truth	A. M. Hamilton	
Essay—Fear Not	Martha S. McMaster	
	Music.	
Essay—Probabilities	Sarah H. Marshall	
Essay—The Newspaper	Margaret Harper	
	Music.	
Essay—Free Thinkers	Lucy J. Marshall	
Oration—The Spirit of Reform, with the Valedictory Address	John G. Bryant	
	Music.	
	Distribution of Certificates.	
	Music.	

All received diplomas.



DANIEL C. HOLMES,
As the author first knew him.

HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES,
AT CONCERT HALL.

Friday evening, June 27, 1862.

PROGRAMME.

- | | |
|---|-------------------------|
| Prayer. | Music. |
| Oration—Genius and Immortality | Albert T. Canfield |
| Essay—Lights and Shadows | Miss Mary A. Baker |
| Music. | |
| Oration—Influence of the Crusades | G. Everett Chester |
| Essay—A Vision | Miss Kate K. Patterson |
| Music. | |
| Essay—Sorrows of Girlhood | Miss Eleanor N. Sheplar |
| Oration—An Aim in Life | Alex. C. Montgomery |
| Essay—Conversation | Miss Lizzie J. Prince |
| Music. | |
| Essay—The Real and Ideal | Miss Melinda Hamilton |
| Oration—"I would rather be Right than President" .. | John S. Lambie |
| Valedictory Address. | |
| Music. | |
| Distribution of Diplomas. | |
| Music. | |
| Exercises to commence at 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ o'clock. | |

Concert Hall has been transformed into the modern "Avenue Theater."

HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES,
AT CONCERT HALL.

Tuesday Evening, June 23d, 1863.

PROGRAMME.

- | | |
|--|-------------------------|
| Prayer. | Music. |
| Oration—The Beauty of Adherence to Right | Anthony W. Smith |
| Essay—Mystery | Miss Barbara Sutch |
| Music. | |
| Essay—God's Own Temples | Miss M. J. McKee |
| Essay—It is Blessed to Give | Miss Jane Hastings |
| Music. | |
| Oration—Success One's Own Achievement | James E. McKelvy |
| Essay—Natural Beauty | Miss A. R. McCutcheon |
| Essay—The Last, Best Gift | Miss Kate K. Patterson |
| Music. | |
| Essay—Is it all Well? | Miss Eleanor N. Sheplar |
| Oration—The Mission of Columbus | David R. Goucher |
| Valedictory Address. | |
| Music. | |
| Distribution of Diplomas. | |
| Music. | |

COMMENCEMENT OF THE PITTSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL.

Concert Hall, June 30, 1864.

- | | |
|---|-------------------|
| Prayer. | Music. |
| Oration—England and America | John F. Goucher |
| Essay—Act well your Part | Mary Hughes |
| Music. | |
| Essay—Woman's Sphere | Annie M. Lange |
| Oration—The Future of Our Country | Edward Demmler |
| Music. | |
| Essay—Come up Higher | Carrie M. Hartley |
| Essay—Too Near | Kate Dain |
| Music. | |
| Essay—The Germans in America,
with the Valedictory | Julia M. Demmler |
| Music. | |
| Distribution of Diplomas. | |
| Music. | |

COMMENCEMENT OF THE PITTSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL.

Lafayette Hall, Thursday evening, June 22d, 1865.

PROGRAMME.

Prayer.	Music.
Oration—Relation of the Individual to the Race	George C. Bailey
Essay—The Old Curiosity Shop	Maggie A. Black
	Music.
Essay—Our Banner	Lottie E. Caskey
Essay—The Sea hath its Pearls	Mary G. Eaton
	Music.
Essay—Mind and Hand	Mattie J. Herron
Essay—Summer in the Heart	Maggie McClintock
	Music.
Essay—The Worshiper	Bella McFall
Essay—Handcuffs and Anklets	Sarah A. Rutledge
	Music.
Essay—Earth's Battlefields	Mary J. Wilkins
Oration—The Lessons of Science	Edward W. Demmler
	Valedictory Address.
	Music.
	Distribution of Diplomas.
	Music.

All received diplomas.

HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT EXHIBITION,

Masonic Hall, Thursday Evening, June 21st, 1866.

PROGRAMME.

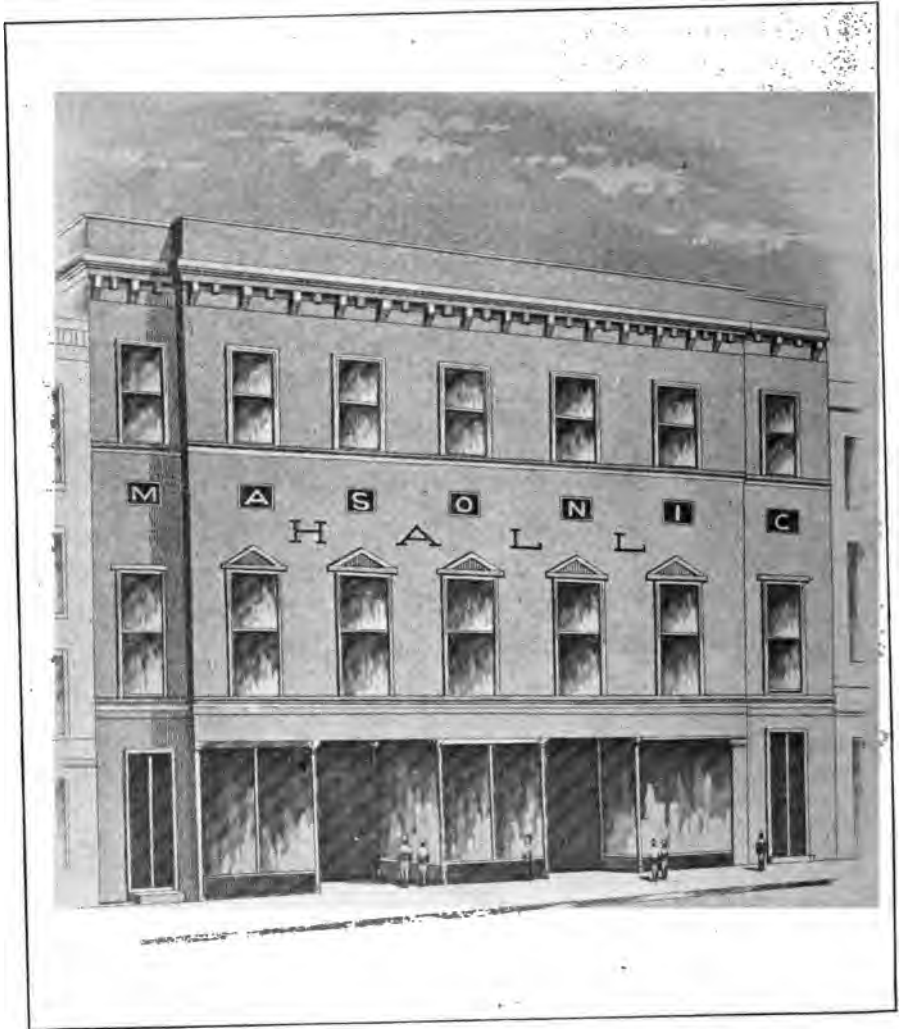
Prayer.	Music.
Oration—Our Sleeping Heroes	Samuel J. Barclay
Essay—Life's Mirages	Mary Evans
	Music.
Oration—American Genius	Joseph H. Buffum
Essay—Patriotism	Maggie H. Sleeth
	Music.
Oration—Freedom	Alex. McCandless
Essay—Small Talk	Margaret Williams
	Music.
Oration—The Cost of Reform	Robert McClelland
Essay—The Life of the Universe	Fanny Rutledge
	Music.
Oration—Resources of our Country	Lauriston L. Scaife
	Valedictory Address.
	Music.
	Distribution of Diplomas.
	Music.

HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT AT MASONIC HALL,

Thursday Evening, June 20, 1867.

PROGRAMME.

Prayer.	Music.
Oration—Philosophy	George H. Evans
Essay—Social Follies	Bertha Kuhn
	Music.
Oration—Hidden Truths	Joseph H. Buffum
Essay—The March of Intellect	Maggie J. McKelvy
	Music.
Oration—Who should have the Elective Franchise?	
.....	Alexander McCandless
Essay—The Objects of Life and Education	Fannie V. Siebert
	Music.
Essay—The Right will Prevail	Maggie H. Sleeth
Oration—The Past and Future of the South, with the Valedictory Address	Robert McClelland
	Music.
	Distribution of Diplomas.
	Music.



**OLD MASONIC HALL,
Destroyed by fire August 12th, 1887.**

HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT AT HIGH SCHOOL HALL

Friday Evening, June 19th, 1868.

PROGRAMME.

Prayer.	Music.
Oration—Onward	Amos L. Asper
Essay—The World Within	Kate Keys
Music.	
Essay—Stepping-Stones	Sophie A. Hoyer
Oration—The World's Madmen	Wm. J. Hunter
Music.	
Essay—Singing Alone, with the Valedictory	Anna' M. Asper
Music.	
Presentation of Diplomas.	

This programme is not in the scrap book originally started with the school and filled with newspaper clippings yellow with age, kept presumably by Mr. Dean, as I find nothing but Commencement programmes after his demise. The programme of 1860 is also lacking. Mr. Ryneanson the present director would like to have these two to complete the collection to date. 1868 was the first commencement I attended. The programme is furnished for publication by Mrs. Sarah Rutledge Bryant (1865) and I find on the margin a note stating that herself and sister, Fannie Rutledge Arthurs (1866), were invited to the sociable that was held in No. 5 after the exercises. This was on Wood street. I did not attend the sociable. D's were not invited and a pupil was persona non grata until the completion of his B year when he was permitted to attend and mix with the school's "four hundred."

HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT, MASONIC HALL.

June 24th, 1869.

PROGRAMME.

Music.	Prayer.	Music.
Oration—Science and Religion	Edward P. Wilkinson	
Essay—Ask not for Leisure	M. Emma King	
Essay—Isms	Isabel Seitz	
	Music.	
Oration—The Unknown	Amos L. Asper	
Essay—Strength and Culture	Matilda Duvall	
Essay—Hero Worship	Sophie H. Hoyer	
	Music.	
Oration—Pantheism	John C. Martin	
Essay—Hidden Power	Emma Dyer	
Essay—Drifting and Steering	Mary Walker	
	Music.	
Oration—The Mission of Evil	John B. Herron, Jr.	
Essay—Individuality	Margaret Williams	
	Music.	
Oration—The Balance-wheels of the Universe	Clark H. Johnson	
Essay—Different, not Inferior	Kate Keys	
	Music.	
Oration—The Present Age	George Glass	
Essay—The World's Questions	Elvira Reese	
	Music.	
Oration—The Age of Chivalry, with the Valedictory Address	W. J. Hunter	
	Presentation of Diplomas.	
	Music.	

I remember the oration of William J. Hunter as a specially brilliant effort. It is absurd to think even at this late day in view of the assertion referred to in the first Alumni Annual (1883), that a wrong selection could have been possible in Mr. Hunter's case or in the scholarly address of Mr. Scaife the next year. If scholarship was not considered in these instances as well as talent, not to mention any preceding ones of which I have no personal knowledge, the association of these points of excellence must be considered as mere coincidences.


COMMENCEMENT OF THE PITTSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL,

Thursday Evening, June 23, 1870, at the Academy of Music.

PROGRAMME.

Music.	Prayer.	Music.
Essay—Kind Words		Bessie R. Evans
Oration—Man's Future Advancement		Albert Berkowitz
Essay—Cents and Nonsense		Cevilla A. McClaren
	Music.	
Oration—Popular Ideas		Raphael Sergeant
Essay—Night brings out the Stars		Ella J. Wagstaff
Essay—Corn and Roses		Mary R. Bowes
	Music.	
Oration—Hidden Truths of Nature		Abraham Strasburger
Essay—It takes all sorts of Men to make a World, Annie W. Donaldson		
Essay—Be not weary in well doing		Alabama McNeely
	Music.	
Oration—Is Matter Dead?		Henry Herr
Essay—The Idols of the Land		Sarah F. Wright
Essay—Under the Shade		Annie E. McClelland
	Music.	
Oration—Truth		Thomas S. Bell
Essay—Wreaths and Crowns		America W. Wallace
	Music.	
Oration—The Spirit of the Age		Franklin P. Swindler
Essay—The Life Beyond		Flora B. Covert
	Music.	
Oration—Control over Higher Education by the State, with the Valedictory Address		Wm. L. Scaife
	Music.	
	Distribution of Diplomas.	
	Music.	

NOTE.—Mr. Strasburger died at Atlantic City, N. J., August, 1904.



CLASS OF 1871.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

JUNE 18.

HISTORIAN, LUCY BARNES
 POET, ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY
 VALEDICTORIAN, MARY E. GRAY

—♦—

COMMENCEMENT.

ON THURSDAY, JUNE 22, At 7:45, P. M.

AT LIBRARY HALL.

—♦—

MUSIC.	PRAYER.	MUSIC.
1. ORATION. Mathematics as an Instrument of Education.....	ALBERT I. SCHULTZ	
2. ESSAY. Beyond our Vision.....	ANNA M. McCAGUE	
3. ESSAY. The Economy of Human Life.....	ELIZA J. ASPER.*	
4. ESSAY. Living Springs.....	VIRGINIA C. BIGELOW	

MUSIC.

5. ESSAY. Beyond the Alps lies Italy.....	SARAH E. HUNTER
6. ESSAY. Hidden Gems.....	MARY E. GRAY.*
7. ESSAY. How shall the Girls be Educated.....	MARGARET J. HOYER
8. ESSAY. The Mountains are Wearing Away.....	NANCY Y. BOICK

MUSIC.

9. ORATION. Emigration.....	RICHARD CANNON
10. ESSAY. The Worker and the Wearer.....	LUCY BARNES.*
11. ESSAY. Unfinished Work.....	MARtha J. McClure
12. ESSAY. Burdens of Modern Boys and Girls.....	SARAH E. PHILIPS

MUSIC.

13. ESSAY. Between the Ebb and Flow.....	ANNA B. HETHINGTON.*
14. ESSAY. Golden Links in Memory's Chain.....	ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY.*
15. ESSAY. The World's Allotments.....	ELLA M. CARGO
16. ORATION. Man and Mind.....	} GEORGE T. FLEMING
With the Valedictory Address.....	

MUSIC.

DISTRIBUTION OF DIPLOMAS.

MUSIC.

* Declined.

A. A. ANDERSON & SONS, PRINT.

GRADUATING EXERCISES, ACADEMICAL DEPARTMENT,

Thursday, June 20, 1872.

Music.	Prayer.	Music.
Essay—Latin Salutatory		Margaretta A. Hunter
Oration—Our Neighbor, the Sun		Wm. Montgomery
Essay—Reflection		Anna F. Mays
	Music.	
Essay—Indirect Vision		Jane E. Martin
Oration—Samuel F. B. Morse		Morris S. Verner
Essay—The Mother of Moses		Ida M. Arthurs
	Music.	
Essay—Fashionable Follies		Caroline McCulloch
Oration—The Heathen Chineese		Thomas D. Chantler
Essay—Nursery Rhymes		Sarah A. Booth
	Music.	
Essay—The Prayer of Agur		Hermina R. Kuhn
Oration—The Acropolis at Athens		Jos. W. McGinness
Essay—Boys' Rights		Jennie E. Cooper
	Music.	
Essay—Valedictory		Jane Cuddy
	Music.	
	Presentation of Diplomas.	
	Benediction.	
	Music.	

This Commencement was held in Library Hall, as was 1873 also, and was Dr. Jillson's first class.

GRADUATING EXERCISES.

June 19, 1873.

PROGRAMME.

Music.	Prayer.	Music.
Oration—Grandeur and Eloquence		John J. Hill
Essay—Pet Superstitions		Lizzie T. Doak
Oration—The Future of the Red Man		John G. Canfield
	Music.	
Oration—Explorers and their Explorations		Augustus W. Dean
Essay—Pullman Cars—The Type of the Age		Emelia E. Baelz
Oration—Arbitration		Wm. H. McClung
	Music.	
Oration—American Literature		Nathan Strasburger
Essay—Circumstances		Adelia B. Floyd
Oration—The Transit of Venus		Rush S. Lake
	Music.	
Oration—Credit Mobilier		Robert L. Dickey
Essay—Household Science		Mary Wilson
Oration—Claims of the Intellect		John H. Jones
	Music.	
Essay—Our Orbits		Nannie Mackrell
Essay—Valedictory		Helen D. Anderson
	Music.	
	Presentation of Diplomas.	
	Music.	
	Benediction.	
	Music.	

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES OF THE PITTSBURGH
CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL.

June 18, 1874.

- | | | |
|---|---------------------------|--------|
| Music. | Prayer. | Music. |
| Oration—Effects of Climate on Man | George H. White | |
| Essay—Minstrelsy | Annie E. Diehl | |
| | Music. | |
| Essay—Art Education | Mary P. Squier | |
| Oration—Dr. Livingstone | David T. Reed | |
| | Music. | |
| Essay—The Ilium of Homer | Emilia Arensberg | |
| Oration—Die Jungfrau von Orleans | William R. Conrad | |
| | Music. | |
| Essay—The Goddess of Worry | Clementine G. Rees | |
| Oration—The Earth's Future | William G. Lindsay | |
| | Music. | |
| Essay—Gas Light | Mary L. Park | |
| Oration—Lack of Reverence in American Character | Harry S. Hill | |
| | Music. | |
| Valedictory—The Marble Waiteth | Eizabeth Arensberg | |
| | Music. | |
| | Presentation of Diplomas. | |
| | Music. | |
| | Benediction. | |
| | Music. | |

CHAPTER XXI.

HIGH SCHOOL SONGS AND MUSIC.

MARCHING TO HIGH SCHOOL.

(Flem.)

Bring the mandolins and tune,
 We'll have a High School song.
 Sing it now with happy hearts
 In chorus full and strong:
 Of days gone by so very far
 They're justly counted long
 While we were marching to High School.

Chorus.—Hurrah!—hurrah!—those halcyon days of yore,
 Hurrah!—hurrah!—tho' they'll return no more.
 The memory of happy hours comes to us o'er and
 o'er
 When we were marching to High School.

Yes, and they were cheerful days—
 Those days of dreamy youth,
 When Academia sheltered us
 As deep we delved for truth.
 And found a little now and then
 Which pleased us much forsooth
 While we were marching to High School.

Chorus—
 Ben Bolt—my boy, don't you recall
 That little old back room
 With Alice just across the hall
 Likewise in cheerless gloom
 We'd light the gas and chew and chin
 'Till our lunches we'd consume
 When we bivouacked at High School.

Chorus—
 The faculty of every school
 Most always has a dean,
 And our Philotus was in fact
 As well as name we ween.
 We'll not elaborate the point
 'Tis plainly to be seen
 As when we were marching to High School.

Chorus—

Softly now for memories
 Of sadness take a tinge
 And next the doors of teardom
 We may possibly unhinge.
 Remembrances of our good friend
 With sorrow we must fringe
 Our Master, when we were at High School.

Chorus.—Hurrah, hurrah we'll bid you now adieu;
 Hurrah, hurrah Alumni strong and true,
 May recollections pleasant keep coming up to you
 Of days when we were marching to High School.

A TOAST TO OUR ALMA MATER.

(Flem.)

Now here's a High School toast,
 Drink her down:
 May she be our pride and boast,—
 Drink her down:
 Then here's to our Alma Mater,
 An elegant firstrater
 More of her we'll tell you later—
 Drink her down—down—down.

We had some rented rooms,—
 Down in town;
 "Hugley" swept them with good brooms,
 Down in town;
 Till at last this great big city
 On the poor High School took pity,
 Because we were so gritty,—
 Down in town—town—town.

Then they put us on the hill,—
 'Way up town;
 Where the building's standing still,—
 'Way up town;
 There the tenor of school days
 We pursued in pleasant ways,
 And at times we won some praise,
 'Way up town—town—town.

MY HIGH SCHOOL DAYS.

[Softly.]

Now we'll rise and silent bow,—
 Drink her down:
 And each make an inward vow,—
 Drink her down;
 That we'll keep a memory green,
 That of good Philotus Dean—
 Let our love for him be seen
 Drink her down—down—down.

WHEN WE LEARNED LATIN.

Et quorum pars parva fui.

(Flem.)

A song sing now of the Latin tongue,
 Who've *amo, amare, amatum* sung:
 While down at the old school acquiring lore,
 We piled up demerits, oft more than a score
 In those roseate High School days.

Chorus.—And then we'd be good
 As all scholars should
 And elicit kind words of praise.
 We'd study and try
 'Till the demerits would die
 In those golden High School days.

Gallia est omnis in partes tres,—
 A sample of line we could read with ease,
 But oh Cæsar! Oh goriest Caius!
 How your indirect discourse would try us.
 In those gladsome High School days.

Chorus.—Sometimes we'd be good
 As all scholars should etc, etc.

Arma virumque 'twas next we sang:
 With Æneas' deeds many pages rang,
 And many a tribute to Fides Achates
 Revealing also some lares and penates
 In those glorious High School days.

Chorus.—Yes—yes—we'd be good,
 As all scholars should
 To be sure 'twas our duty to do so
 We'd study and try,
 'Till the demerits would die
 For the bad we would afterwards rue so.

It was Troy and Trojans, *Dido et dux*,
 And the boatman crossing the Stygian flux—
 At the Queen's tragic fate a few would weep,
 And once at Avernus we got quite a peep
 In those cheerful High School days.

Chorus.—Then we *vowed* to be good,
 As all scholars should etc., etc.

From Virgilius Naso we then would go
 And hear Cataline bumped by Cicero.
 But about this time we'd become so groggy,
 We had to be laid "*sub tegmine fagi*"
 In our youthful High School days.

Chorus.—Since then we've been good.
 As all people should
 Now grant us kind words of praise
 'Tis the sweet by and by
 And demerits don't die
 As in the dear old High School days.

 ATTENDING TO-NIGHT.

(Flem.)

We're attending to-night the old High School,
 'Twas down on Smithfield street.
 With stairways dark and rooms oft cool
 That *pattered* with youthful feet.

Many are the hearts that are sighing to-night
 Thinking of our schoolmates gone.
 Many are the eyes that once beamed bright,
 And cheeks now pale and wan.
 Attending to-night, attending to-night
 Attending the old High School.

We're attending to-night the old High School,
 Just as in the days gone by,
 Where with hearts e'er light we learned each rule
 And weary still would ply.

Many are the hearts that are saddened to-night
 Longing for our loved friend Dean,
 Many are the eyes with tear-dimmed sight
 That keep his memory green.
 Attending to-night, attending to-night
 Attending the old High School.

FIRST DEDICATORY ODE AT CORNER-STONE LAYING

Air.—Work for the Night is Coming.

(By Prof. Dean.)

Hail to the dawn of morning,
Beams of the opening day;
Lo now the cloud of darkness
Speeds from our sight away,
Greet thee here with gladness
Tune thee our cheerful song:
Past is our night of sadness,
Morning rolls along.

Firm let the base be finished,
High let the structure rise,
Soon may its top be girded
Bright be the sunny skies.

Oh may we see this temple
Lift its dear head in air,
Fane of a youth's devotion,
Shrine of a parent's prayer.

Pour we on thee our blessings,
Breathe we for thee our prayers,
Hope we for thy completion
Object of our cares:
Rise in thy beauty shining,
Stand in thy duty true,
Ever in love dispensing
Treasures old and new.

SECOND DEDICATORY ODE.

(By Prof. Dean.)

Delve the soil, and lay sure the foundation;
'Tis the task of the noble and brave;
'Tis the work of a patriot's creation,
In full earnest his country to save.

Chorus.—See it rising, rising, rising,
'Tis learning's temple fair;
See it rising, rising, rising,
The people's hope and care.

Rear the walls of this temple of science,
Where the sons of the people may come;
For on truth has the State more reliance
Than on sword, or on cannon, or drum.

In its walls all may freely here gather
 Truth's bright gems of the earth and the sky,
 The possessions the true soul loves rather
 Than aught else that mere money can buy.

O America! freedom's proud nation!
 May your sons ever march near the van,
 Pioneers of the world's elevation,
 And redeemers of downtrodden man!

DEDICATORY ODE.

(By George W. Dithridge, 1860.)

Read at the corner-stone laying Sept. 30, 1869.

Not with the beat of rolling drum,
 Or sabres brightly gleaming,
 Not with the pomp of war we come,
 To the hillside proudly streaming.
 From sombre mine and noisy mill,
 From store, and school, and forum;
 From home and hall, with royal will,
 And sovereign might, the people come.

Firm lay the stone on the rock-ribbed mound,
 With heart beats slow and tender!
 Raise high these walls! They'll e'er be found,
 Our country's sure defender.
 Build broad and high, on mind and mound,
 Point skyward wall and spirit;
 And truth-armed warriors, onward bound,
 Our country shall inherit.

And to you, young hearts, the people breathe
 A low and tender warning;
 Around your brow we hope to wreath
 An immortelle adorning.
 May word or deed unworthy you
 Ne'er dim your brightening glory;
 To truth steadfast, to duty true,
 Be your lives' undying story.

There are worlds unfound, rich mines unsought,
 And fields that await your tilling;
 There is wealth untold of deed and thought
 For earnest hearts and willing.
 Then toil, oh youth! in your morning years,
 At manhood's noon-time stay not;
 Unheeding pleasure, scorning fears,
 Your life's brief work delay not.

Cease not till bold free thought shall find
 In every clime expression;
 Till priest, nor power, from mind shall grind,
 God's pure, divine impression;
 Till sin and pain no longer stain
 Man's sin-wrecked body ever;
 And life, as the setting sun, shall wane
 On a field of crowned endeavor.

1869

1869.

PITTSBURGH HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI SONGS—

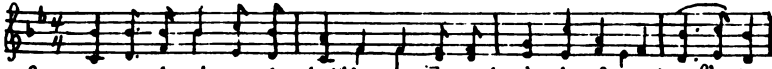
SALVETE.

Allegretto

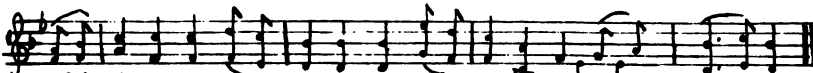
1. Salvete, majores, ad gradum nunc admissi, Sodales nunc, Et pares nunc, O salvete, vos
 2. Salvete, minores, fratres et sorores, Et omnes qui Discipuli Adestis coram
 3. Salvete, convivæ nostri professores, Et hospites, Et affines, O! salvete, vos.
 4. Salvete omnes, jubemus nunc salvere, Edamus nunc, Bibamus nunc, O! salvete, vos

i. Nunc nunc nos dextras jungimus, Et vos beatos cupimus, Dum simul vivimus, O! salvete, vos.
 Venite, exaltemus nunc, Et cibum nos edamus hunc, Et nos saltemus tunc, O! salvete, vos.
 Hic vesper fert lætitiã, Abjicimus tristitiã, Et omnem molestiam: O! salvete, vos.
 Juventã nunc floremus nos, Non quippiã curamus nos, Sed nunc cantemus nos: O! salvete, vos.

ALMA MATER.



1. Sweet are our thoughts as they bubble up, From the depths of mem'ry flowing
 2. Remember we still sweet Helicon's hill, And the Muses' grove and fountain,
 3. Oh! then how we walked and hopefully talked, 'Mid the shades of Academia,
 4. Gather we now and renew our vow Of love to our Alma Mater;
 5. Welcome the face and the loving grace, Of each classmate here returning
 6. Drop we a tear, as we gather here, For ^{our} friends who come not hither,
 7. Part we tonight with the holy light Of memory gleaming round us,



1. Of the classic lore in the days of yore In our young minds greenly growing.
 2. And the pleasant ring of Pieria's spring In Learning's sacred mountains,
 3. While the future glowed like a shining road, With the tints of young hope's fire.
 4. Clasp we the hand as a happy band, Each year becoming greater.
 5. From the daily strife of business life Or home-fires brightly burning.
 6. Light let us tread o'er the dust of the dead Whose mem'ry shall not wither,
 7. And let joy be shed on the paths we tread, By the ties that here have bound us.

CHORUS

Then here's a cheer for the mother dear Who taught us truth and duty
 Then here's a tear for the schoolmates dear Who have but gone before us,

Long may she live and ever thrive In usefulness and beauty,
 Whose souls on high in the ether sky, Are bending, unseen, o'er us.

MY HIGH SCHOOL DAYS.

ALMA MATER.

(By Prof. Dean.)

Sweet are our thoughts as they bubble up
 From the depths of memory flowing,
 Of the classic lore in the days of yore
 In our young minds greenly growing.

Chorus.—Then here's a cheer for the mother dear,
 Who taught us truth and duty,
 Long may she live, and ever thrive
 In usefulness and beauty.

Remember we still sweet Helicon's hill,
 And the Muse's grove and fountain,
 And the pleasant ring of Pieria's spring
 In Learning's sacred mountain.

Chorus—

Oh! Then how we walked and hopefully talked
 'Mid the shades of Academia,
 While the future glowed like a shining road,
 With the tints of young hope's fire.

Chorus—

Gather we now and renew our vow
 Of love to our Alma Mater;
 Clasp we the hand of the happy band,
 Each year becoming greater.

Chorus—

Welcome the face and the loving grace,
 Of each class mate here returning
 From the daily strife of business life
 Or home fires brightly burning.

Chorus—

Drop we a tear, as we gather here,
 For those friends who come not hither;
 Light let us tread o'er the dust of the dead
 Whose men'ry shall not wither.

Chorus.—Then here's a tear for the school mates dear
 Who have but gone before us,
 Whose souls on high in the other sky
 Are bending, unseen, o'er us.

Part we to-night, with the holy light
 Of memory gleaming round us;
 And let joy be shed on the paths we tread,
 By the ties that here have bound us.

Chorus—

LET'S BE MERRY.

(By Prof. Dean.)

Dear Alma Mater's many sons
 And daughters here, I trow,
 With hearts as warm as they were once,
 And minds as clear to know ;

For here's Tom and Jane and Sam and Moll,
 And schoolmates of every name.
 And John and Mag and Jim, you all
 Are welcome just the same.

Chorus.—So let's be merry, and bright and cheery,
 And sorrow bury 'mid these so very
 Dear schoolmates of every name.
 Oh! now let's be a jolly set
 To show that we're still the same.

Do you mind the things you studied once
 Before you came up here?
 Hold up your head and speak out loud
 That every one may hear.

There was tare and tret and gross and net,
 And bothers of every name,
 And nouns and verbs and books combined.
 To bore us all the same.

Chorus.—“But let's be merry,” etc.

And when we got to the High School,
 We found no times of ease ;
 But everything just went by rule,
 And rules were hard to please.

There was declamation and composition,
 And bothers of every kind,
 And marks, reports and such conspired
 To plague our youthful mind.

Chorus.—“But let's be merry,” etc.

The Latin bored us night and day,
 As everybody knows ;
 Anatomy and Algebra
 Combined to increase our woes.

There was *hoc* and *hujus*, and *quod* and *cuius*,
 And Latin of every name ;
 And plus and minus and frontal sinus
 All bored us just the same.

Chorus.—“But let's be merry,” etc.

LET'S BE MERRY.

Allegretto.

ALL

CHORUS.

All

Then Chemistry o'erwhelmed us still
 With horrid lists of names,
 And ears and eyes and nose would fill
 With things to kill our frames,

There was hydrogen and oxygen
 And bottles of every hue,
 And sights and sounds and smells combined
 To make us all look blue.

Chorus.—“But let's be merry,” etc.

The ologies and osophies
 A precious set were they,
 The isms, too, all lent their aid
 To plague us night and day,

There was drift and axil and pterodactl
 And monsters of every name;
 And magnetism and syllogism
 All bored us just the same.

Chorus.—“But let's be merry,” etc.

YOUTHFUL DAYS.

(By Sophia A. Hoyer of '69.)

Air “Nellie Grey.”

There were bright, happy times in our vanished childhood's
 hours,

Whose memory is with us to-day,
 When we wandered in the meadows and the blossom bright-
 ened bowers
 Where our fancy lead us oft to stray.

Chorus—

Oh! our young and happy days, time has taken you away,
 We shall never see your pleasures any more.
 We have the present only with us, as we live it day by day,
 Till we cross to the other heavenly shores.

Oh days of our school life, you've been the happiest of all,
 To you our pensive thoughts oft fly,
 When, in studying and thinking, shining hope would e'er re-
 call

The rainbows above our future sky.
 Chorus—

MY HIGH SCHOOL DAYS.

May the lessons we have learned in these young and happy
days,

Be but seeds sown in fresh and fertile soil,
Still bringing forth in vigor neath the truth's inspiring rays,
The fruit of young and earnest toil.

Chorus—

Let us now fight bravely in the battlefield of life,
For the beautiful, the noble and the true;
Still keeping, ever keeping, as we join the dusty strife,
Life's glorious final prize in view.

Chorus—

OUR CLANS.

(By A. L. Asper, '69.)

See the clansmen gather,
Yet no warlike cries,
Friendly welcomes rather,
Are sounds that rise;

Clansmen sweet thoughts keeping,
Shut in mem'ry fast,
Of the days now sleeping,
In the silent past.

Doctor, lawyer, preacher,
Architect who plans,
Clerks, musicians, teacher,
Oh, what noble clans!

Scores of maidens dancing,
Scores of matrons wise,
Scores of youths advancing,
Where the manhood lies.

To this field of rally,
Comes clan fifty-nine,
Greets the junior ally,
As it falls in line;

Others, in rotation,
Coming to the van,
Speak congratulation,
To each sister clan.

Gentle clansmen, ever,
 Mount by learning more.
 Make each right endeavor,
 Pass the one before,

With the heart yet tender,
 Meet the whit'ning hair.
 Be thy visions splendor.
 Stingless, ev'ry care!

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

A. Hymn

Composed by Philotus Dean.

—Air "Ganges"

Lo! on Time's mighty sea I sail
 Pressed on by a resistless gale
 From vast eternity,
 On either hand, behind, before,
 Huge billows roll with ceaseless roar
 And ever threaten me.

How frail my little bark appears,
 Launched hither but a few short years,
 And sore with tempest tossed!
 Sailing, from out the boundless past
 Forward to skies with clouds o'er cast,
 In fear of being lost!

Oh! Thou who didst my being will
 Thy lofty counsels to fulfill,
 And mad'st this voyage for me,
 Without a cloud Thy vision sees
 The whole of both eternities
 And I but live in Thee.

To me a fearless soul impart
 A faith serene, a trusting heart,
 While life's frail deck I tread;
 And when its tiny floating form
 Dissolves before the final storm,
 May love supplant my dread.

Give me to feel that Thou art all,
 And though Thy creatures rise and fall,
 Time's changes change not Thee.
 Whate'er Thou will'st to be my fate,
 Oh! may I for Thy pleasure wait,
 And in Thy being be!

(Pittsburg Evening Chronicle, May 1871.)

MY HIGH SCHOOL DAYS.

THE PLANET'S LIFE.

(By Philotus Dean.)

On earth's broad face an ocean lies
Whose restless waters ever roll
Whose tidal billows sink and rise
In endless turn from pole to pole.

'Tis not the ever-moving air
'Tis not the heavier heaving sea,
Yet rolls it freely everywhere
Where sea, or land, or air can be.

When northward from far Capric's line
The sun his yearly journey turns
And o'er the lands of palm and pine
His blazing orb with splendor burns,

Then ebbing from that southern shore
This Ocean's tidal wave retires,
And northward rolls with steady roar,
As northward move the solar fires.

O'er arid waste or icy death,
Whence ebb'd its wave six months ago,
With bounding surge and breezy breath
Now sweeps that Ocean's tidal flow.

Nor stops its waves of living green
Till o'er the northern pole it flows,
And tints of beauteous life are seen
To blush among the Arctic snows.

Again from Cancer's goal departs
The glowing orb of life and light:
And South again this life-swell starts,
And leaves the North to death and night.

When elements chaotic stood
Ere yet old Night from Earth retired,
Then through them flashed the electric flood
That power and life and soul inspired.

Through ocean's caverns flowed the stream
That quickened all her shine to life,
And since her depths with millions team
And life with death keeps constant strife.

O boundless source of life divine!
 Unchanged, unlimited, and free!
 This efflux could be naught but thine—
 This Ocean had no source but Thee.

(Evening Chronicle, May 20, 1871.)

OUR COUNTRY'S ENEMIES.

(By J. S. Ferguson.)

Ye spirits of the noble dead
 Who for our freedom freely bled,
 The gloomy evils that around
 Our land their slavish arms have wound,
 Cast to the winds of heaven; and those,
 Who with their false and treacherous blows,
 Its peace and dignity assail,
 Cause them to faint away and quail
 Before outraged Justice's eye!
 Their tomb to every passer-by
 Let to all future statesmen cry
 A warning; tell what men demand
 From all the rulers of the land.

Ye madmen, who for paltry pelf,
 Forgetful are of future self,
 Consider well the fate of those
 Who being traitors, made the woes
 Of country but a stepping-stone,
 Which, having placed their feet upon,
 Fame's highest point they thought to be
 Within their reach. They saw it flee
 When they reached forth to grasp. Thus ye
 Mark Cæsar's fate and Arnold's, mark!
 These men were traitors, not more dark
 Than ye will be, should your vile aim
 Be still pressed on. O, let true shame
 Teach ye to spare some of your name,
 From traitors' deeds and traitors' aim.

MY HIGH SCHOOL DAYS.

Would ye light up the flames of war ?
Would ye our noble country mar
With fields of blood and burning towns ?
Would ye, from all our widespread downs
Our numerous flocks and cattle sweep ?
In dire distress would ye thus steep ?
Ye would the home of the free and the brave
Now make the dwelling of the slave.
If your own love for unstained name
Bids not to cease your treach'rous aim,
Let those who have our freedom won
Yes! let immortal Washington
Your purpose change to noble one.

He fought the battle of the free,
And so should ye, and so will we.
When on Phillippi's battle plain
Brutus and Cassius had been slain,
Fell Roman's boasted liberty.
God grant that Kansas may not be
The grave of ours! No! may we see
From out this threat'ning contest rise,
A spirit, whiCh in noble guise
Shall wander o'er the land, and bring
A closer bond. Then bard shall sing
A land of joy and peace, and love
To the great God, who rules above;
A land where reigns the golden age,
There lives a people, noble, sage.

(From "High School Monthly," April, 1858.)

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SCHOOL IN LATER DAYS.

There is a general desire, I find, to have this brief history extended to date. The author does not feel equal to this task, owing to existing circumstances of health, and business considerations; but will fully acquiesce in the opinion that it does not go as far as it should in detail. Still the days that came after 1871 were not his High Schools Days. With the installation of the school in the Fulton Street building, the school grew wonderfully fast. The space reserved for use of the Central Board of Education was the first to be utilized, and the Board resumed its meetings down town. Car service via street lines was not then efficient, nor was there any schedule giving frequent trips. The old men found it exhausting to climb the steep hill, and were glad to leave. Later the janitor's quarters were taken also for school purposes, and the janitor was housed outside.

The report for the year ending June, 1872, shows a total attendance of 436—distributed as follows: 285 in Academical, 94 in Normal, and 57 in Commercial Department. Among well-known Pittsburghers who were admitted that year, and who graduated in 1875 were, Marvin F. Scaife, George Hosack, Benjamin H. Lutton, Robert Mazet, Esq., who has since attained fame politically in New York City; Chas. P. Orr, Esq., Harvey S. Patterson with the Mellors, Dr. Samuel Shannon, later of Denver, Col., Jas. H. Simpson, Prof. Geo. M. Sleeth, Dr. Wm. L. Stone, Lawrence D. Strouss, Robt. M. Vincent and Rev. J. M. Bennett. Of those who did not graduate the rolls contain the names of these who are now prominent in the community: Chas. Reifar, Jr., Secretary of the Central Board of Education; William H. Stevenson, of Geo. K. Stevenson & Co.; Geo. E. McCague, Allen Marthens, Rev. David L. Fleming, who graduated in 1876; Geo. L. Follansbee, and William C. Fownes, and these who are dead: John Gripp, Daniel Wenke, and John T. Myler, the last two of the Class of 1875.

In the Normal Department are to be found the names of many well-known teachers, past and present. I forbear mentioning for want of room, and other good and sufficient reasons. The Commercial Department has these names: Gustavus A. Vockrodt, who with Miss

E. J. Phipps graduated; a class of two that year. Mr. Vockrodt was afterwards an instructor in the department, and for many years a druggist on Fifth Avenue. He died in May, 1904. We also find Albert Neely, E. E. Anderson, E. T. Normecutt, Chas. De Puy on the rolls. The Normal Department graduated six, of whom three were in my class in the Academical Department, the preceding year: Misses McCague, Montgomery and Phillips.

Dr. Jillson states that the new building was admirably adapted to the wants of the school. It contained twelve recitation rooms, twenty-four by thirty feet each, well lighted. Before going to Fulton street, the doctor and the school were housed for over a month on Wood street. He makes a plea for more philosophical and chemical apparatus, and better illustrations for the scientific teachings, and also for a better and larger library. His report is in a highly satisfactory vein. I notice these additions to the Faculty; Leonard H. Durling, A. B., Assistant Professor of Natural Sciences; Chas. C. Cochran, Professor of Commercial Science; Frederick Merrick, A. M., Assistant Professor of Latin; Mrs. Emily Tasse, Preceptress; Jennie Ralston, Preceptress; Evelyn M. Simpson, Preceptress; Mr. Wood was then Professor of Physics. This was quite an addition and the schedule of recitations for the first time took on ample proportions. The good Doctor makes a further plea for separate rooms for the Commercial Department, and a longer session, instead of a session from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M. He also recommends a three-years course in the Normal Department (it has since been made four years), and additional studies, and no pupils under sixteen years admitted. Most of these recommendations have long since been adopted, and must seem strange to the reader acquainted with the schools of today.

Owing to the dark financial times following the panic of 1873, the school's progress did not become rapid; but its vicissitudes and struggles were over for all time. Much interesting matter can be compiled, and a large book written on the Fulton Street building alone. Today the three schools move along with the methodical exactness of any well-governed institution. The friction of ill-adjusted gearing and inadequate mechanism, with its creak and groan is gone. The smoothness of accurate, well-balanced machinery with its rythm has long prevailed. But the romance and the glamour of the old days are gone too, and to the old-timers like myself, there ever hangs over the Fulton Street School the sadness of disappointment—the almost

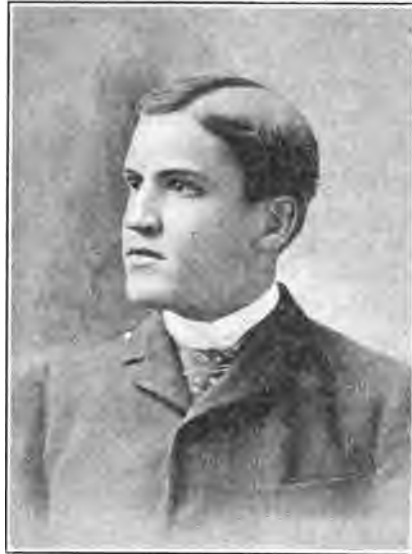
tragedy of the taking away of the grand Dean in the hour of his triumph.

Of the faculty that has furnished instruction for many hundred graduates and thousands of pupils since my High School Days, I can say but little. Few of them I knew. Some years' absence from the city—and the engrossing and continuous cares of business left one little time for school matters however pleasing. I find that Leonard H. Durling became Professor of Natural Science in 1871 and remained until July, 1878, going to the State Normal School at Indiana, Pa., where he was the head for some years. He was succeeded by Dr. George W. Allyn who remained a faithful teacher until July, 1884. Dr. Wilbur S. Jackman, now of national fame came then as Professor of Biology and was succeeded in 1888 by Dr. Gustave Guttenberg, A. M. Dr. Jillson's returning and taking the chair of natural science has been noted in his memoir.

Prof. Frederick Merrick came first in 1871 as Professor of Latin, later in the year becoming Professor of Mathematics. Professor Merrick remained nearly thirty years with the school resigning in December, 1900. Henry Gibbons came in 1872 as Professor of Latin and Greek and resigned in 1880, and was succeeded by Wm. M. Stevenson, Esq. who left the school in July, 1884, to enter the bar and then came Robt. F. Patterson who still fills the chair.

Miss Jane Ralston came in 1871 as a teacher in the Normal Department. Next was Professor of Theory and Practice of Teaching and has been for quite a term of years the head of the Normal Department. J. M. Dunn was Professor of Belles-Lettres upon Mr. Kenaston's retirement and remained one year to July, 1873. I do not find this chair filled again until 1876 when John L. Pinkerton now a minister held it for five years and then came Berkeley H. Patterson until a few years ago. (1901.) Wm. M. Evans was the first Professor of Elocution and his tenure was about five years having been succeeded by his pupil, George M. Sleeth of the Class of 1875 who recently resigned. George I. Stahl came to the Commercial Department in 1876, and I am happy to still be able to call on him there. Samuel D. Everhart's connection begun in 1872. Albert E. Frost was Professor of Physics 1875 to 1885 and was succeeded by Breading Speer, a Washington and Jefferson man, whom I knew, and who died greatly lamented while holding this chair some years back (1897). Prof. Speer was ill but a short time of typhoid fever. Prof.

Wood says of him that—"He took great interest in athletics and in the recreations of the students as well as in their work. His influence was always on the side of pure and vigorous manhood. His energy, inflexibility, lofty ideals and enthusiasm for public high school education are even yet remembered." Prof. Speer was a man of fine physique and an athlete himself. At the time of his death he was Head of Academical



PROF. BREADING SPEER.

Department. In laboratory work in physics in primary schools, Mr. Wood states that he was a pioneer and brought his department to such a high state of efficiency that it was the pride of the school. His manual of laboratory practice is still in use in the school. Professional visitors to his laboratory had naught but words of praise for him. Thus the school lost by death another good man in the heyday of life, and in the strong vigorous manhood that permitted continuous good work and grand results. He will be remembered too as a martyr to his devoted calling.

Gustave Guttenberg who filled the chair of Biology from 1888 until 1896, died at his home in Laaban near Vienna, Austria, on June 29, 1896. In December, 1895 and January, 1896 he was absent, from his work,

having undergone an operation for cancer of the stomach in a New York hospital. In February, 1896, he returned to his duties, but the operation was fruitless of permanent cure. His strength failed him and in April he ceased from his labors in the school, sailing on the 2d for his home. Prof. Guttenberg was a man likewise beloved by both pupils and teachers. During his stay among us he was an active member of many scientific societies in this city and devoted much time and energy to the advancement of scientific knowledge. He had charge of the museum in the Carnegie Library building and had active charge of the preparation of the exhibit at the opening of the same. I knew Prof. Guttenberg and in common with all who did know him justly esteemed him for his scholarly attainments and his pleasant and always kindly manners.

Evelyn M. Simpson, Preceptress in the Fulton Street building for nearly twenty years 1871 to 1890 died in the latter part of that year. For many years previous Miss Simpson taught in the Franklin School where I was enrolled in her room in 1864 along with Wm. Montgomery, Wm. E. Watson, John Culp, Will Price and other well-known Pittsburghers of today. She was a beautiful woman and was greatly beloved by her pupils. I have heard her death was due to consumption. The Annual for 1891 contains a touching tribute to her memory. I may not have the exact date of her death.

I learn Dr. Allyn resigned to enter upon the practice of medicine in this city where he still is. Profs. Gibbons and Frost went to the Western University of Pennsylvania. Prof. Wead to the University of Michigan. Profs. Patterson and Merrick resigned after their long services on account of the need of rest from mental labors. Prof. Patterson is a graduate of Washington and Jefferson College. He was superintendent of Oil City, Pa., schools for five years. He came to Pittsburgh in September, 1880, and first taught Mathematics, later becoming the occupant of the chair of English. Prof. Patterson was called the scholar of the Faculty. He is best known as a teacher of English though equally at home in all departments.

Prof. Frederick Merrick prepared for college at Wilbraham Academy, Mass. He next entered Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, where his uncle was president, graduating in 1864 and where he was a schoolmate of Mr. Wood. He began teaching immediately, first in Red Wing, Minn., later in Hamlin University at St. Paul, Minn., until 1871. Coming to Pittsburgh, applying among several competitors.

for a position in the Central High School and subjected to a competitive examination on the entire High School course he easily won out. He first taught languages, soon going to the chair of Mathematics where



PROF. FREDERICK MERRICK.

he remained nearly thirty years. For some years he suffered from insomnia and the malady increasing led him to take the step he did. He is well remembered as the courtly professor—ever gentlemanly and kind and he left the school with the best wishes of all. Prof. Sleeth's retirement is recent. He had taught since March, 1877. He left to give his whole time and attention to the forensic training of theologs at the seminaries in Allegheny City. Prof. Sleeth came after Miss Ralston, head of the Normal Department in length of service and is also exceeded by

Profs. Everhart and Stahl of the Commercial Department. Prof. James E. Morrow, A. M. now principal for some ten years of the Allegheny High School was Professor of Pure Mathematics in the Fulton Street building, Pittsburgh, 1876-1879, resigning to take the principalship of the Fifth Ward, Allegheny schools from whence he went to the High School upon the retirement of Principal W. M. Dodds.

I find myself unable to follow all the mutations of the large faculties of later years. The subjoined table will fully show them.

“WE ALL KNOW SOME OF THEM—NONE OF US KNOW ALL OF THEM.”

FACULTY OF THE HIGH SCHOOL IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

1855.	Rev. J. LaG. McKown, A. M.	Principal	July, 1856.
1855.	*Philotus Dean, A. M.	Natural Science.	
1859.	Philotus Dean, A. M.	Principal	Aug., 1871.
1855.	*Wm. W. Dickson, A. M.	Mathematics	Jan., 1867.
1855.	Mary Maitland	Preceptress	Aug., 1859.
1857.	Mary Maitland	Preceptress	July, 1858.
1859.	Mary Maitland	Preceptress	July, 1863.
1856.	D. H. A. McLean, A. M.	Principal	July, 1859.
1856.	D. E. Kean	Preceptress	July, 1857.
Feb., '57.	M. A. J. Dickson	Preceptress	July, 1857.
Oct., '59.	M. A. J. Dickson	Preceptress	July, 1863.
1857.	Amanda S. Beggs	Preceptress	Oct., 1859.
1863.	Jos. H. Montgomery	Assistant	Nov., 1866.
Oct., '63.	Josephine Sheplar	Preceptress	June, 1866.
1866.	Hephzibah Wilkins	Preceptress	Mar., 1869.
Dec., '66.	Carlos A. Kenaston, A. M.	Belles-Lettres	Oct., 1872.
Feb., 1867.	*Horace W. Bancroft, A. M.	Mathematics	Aug., 1876.
1868.	John H. Crumb, A. M.	Normal	
1869.	John H. Crumb, A. M.	Latin & Greek	Febry., 1873.
1868.	*Robert Johnston, A. M.	Commercial Science	1871.
Feb., '69.	Charles B. Wood, A. M.	Assistant.	
1869.	Charles B. Wood, A. M.	Physics.	
1872.	Charles B. Wood, A. M.	Mathematics.	
1880.	Charles B. Wood, A. M.	Principal	July, 1902.
Mar., '69.	Sarah A. Rutledge	Preceptress	July, 1871.
1869.	Julian B. Crenshaw, A. B.	Assistant.	
1870.	Julian B. Crenshaw, A. M.	Pure Mathematics	Sept., 1872.
1870.	Louisa M. Voigt	German	Jan., 1883.
1871.	Leonard H. Durling, A. B.	Natural Science	July, 1878.
1871.	Chas. C. Cochran	Commercial Science	Feb., 1884.
1871.	F. Merrick, A. M.	Latin.	
1881.	F. Merrick, A. M.	Mathematics	Dec., 1901.
1871.	Mrs. Emily Tassey	Preceptress	July, 1872.

*Died in office.

1871.	†Jennie Ralston	Normal	July, 1879.
1882.	Jennie Ralston	Theory & Practice of Teaching.	
1871.	*Evelyn M. Simpson	Preceptress	1891.
1871.	Rachel E. Henderson	Drawing	1882.
1871.	M. E. Fitzsimmons	Drawing	Jan., 1874.
Oct., '71.	*B. C. Jillson, A. M. M. D. Ph. D.	Principal	July, 1880.
1872.	J. M. Dunn, A. M. L.L. B.	Belles-Lettres	July, 1873.
1872.	Chas. K. Wead, A. B.	Physics	July, 1875.
1872.	Henry Gibbons, A. M.	Latin and Greek	July, 1880.
1872.	Wm. M. Evans, A. M.	Elocution	Mar., 1873.
1872.	Anna C. Woods	Preceptress	July, 1876.
1872.	Emily E. Bronson	Normal	July, 1873.
1872.	S. D. Everhart	Theory of Accounts.	
Mar., '84.	†S. D. Everhart	Com'l Science. Head of Com'l Dept.	
Jan., '74.	Rosa R. Baelz	Drawing	July, 1882.
1874.	John J. Hill	Ass't Com'l Dept.	July, 1875.
1875.	A. E. Frost	Physics	July, 1886.
1876.	Jno. L. Pinkerton	Belles-Lettres	July, 1881.
1876.	Jas. E. Morrow, A. M.	Pure Mathematics	July, 1879.
Mar., '77.	Geo. M. Sleeth	Elocution	Jan., 1904.
1876.	†Margaret McCreight	Preceptress.	
1876.	Medora M. Kemp	Assistant	July, 1882.
1876.	†Geo. I. Stahl	Commercial Department.	
1876.	M. M. Bosworth	Ass't — Dept.	Feb., 1879.
1878.	Geo. W. Allyn	Nat. Science	July, 1884.
1878.	Chas. Black, A. B. M. D.	Chemistry	July, 1886.
February '79.	Eva Blackshaw	Ass't Com'l Dept.	July, 1886.
1879.	Helena Mulhattan	Normal	Mar., 1882.
1878.	†Margaretta McGinnis	Practice School.	
1880.	B. H. Patterson, Ph. D.	Belles-Lettres	July, 1901.
1880.	Wm. M. Stevenson	Latin and Greek	July, 1884.
1881.	Jean M. Craig	Latin	July, 1886.
March '82.	†Anna M. Deens	Normal.	
1882.	Elizabeth Lyon	Drawing	Oct., 1895.
January '83.	†Minnie Steinert	German.	
1883.	†Mary H. Jenkins	Normal.	
1884.	†R. F. Patterson, A. B.	Latin and Greek.	
1884.	W. S. Jackman, A. B.	Biology	1888.
1885.	*Breeding Speer, A. B.	Physics	Dec., 1897.
1886.	B. C. Jillson, M. D. Ph. D.	Natural Science	July, 1899.
1886.	Minella Ford, A. M.	Ass't Com'l.	June, 1892.
1886.	Lizzie S. Jillson	Drawing	1889.
1886.	†Mary J. Dougherty	Ass't Com'l.	
1887.	Elizabeth McCabe	Preceptress, Normal	1898.
1887.	Mary S. Ralph	Ass't Com'l.	1899.

*Died in office.

†Still teaching.

1887.	Parker C. Head	Ass't Com'l.	Feb., 1895.
1888.	*Gustave Guttenberg, A. M.	Biology	June, 1896.
1890.	E. Leavenworth Elliott	Ass't Science	June, 1895.
1890.	Lucy A. Emmons	Drawing	Mar., 1892.
1891.	Jos. H. Apple, A. B.	Ass't Prof. Math.	July, 1895.
1891.	†Jennie Gosser	Grammar & Comp.	
1891.	†Minnie Fundenberg	History.	
1892.	†Lidie E. Gray	Drawing.	
1892.	†Addison Chatley, A. M.	Drawing.	
1892.	†Maria A. Lewis	Ass't Math. & Science.	
1892.	Elizabeth C. Wood, A. B.	Preceptress Normal	June, 1896.
1893.	†Elizabeth C. Minor	Latin.	
1891.	Lena Doak	Ass't Com'l.	
1893.	Lena Doak	English & Math. Acad.	July, 1895.
1893.	Alice Flack	Preceptress, Com'l.	July, 1895.
Sept., 1893.	Chas. E. Bown	Ass't Com'l.	Feb., 1894.
1893.	†Jacob Schucker, A. B.	Ass't Math. & Science.	
1895.	Belle Weidman, A. B.	Latin	Dec., 1900.
June, 1895.	J. Walter Rankin, A. B.	English & Physics	Sept., 1903.
June, 1895.	†J. Gordon Ogden, Ph. D.	Physics.	
1895.	†Paul M. Dysart, B. S.	Math. & Physics.	
Nov., 1895.	†Elizabeth C. Riggs, A. B.	Drawing.	
1895.	†Lydia S. Hoskinson, A. B.	Algebra.	
1895.	Sarah M. Ewing, A. B.	History & Literature	Sept., 1899.
1895.	Nellie C. Morgan, A. B.	Latin & Botany	June, 1896.
1895.	†Mary D. Potter, A. B.	History & Latin.	
1895.	Halla Skivington, A. B.	English	1897.
Aprl., 1896	†Lila C. McMillan	Assistant Normal.	
1895.	Annie I. Dawson	Preceptress, Com'l.	Oct., 1901.
1895.	Amelia Rieseck	English, Com'l.	June, 1896.
1895.	James S. Douthett	Preceptor, Com'l.	June, 1896.
1895.	†Hattie Hoobler	Preceptress, Com'l.	
1896.	†Edward Rynearson, A. M.	Head of Academical	1902.
1902.	Edward Rynearson, A. M.	Director of High Schools.	
Oct., 1899.	W. M. Mahon, A. M.	Chemistry & Geology.	
Jan., 1898.	†W. D. McFarland, Ph. D.	English	1902.
1902.	W. D. McFarland, Ph. D.	Head Central Bldg.	1902.
Sept., 1896.	†H. B. Cooper, A. B.	English & Math.	
Sept., 1896.	†Wilma F. Schmitz, A. B.	Latin & English.	
1897.	*Mary E. Patterson, A. B.	Latin & German	Oct., 1902.
1898.	†Mary H. Morgan, A. B.	Biology & Hist.	
1898.	†R. Heber Holbrook, A. M.	Mathematics S. S. Bldg.	
1902.	R. H. Holbrook, A. M.	Head of S. S. Bldg.	
1898.	†Harrison H. Woods, M. E.	Physics & Chem. (S. S.)	
1898.	†Maria A. Lewis	Transferred from Central to S. S.	

*Died in office.

†Still teaching.

1895. †Emma C. Haskel Draw. & Botany, Normal.
 1896. †Anna Bamford Mathematics, Com'l.
 1896. †Mrs. Jean K. Cochrane English, Com'l.
 1896. †Laura L. McCandless Theory of Accounts, Com'l.
 1896. †H. G. Burtner Penmanship, Com'l.
 1896. †Mary L. Marquis, A. M. History & Civics, Normal.
 1896. †Elizabeth H. Orr Phonography, Com'l.
 Oct., 1896. Frank A. McClenahan, A. B. Ass't. Science Nov., 1899.
 1897. †Catharine C. Carnahan, A. B. .. Latin (S. S.)
 1897. †Elizabeth C. Riggs, A. B. Drawing (S. S.)
 1897. †Elizabeth D. Williams English (S. S.)
 Sep., 1897. †Thomas C. Blaisdell, A. M. Rhetoric & Hist.
 1897. †Blanche A. Jones, A. B. English, Normal.
 1897. †Anna A. Milligan, A. M. History, Normal.
 1898. Marg't L. Tappan Ph. Culture & Reading June, 1902.
 Sept., 1898. †Mary L. Evans Geog., Com'l.
 Sept., 1898. †Alberta R. Youngson Algebra & Physiology, Com'l.
 Dec., 1898. †Stella M. Stein, A. M. ... German (S. S.)
 1899. Palmer S. Chambers, A. B. ... Chemistry, Normal June, 1901.
 1899. E. L. Woodward Phonography, Com'l. 1901.
 Oct., 1899. †H. G. Reaser Bookkeeping, Com'l.
 1899. †Daisy Everhart Typewriting, Com'l.
 Nov., 1899. †Lillian M. Frascch Algebra.
 1899. Sarah B. Houston, A. B. Mathematics (S. S.) June, 1901.
 1900. †Willis H. Grant, A. B. Chemistry & Geology.
 Mar., 1901. Willa S. Cather, A. B. ... English 1903.
 1901. †Ford O. Harrison Phonography, Com'l.
 Nov., 1901. †John H. Saul Math. & Bookkeeping, Com'l.
 Jan., 1902. †Mary Disque, A. B. Mathematics (S. S.)
 1902. †R. H. Ridgely, A. M. Zoology.
 1902. Jean W. Craig Ass't. Normal Dec., 1902
 1903. †Edward Sauvain, Ph. B. English.
 1903. †Frances C. Parry, A. B. English.
 1903. †Jas. E. Marvin, B. S. English.
 1903. †Loretta F. Barry, A. B. Latin & Algebra.
 Oct., 1903. †Frances A. Heath Reading & English.
 Oct., 1903. Emma K. Mulheim Latin, Normal.
 Feb., 1904. †Chas. E. Mills Elocution.

†Still teaching.

When month is not given teachers began with the school year.

The following list shows the special teachers before and during my days in the school:

January 1856.	A. T. Houden	Writing and Bkpg.	July, 1856.
Jan., '56.	J. D. Williams	Writing and Bkpg.	July, 1856.
Feb., '56.	Jno. C. Schaad	French and German	July, 1856.
Feb., '56.	A. Heddeus	Drawing	Jan., 1857.
1856.	Henry Williams	Writing and Bkpg.	July, 1858.
1856.	A. Danse	French	July, 1858.
Jan., '57.	Fred. L. Apel	German	July, 1859.
Jan., '57.	Marcus Morton	Writing, Bkpg., Drw'g.	Mar., 1857.
Mar., '57.	Alex. Cowley	Writing and Bkpg.	Aug., 1857.
Oct., '60.	Alex. Cowley	Writing and Bkpg.	Sept., 1865.
Mar., '57	Geo. F. Schuchman	Drawing	July, 1858.
Aug., '57.	Andrew T. Douthett	Writing and Bkpg.	July, 1860.
Sept., '59.	Henry Moser	Drawing	Mar., 1865.
1860.	John Barry	Writing and Bkpg.	Oct., 1860.
Apr., '65.	A. Vander Naillen	Drawing	Sept., 1867.
1865.	John C. Smith	Writing and Bkpg.	Aug., 1868.
1867.	John Earle	Drawing	Aug., 1868.
Jan., '69.	R. E. Henderson	Drawing	Aug., 1871.
Jan., '69.	Agnes C. Way	Drawing	Aug., 1869.
1869.	M. E. Fitzsimmons		Jan. 1874.
Oct., '60.	Paul F. Rohrbacher	German	Oct., 1871.

Among the admissions in 1872, we find these have graduated in 1876: William Berkowitz, now of Kansas City, Mo.; Chas. W. Davison, Edward T. Evans, Esq., now a principal in Allegheny schools; Gustave Kaufman, a civil engineer; Solon C. F. Leonhaeuser, now of San Francisco; Edwin Logan, Esq., S. L. Marshall, Alex. M. Neeper, Esq., Walter B. Scaife, Otto G. Schultz, of the former well-known bridge company of the same name; Dr. Geo. G. Turfley, the first colored graduate on the roll, closely followed by Prof. Jas. T. Whitson, another, now an M. D. also, formerly, if not now, of Cleveland, Ohio; John L. Welshons, Rowland S. Wilson, of the Reinecke-Wilson Co., and E. L. Evans, also ten well-known ladies, of whom nine are married. Of those who did not complete the course, these are still among us: Wm. F. Fulton, Esq., J. W. Fleming, Robt. H. Douglass, Esq., David L. Gillespie, now President of the Central Board of Education; H. B. Demmler, J. Alex. Hardy, the well-known jeweler; Norman McIntosh, David Rees, Chas. F. Seidell, Homer C. Stewart, H. C. Stiefel, William M. Swindler, and Geo. W. Wurzell, Esq. I find also the names of some who have been passed to the great beyond: Theo. H. Carnahan, Joseph Chestnut and Andrew R. Martin, all of Class of 1876; William A. Doak, Robert Lockhart, and Morris M. O'Connell. There were 127

admitted as D's this year; but of the 96 who came in the year previous only 65 became C's, a falling off of almost one-third.

In the Faculty list are many changes. J. Murison Dunn became Professor of Belles-Lettres, vice Kenaston; Chas. Kasson Wead, Professor of Physics. He took Mr. Wood's place, who was advanced to the chair of Mathematics, becoming the third from the top, and on Mr. Bancroft's death in 1876, second, and later, for many years Principal. Henry Gibbons, A. B., came also as Professor of Latin and Greek, vice Crum; Wm. Mason Evans became Professor of Elocution, succeeded later by Geo. M. Sleeth, 1875, who lately resigned, and Anna C. Woods became Preceptress, vice Mrs. Tassey; Emily E. Bronson, became a preceptress in the Normal Department, and Mrs. Kate Anderson, an instructor in the Practice School. Samuel D. Everhart came to the Commercial Department, where he is still and now the Head Master. He was first Professor of Theory of Accounts and Penmanship.

In the Normal Department thirteen were granted diplomas and nineteen youths passed out as accountants from the Commercial Department: Among them, William C. Dicken, Wm. W. Hulton, Allen Marthens, Geo. E. McCague, E. T. Normecutt, and one lady, Miss Alabama McNeely, of the Class of '70, Academical. The summary for the entire year shows only 408 pupils, a slight decrease, and 56 graduates in all departments.

That year the three literary societies were instituted; meeting on Friday afternoons. The Dean and Phi Kappa Pi were composed of the three advanced classes in the Academical Department, and the advanced Normal. The Cochran Society existed in the Commercial. Now the societies in the Academical take only A and B Class pupils. Public exercises were occasionally held, which were well patronized.

The Class of 1877 contained among others Francis S. Bennett, Esq., John N. Dickson, Harry R. Ewing, Esq., Ed. J. Evans, Edward F. Hays, Esq., Geo. Hoyer, later of New York, Abraham Israel, Esq., of New York, Edward J. Lloyd, Andrew Lockhart, John R. McKee, Jr., James E. O'Donnell, Esq., Dr. Thos. J. Patterson, William A. Renshaw, Thos. F. Stephenson and Robt. W. Wilmot, now of New Orleans.

1878 brings these Pittsburghers to light: Chas. D. Armstrong, of cork fame; Frank A. Bailey, Sam'l M. Brown, Chas. E. Clapp, long with Park Bros. Co.; Frank J. Friend, with Hostetter Coke Company

as Secretary and Treasurer; Wm. U. Follansbee, Wm. J. C. Floyd, Geo. H. Lepper, Esq., Stephen H. Lloyd, Albert E. McKee, Kier Mitchell, Esq., Wm. P. Palmer, with the Carnegie Co.; John Schlegel, Jos. Stadtfeld, Esq., Wm. A. Schaeffer, of Scottdale, later; and Geo. R. Ward. Thomas D. Jones, of 1877, and Alex. K. Nimick, '78, are down in the Alumni lists, as gone forever.

The Class of 1879 furnished M. C. Cameron, M. D., Geo. P. Graver, Esq., E. O. Hunter, a grain merchant of St. Louis; C. C. Lee, Esq.; R. F. B. Miller, A. M., M. D., of Allegheny; J. Allison Reid, Philip C. Schoeneck, Jr., Smith H. Shannon, Esq., Wm. H. White, Rev. Geo. F. Woodson, and Leonard W. Stevenson, later of Cincinnati.

1880 was a good class.—This can be said of others: Rev. John Bigham, A. M., went through that year as did also Wm. B. Corwin, W. S. Cooper, J. C. Deens, Wm. D. Evans, Esq., Rev. Chas. Herron, Dr. J. R. Horner, now of Cleveland, O.; Dr. Albert E. Hall, D. D. S., Wm. B. Lyons, Dr. M. B. Miller, Wm. M. Rea, Robt. B. Stevenson, R. E. Stewart, of Omaha; Chas. W. Scovel, Esq., and W. P. Wilson.

1881 saw Dr. W. T. Burleigh emerge with a sheepskin, and also Fred L. Geist, Alex. M. Jenkinson, Herbert Johns, John M. Lindsay, Gibson D. Packer, Esq., Geo. E. Shaw, Esq., Wm. C. Steinert, Joseph A. Weldon, among the "men."

1882 numbers on its roll, Harry B. Alden, Thomas Marshall Brown, Esq., Rev. Geo. Kenngott, Dr. Wm. P. Dunn, Jacob Manheim, Esq., Francis Slattery, both a principal and an attorney. Lieutenant, since Captain Wm. H. Wassell, U. S. A. J. Harvey Wattles, Wm. M. Myler and Robert A. Woods, later of "Andover House," Boston, Mass.

1883 turned out into a "cold world," Fred C. Ewart, John M. Jenkinson, John T. Kuntz and De Wayne Loomis. There are some ladies among this small class of twenty-two, but most of those who did not leave the parental home, or are yet teaching, have found protectors, and a change of name.

1884 did one better—with twenty-three on its roll, including Parker C. Head, long of the Commercial Department; Wm. C. McEldowney, Esq., Alfred L. Pearson, Esq., Howard Hoffman, and Chas. W. Wattles. Only five boys as compared with four in 1883, and nine in 1882. Boys evidently were going to the Commercial Department, then becoming very popular.

The Class of 1885 contained Wm. S. Buvinger, Jas. E. H. Creswell, who went to England; Wm. C. Dicken, A. B., Esq., Albert E. Duckham, C. E., Howard Fahnestock, Frank C. Harper, Richard Hirsch, Edwin H. Keller, Wm. L. Monro, A. B., Esq., Jas. G. Montgomery, Esq., Chas. G. Noble, J. Gordon Ogden, A. M., Ph. D., Edw. Pitcairn, Dr. A. M. Stengel, David M. Stewart, now of New Galilee, Pa., Walter G. Taylor, now of Chicago, and James Torrence.

1886 has given us Jacob Adolph, Wm. M. Anderson, Edwin M. Brickell, Dr. L. S. Brown, John E. Gilmore, with the P. R. R., somewhere, Edgar V. Hays, Isadore Israel, Harvey C. King, D. D. S., Wm. H. Lemon, Esq., Joseph Sigmund, Allen W. McEldowney, of Mellon National Bank; Wm. McMahan, A. E. Niemann, President of the Germania Savings Bank; Rev. L. M. Wood; and Geo. B. Zug, an art connoisseur of much fame.

1887—Henry P. Ashe, Wm. Breeze, Sam'l N. Doran, Geo. W. Brown, Esq., Joseph Doyle, John A. Murray, Geo. M. McClure, Harry C. McEldowney, President, Union Trust Co., etc.; Oscar H. Rosenbaum, Esq., Chas. Schlegel, Esq., John K. Sterrett, M. D., Harrison H. Woods, son of Chas. B. Woods, and now of the South Side High School, and Rev. Wm. W. Youngson. Boys have been looming up better in these classes. Fourteen here out of twenty-eight of a total.

1888—Chas. A. Dickson, Chas. M. Johnston, Esq., J. I. Johnston, M. D., E. W. Lehman, John B. Loeffler, Harry Marthens, Harry M. Palmer, James W. Rankin, John N. Rayburn, Harry K. Runnette, Chas. L. Taylor, Harry G. Tinker, Thos. W. Voetter, and Peter Welker.

1889—George Armor, Dwight E. Aultman, who went to West Point; Walter E. Billows, Esq., John W. Boyce, M. D., Robt. C. Brown, Edward E. Buvinger, M. D., Chas. D. Emmons, Edw. Godfrey, Chas. Hamilton, Benj. J. Jarrett, Ernest E. Jones, Robt. D. Little, Harrison P. Meeds, Joseph McClure, William J. Reed, Edw. Riggs, and Geo. P. Wilson.

1890—E. E. Arensburg, Wm. C. Boyd, Paul Bright, Geo. A. Holliday, Harry C. Holliday, H. W. Keller, Robt. Milligan, Geo. B. Moreland, W. G. Negley, Esq., Chas. A. Poth, Chas. S. Preston, Edw. C. Shaler, Thos. L. Sheaffer and Maloolm Young.

1891—John H. Adams, Geo. E. Bohm, Wm. McK. Ewart, John Floyd, Wm. W. Ford, Otto C. Gaub, Fred P. Glasser, Guy McC. Gray, C. E.; Frank C. Hays, Oliver Johnston, Thos. L. Kane, Esq., E. McC. Mulholland, James McClure, Chas. F. Marthens, Wm. C. Neill, A. M.

Phelps, Harry A. Pratt, Geo. M. Ryall, Wm. H. Stanton, Esq., James E. Tibby, Thos. H. Wallace, M. D., Geo. S. White, Edwin Zugsmith.

1892—Robt. D. Alrich, Wm. L. Benitz, Chas. E. Bown, Pier Danals, Esq., Austin C. Frank, Herman L. Grote, Esq., James W. Hamilton, Wm. C. McClure, Clifford B. Parker, Stanley C. Reese, J. S. Hays Smith, Benj. C. Weinhaus, and Alfred W. Young.

Of the class of 1892 Herman L. Grote, Esq., is this year president of the Alumni Association. Stanley C. Reese is an astronomer, and Austin C. Frank and Clifford B. Parker are called Doctor while Wm. L. Benitz is a professor in Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind.

From the roll of 1893, it is found that C. H. Benedict is a mining chemist in Michigan; Albert Grover, Harry Diamond and Howard Zacharias are disciples of Blackstone. Clifford G. Dunnells a civil engineer with the American Bridge Co. Mrs. Dunnells was his classmate—nee McCord; James Dunn, A. M., M. D. David K. Irwin is Canadian agent for the U. S. Glass Co. Fred G. Schenck is with the well-known firm of Demmler & Schenck. Paul Wightman was last reported with the Cambria Steel Co. at Johnstown. Forty-eight received the parchment at this Commencement. Out of thirty ladies only eleven were reported with a change of name. Alex B. Kiser, of Crafton, an electrical engineer, also belonged to this class.

Fifty-four pupils bade farewell to the school in 1894. Ralph W. Davis is the first Esq. on the list followed by Andrew W. Forsythe, Herbert L. Way, now of New York; George N. Monroe, Jr., Harry S. McKinley and Robert P. Watt. Manus McCluskey, U. S. A. has attained distinction, and is now a captain. At the time of the China war this High School lad was strictly at the front. He went to West Point directly from the High School. Walter Rosenbaum is one of the well-known Rosenbaum Company. Dr. W. W. Insley is at Donora, Pa., and W. W. Ryall, M. D., is or was last at Savannah, Ohio. Ernest H. McKinley is heard from in River Coal circles. John W. McNair puts up the "solid stuff" for the American Bridge Co. Robt. D. Henderson is the well-known East End druggist. Jos. Jackson is in New York. Chas. E. Locke is a power on "The Press." Out of thirty ladies only six were addressed as Mrs. in 1901. Teachers and kindergartens are frequent now in the lists and an occasional graduate is found teaching in the Alma Mater.

I find forty-five names on the class roll of 1895. There was a wave of hard times that struck the country preceding this class a year or two;

hence the decline in number of graduates. Wm. W. Booth is entitled to write D. D. S. after his name. Prof. Palmer S. Chambers is no doubt a practicing attorney, as is George J. Kambach. The Doctors are Joseph M. Jackson, Watson Marshall, R. H. Patterson, Frank C. Blessing and Frank Staub. Ralph W. Hukill and Harry D. Hamilton are connected with banking institutions, and it is Rev. Henry H. Forsythe. The business men of the class are Thomas B. Evans, Jr., of the Macbeth-Evans Glass Co., John D. Houston with J. W. Houston & Co., John A. Lathwood, an iron founder with an old establishment, Harry Rinehart with the Crucible Steel Co., of America. All the ladies were in single blessedness when the last Alumni roster was made up.

1896 class numbered fifty-four, again, and quite a few of the girls are married. Dr. Harry M. Fink is the first professional name to greet your eye. Walton W. Martin also writes M. D. after his name, and Walter C. McCandless for a young physician is probably the busiest in the city or close to it. Frank Stolzenbach, M. D., is a believer in Hahneman, but Dr. E. A. Weiss is heroic after the elder school of medicine as are the others. R. P. Hutchinson is a dentist, and the class lawyers are R. T. Houlden, James E. McCluskey, Jr., and Frank J. Orth. Arthur E. Gray is a draughtsman with the elegant firm of Jones & Laughlins, Arthur W. Kratz is an electrician in Cleveland. Chas. A. McClung writes C. E. after his name. Frank Patterson "did dramatic" for the "Dispatch," Anthony W. Smith, Jr., the son of the senior of 1863, dwells among bowers of flowers. Edward Stanton is with Dalzell, Scott & Gordon, attorneys, and others are climbing the ladder with good prospects.

Fifty-nine bade farewell to school halls in 1897. Dr. A. Bradford Boothe is just emerging from a three-years struggle to rid the municipality of a smallpox epidemic and he has succeeded. Edward C. Leslie found the Hahneman medical code to his liking and writes M. D. The civil engineers are Orrin L. Brodie now in New York, Chas. S. Lambie, Harry W. Herr, and Guian D. Y. Wallace. Chas. W. McGhee is announced as a mechanical engineer and John W. Brown, J. H. Neely, Daniel A. Phillips, Edmund B. Smith and Harry M. Stein pursued the law; the shingles of the last two are in evidence. Geo. J. Wright and Howard G. Schleiter were pursuing advanced medical courses at last accounts. H. McK. Jones is a college-bred man of the Kelly & Jones Co., and has a classmate—nee Nobbs, for a life companion. John P. Cameron, son of the well-known principal of the same name, audits with precision to the satisfaction of the U. S. Glass Co.

The war of 1898 did not cause the furore in the school that was observable in the early '60's. Ninety-one quit the Academic Halls of Fulton street that year—quite a leap forward. Scanning the list are many well-known Pittsburgh names. Many are reported matriculated at leading colleges and medical and other schools. Joseph H. Barton was already an attorney in 1901 as was Edward H. Flood, Joseph Greenberger and Abraham C. Stein. Jno. W. Rawsthorne is an illustrator and designer and Geo. W. Ransom, an electrical engineer. Irwin M. Fickieson with the well-known firm of Whitney & Stephenson, brokers, and Wm. A. McCready reported himself a reporter. One lady, Miss Locke, is teaching school in Porto Rico, and there were four of the class married when the last Alumni Annual was issued.

1899's list of Alumni numbered ninety-five. The first lady we find to change her name is located at last report in Los Angeles, Cal. Students, stenographers and teachers now predominate in the Alumni rolls. The years are too few for many to obtain celebrity in the hurly-burly of twentieth century civilization. M. Marshall Maneese is already down as a civil engineer and married a classmate, Miss Dickson, in 1901. Justin E. Harlow and Frederick Carl Grote pursue civil engineering and the law respectively. John J. McAlinney is a young limb of the law with a bright future, it is to be hoped. Chas. E. Martin, Rob't. J. Dodds, Harry Weisberger, A. Chas. Teplitz and Paul G. McClelland also loom up as leaders and practitioners at the bar. Charles B. Cook, John F. Golden, Albert H. Sherman and Randall Zimmerman are entitled to write Doctor of Medicine after their names and this large class will undoubtedly bring to the front many to honor the old school on the hill.

1900 is but a quadrennium back. Only eighty-four left with their course finished. Teachers and students, clerks with "at home," occasionally are found the occupations after the roll of graduates of these later years. It is evident that those pupils who went directly to college upon leaving the High School, under the most favorable circumstances will graduate in 1904 and therefore mention of the life occupations of these classes must necessarily be brief. Howard Jenkins, is dead—the first noted on record for some years back. Ernest D. Hathaway is secretary and treasurer of the Desk Company of the same name. Herman E. Soffel and W. P. Rainbow are embryo Blackstonians at last report as is Robert E. Heck also. Robert Zugsmith is now Dr. Zugsmith and Herbert Rosenbaum helps his brother in the celebrated "Woman's Store" on Market street, to hold up the honor and fame of the establishment.

1901 class was a small one, only sixty-eight, but as many as went out in the first eleven years less eight, the 1869 class of sixteen, the first large one furnishing the surplus over 68. The same remarks apply to this class as to the preceding and also to 1902 which numbered ninety-one, bringing up the roll again. Alexander Reisfar, son of the Secretary of the Central Board of Education is found on this roll and A. Wilson McCandless, making another alumnus in a well-known family: Amy L. Hutchinson, daughter of my old classmate, recently married and removed to West Virginia, I am told, the fourth Lambie name on the Alumni roll, occurring in the 1902 list, these show that the school of the parents is also the school of the second generation—but under widely different conditions.

1903 had only seventy-two on its roll—"a small class" again, not quite equal to the combined classes of the first eleven years, but 1904 will atone for this falling off with 103 if all go through, a not unlikely occurrence.

The Alumni death roll shows the names of Margaret Lindsay and Marie Steinert, '77; Catherine Thorp, and Harvey A. Wilson, '78; Otto H. Ferguson and R. C. Rowley, '79; Martha Rankin, '79; Myra Woolslair, '80; John Goddard, '81; Isabella Loomis (Mrs. L. Phipps), '82; Edith McComb, '82; Jacob I. Pachter, Esq., '83; Clara B. Rowley, '84; Tillie Carey (Mrs. Stolzenbach), '86; Edw. C. Orth, '86; Margaret P. Davidson, '87, and Jessie M. Rebbeck.—All deceased prior to 1893, except Mr. Rowley. Jerome W. Reneker, '80, and Dr. Edward Buvinger, '89, are also dead; and a very recent addition to the roll is Ralph W. Davis, Esq., '94.

This roll grows apace—and is aptly headed with the quotation:

"There's nothing certain in man's life but this,
That he must lose it."

The following are the courses of study in the different departments of the Pittsburgh High Schools, as given in the circular sent to the parent or guardian:

"Much depends upon the selection of the course to be pursued in the High School. This selection is a serious matter, and should not be decided merely to have the pupil with a personal friend, or for any similar unimportant reason. If you wish to consult before deciding, your principal or the head of any department in the High School would gladly

give you advice. A card will be furnished your son or daughter during the examination for admission to High School. Direct him or her to enter upon the card the name of the course that you have selected. After enrolling under a course it is inexpedient to change to another.

“ The Course of Study has been arranged to meet the following:

“1st. A preparation for college, or a general education with Latin or without Latin (marked Academical Course).

“2d. A preparation for teaching (marked Normal Course).

“3d. A preparation for office work (marked Commercial Course).”

COURSES OF STUDY.

FIRST YEAR—D.

ACADEMICAL COURSE.	NORMAL COURSE.	COMMERCIAL COURSE.
Drawing, (1)	Drawing, (1)	Penmanship, (4)
Elocution, (1)	Elocution, (1)	Phonography, (3)
English, (3)	English, (3)	English, (3)
Algebra, (4)	Algebra, (4)	Spelling, (2)
Ancient History, (3)	Ancient History, (3)	Algebra, (4)
Botany, (3)	Botany, (3)	Arithmetic, (4)
Latin, (4), or	Latin, (4)	Modern History, (2)
Arithmetic, (2), and		Commerc'l Geography, (2)
Com'erci'l Geography, (2)		Physiology, (1)

SECOND YEAR—C.

REQUIRED SUBJECTS:	Drawing, (1)	English, (3)
Elocution, (1)	Elocution, (1)	Spelling, (2)
English, (3)	English, (3)	Penmanship, (3)
Geometry, (4)	Geometry, (4)	Phonography, (4)
History, (1½)	History, (1½)	Bookkeeping, (6)
Physiology, (1½)	Physiology, (1½)	Commercial Law, (2)
	Physical Culture, (½)	Com. Arithmetic, (4)
ELECTIVE SUBJECTS:	Chemistry, (3)	Office Practice,
(Choose 9 hours.)	Latin, (4)	Typewriting,
Chemistry, (3)		
Latin, (4)		
Latin prose, (1)		
German, (4)		
Drawing, (1)		

THIRD YEAR—JUNIOR.

ACADEMICAL COURSE.		NORMAL COURSE.
REQUIRED SUBJECTS:	ELECTIVE SUBJECTS: (Choose 12 hours.)	Physical Culture, ($\frac{1}{2}$) Music, ($\frac{1}{2}$) Drawing and Writing, ($1\frac{1}{2}$) Orthography, ($\frac{1}{2}$) Elocution, (1) English, (3) His. of Mod'n Europe } (4) Zoology, } Solid Geometry, } (2) Algebra, } Physics, (4) Educat'n & Psych'l'gy, (2)
Elocution, (1) English, (3) Physics, (4)	Solid Geometry, ($1\frac{1}{2}$) Advanced Algebra, ($1\frac{1}{2}$) History of England, ($1\frac{1}{2}$) Drawing, (1) Zoology, ($1\frac{1}{2}$) Latin, (4) Greek, (4) Greek Prose, (1) German, (4)	

FOURTH YEAR—SENIOR.

REQUIRED SUBJECTS:	ELECTIVE SUBJECTS: (Choose 13 hours.)	Physical Culture, ($\frac{1}{2}$) Music, ($\frac{1}{2}$) Drawing and Writing, (2) Elocution, (1) English, (3) Grammar, ($1\frac{1}{2}$) Arith. & Bus. Forms, } (4) Physiography, } Lectures on Geol. & As- tronomy, (1) Biology, (2) U.S. History & Civics, (3) Psychol'gy & Pedagogy, (3) Practice Work, (4 weeks)
Elocution, (1) English, (3) Arithmetic, ($1\frac{1}{2}$) U. S. History, ($1\frac{1}{2}$) Civics, ($1\frac{1}{2}$)	Geography, ($1\frac{1}{2}$) Drawing, (1) Latin, (4) German, (4) Greek, (4) French, (5) Mathematics, (4) Geology, ($1\frac{1}{2}$) Modern History, ($1\frac{1}{2}$) Physics, ($1\frac{1}{2}$) Chemistry, ($1\frac{1}{2}$)	

The numerals in parentheses indicate the number of recitations per week. U. S. History ($1\frac{1}{2}$) means that this study is pursued three hours per week for one-half year. Recitation periods are 50 minutes long. A double period is given in drawing and in laboratory work in the sciences.

Now eight reports of the work are carried by the pupil to the parent each year. To make these most effective requires the co-operation of the parent with the officers and teachers of the school.

Where the work is too heavy for faithful pupils of frail health, it is suggested that parents confer with the head of the department to arrange for less work by lengthening the time for accomplishing the prescribed course. Many girls have arranged for a five-years course.



D. L. GILLESPIE,

(IN CLASS 1876.)

President Central Board of Education, 1904.

Admission to the High School is obtained on the attainment of an average of sixty-five (65) per cent. on written examination in geography, U. S. history, arithmetic, algebra, orthography, English grammar and composition, provided that in no one subject the average is under fifty (50) per cent. Said examination is held in June for all pupils of the sub-district schools. Principals of said schools certify on geography and U. S. history.

Non-resident candidates may enter the June examinations, reporting with the pupils of private schools at the Fifth Avenue High School. If successful in the branches in June, they may take the examination in U. S. history and geography in September.

On the evidence, by letter, report, certificate, or diploma, that a candidate has attended any city or borough High School for at least one-half school year, he may be admitted without the usual entrance examination, but he shall be required to take an examination for any other class he wishes to enter other than the first-year class.

TABLE SHOWING THE NUMBER OF GRADUATES IN THE SEVERAL DEPARTMENTS OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

Year.	Academical.*	Normal.	Commercial.	Total.	Total Enrollment.
1856.....	144
1857.....	180
1858.....	164
1859.....	3	107
1860.....	12	142
1861.....	6	147
1862.....	5	150
1863.....	8	146
1864.....	5	142
1865.....	10	137
1866.....	3	137
1867.....	6	130
1868.....	1	1	169
1869.....	16	5	11	32	204
1870.....	17	8	20	45	234
1871.....	16	7	23	294
1872.....	23	6	2	31	436
1873.....	24	13	19	56	402
1874.....	30	13	21	64	403
1875.....	22	4	34	60	474
1876.....	31	19	6	56	559

THE SCHOOL IN LATER DAYS.

Year.	Academical.*	Normal.	Commerical.	Total.	Total Enrollment.
1877.....	43	24	34	101	572
1878.....	38	25	29	92	591
1879.....	37	15	35	87	623
1880.....	44	21	24	89	570
1881.....	29	23	42	94	582
1882.....	30	23	34	87	584
1883.....	24	23	34	81	610
1884.....	24	24	35	83	619
1885.....	33	14	50	97	643
1886.....	44	28	52	124	687
1887.....	29	34	47	110	669
1888.....	33	39	53	125	708
1889.....	33	41	71	145	755
1890.....	28	33	68	129	764
1891.....	39	50	72	161	866
1892.....	29	38	72	139	945
1893.....	48	56	68	172	992
1894.....	54	65	71	190	1,093
1895.....	45	60	82	187	1,314
1896.....	54	83	72	209	1,527
1897.....	59	84	103	246	1,670
1898.....	91	99	101	291	1,922
1899.....	95	25	121	241	1,961
1900.....	84	43	93	220	1,902
1901.....	68	53	89	210	1,884
1902.....	91	51	98	240	1,888
1903.....	72	51	91	214	1,922
1904.....	92	48	77	217	2,024
	1,628	1,248	1,931	4,774	39,783

*Enrollment to 1871, inclusive, is Academic Department only.

CONCLUSION.

It has evidently become apparent to the reader that the author's task is incomplete, that much has not been incorporated in this compendium of High School history that might and should be. The Alumni Association is now a large body. It would seem that they should have other duties and enjoyments than those merely social. The complete annals of the Pittsburgh High Schools should be published and placed in the school and public libraries of this city. As Mr. Geo. W. Dithridge aptly remarks, the data "should be unearthed from the memories and the fast perishing records of the survivors" of the early periods of the school. The author has essayed this task. He realizes its incompleteness as much as his readers. Therefore a suggestion on his part may not be amiss: Let the half century of the school's existence, soon about to close, be apportioned in eras to those of the Alumni who have love enough for their Alma Mater to give their time and energy to the task, and let the gathered data be published in a volume to be called, "The Annals of the Pittsburgh High Schools". The first era could be 1855-1860; thence 1860-1865, the Civil War period, etc. A better allotment would be four years, because each writer could then give his own reminiscences and could justly say: "*Quorum pars fui.*" The Alumni at their next meeting should take this matter under consideration and also the memorial tablet as suggested by Dr. Jillson—and do something. The author of "My High School Days" will gladly assist with what data he has laboriously and conscientiously accumulated. He is well aware many will shrink from the work. One meets rebuff where he expects kindness—kindness where he enters with trepidation. On the whole, the author has met with few "frosts" and attributes them more to the acute money-making mania of many business men of today rather than a lack of good-heartedness, and the fact that they are so excruciatingly busy that some even throw ordinary civility aside in their desire to get rid of "a man with a book". Some day perhaps, when age has crept on and business is over; when calmly, or otherwise awaiting the end of life's journey—these memories may interest even those erst-while busy people.

Persan et haec olim meminisse juvabit. Who can tell?

In conclusion the closing words of John H. Kerr, Esq., in his masterful oration at the laying of the corner stone of the Fulton Street building seem deeply appropriate here:

“Lifting our eyes heavenward let us invoke the aid of the Divine Architect that thousands may enter these portals and passing beyond with minds enlightened and hearts purified, shall mingle with the great throng of humanity that is passing up to that diviner scholarship beyond the realms of material things, when to use the eloquent language of Everett, himself a graduate of the common schools: ‘After the bloom of the cheek has faded, after the wreath of fame has withered, after the taste of pleasure has palled, after nature, after time, after life, after death, we reach at last the pleasant lands,

‘Sweet fields beyond the rolling flood,’

where the philosophy of mind awaits at the foot of the Cross, from a Wisdom higher than its own, the complete solution of its momentous problems’ ”.

THE END.

PREFACE TO ADVERTISEMENTS.

Apologies are generally conceded to make matters worse. The only apology that ever lasted any considerable time and made an impression on the world was Plato's apology, and it was for a dead man. Hence let this preface be deemed explanatory rather than apologetic.

This is the age of the dollar dominant. It is evident to even those illy informed that the expense contingent upon this publication has been considerable. It is, therefore, without regret on the author's part that the work is tinged with the commercialism of advertising. It is as much in place here as in our Alumni Annuals. Let us extend to our patrons words not only of commendation, but also of recommendation. They are friends of the author and the school. Many are Alumni. There is a common tie between us all, and in the channels of trade, if any favors can be shown it is strongly to be inferred that the tie is potent. Let it then be invoked, and if your authority for such invocation be requested, say that you do so at the behest of the author of "My High School Days," who has often been told by those who were expected to think otherwise that they were not interested in the High School. It goes without saying that those whose advertisements are here are interested and that they are deserving and are worthy of the patronage of all High School people and their friends

G. T. F.

SEMPER IDEM.

With poor footwear I had been stuck,
When all at once came streak of luck—
A friend's advice, it wisely ran on,
“Henceforth you'll buy your Shoes of CANNON.”

'Way back, that was in '68,
And now I cheerfully can state,
There all my shoes I since have bought,
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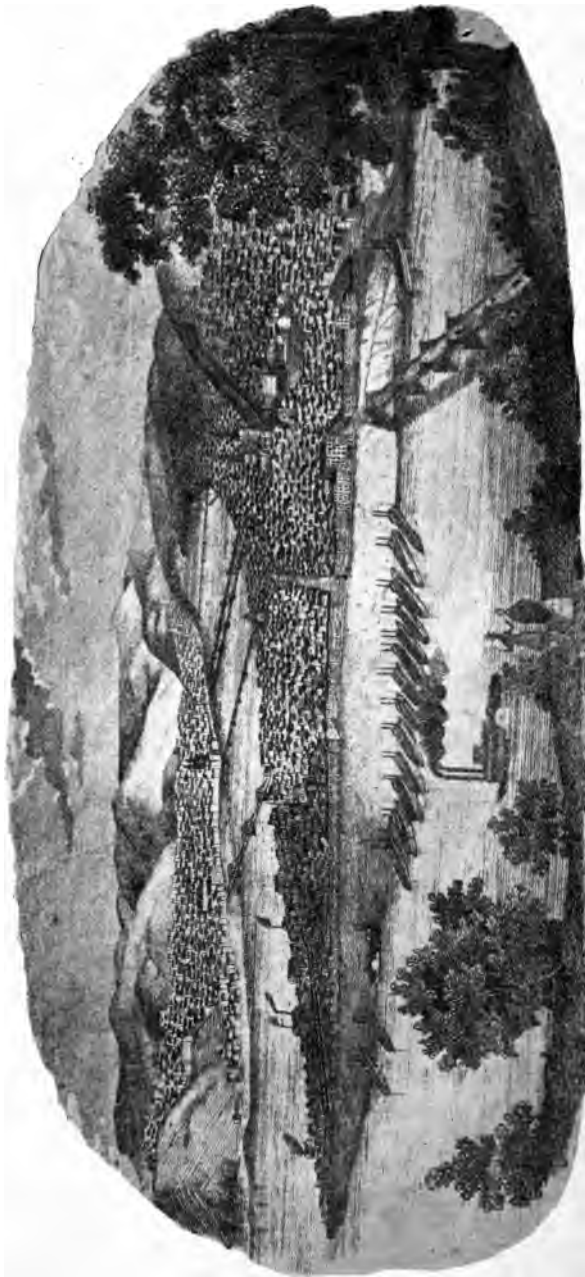
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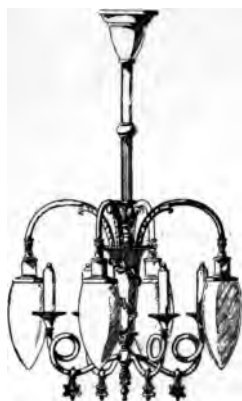
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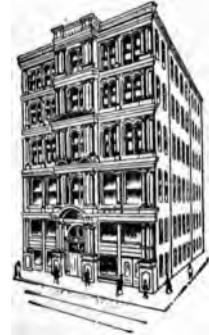
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MICAT INTER OMNES.

A contributor to the Alumni annual of 1885 furnishes the following:

How the Phi Kappa Pi Society paper, *The Tenth Muse*, obtained its name I have forgotten, but I remember well how its motto originated.

Shortly before the first number of *The Tenth Muse* was issued, Mr. Gibbons had before him one day a class in Latin translation. One of the pupils came upon the words, "micat inter omnes," and translated them, "it shines among them all." "You may be seated," said Mr. Gibbons, "I have a story to tell," and related this:

In one of our large colleges the students at one time had a perfect passion for cats, each student possessing a cat, and each student considering his possession the most nearly perfect of its race. Several exhibitions of the feline favorites were given, and at one of these, one proud exhibitor had marked upon the collar encircling the neck of his pet these words, "micat inter omnes."

The editors of *The Tenth Muse* chanced to belong to the class to which this story was told, and they must have appreciated the classical pun and the ability of Mr. Gibbons as a story-teller, for when, in a short time, *The Tenth Muse* made its appearance, its motto was, "micat inter omnes."



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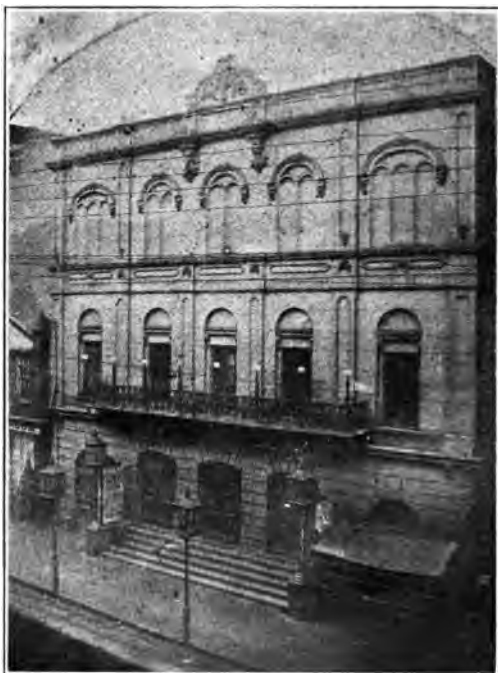
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By A. E. FROST, Professor of Physics.

IV. and V. December 23d, 1875, and January 6th, 1876.

"The Foundation Stones of Chemical Physics."

By L. H. DURLING, Professor of Natural Science.

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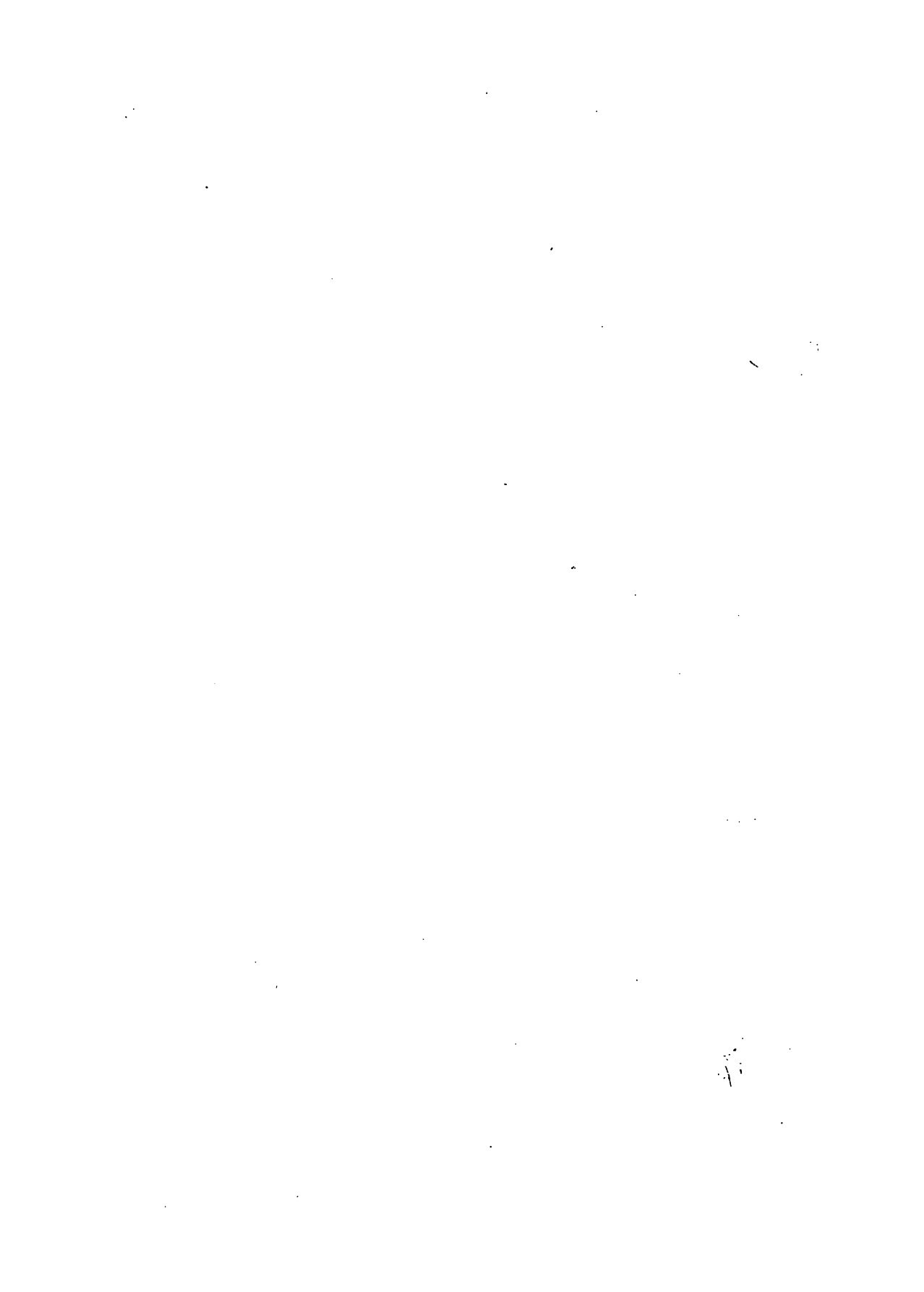
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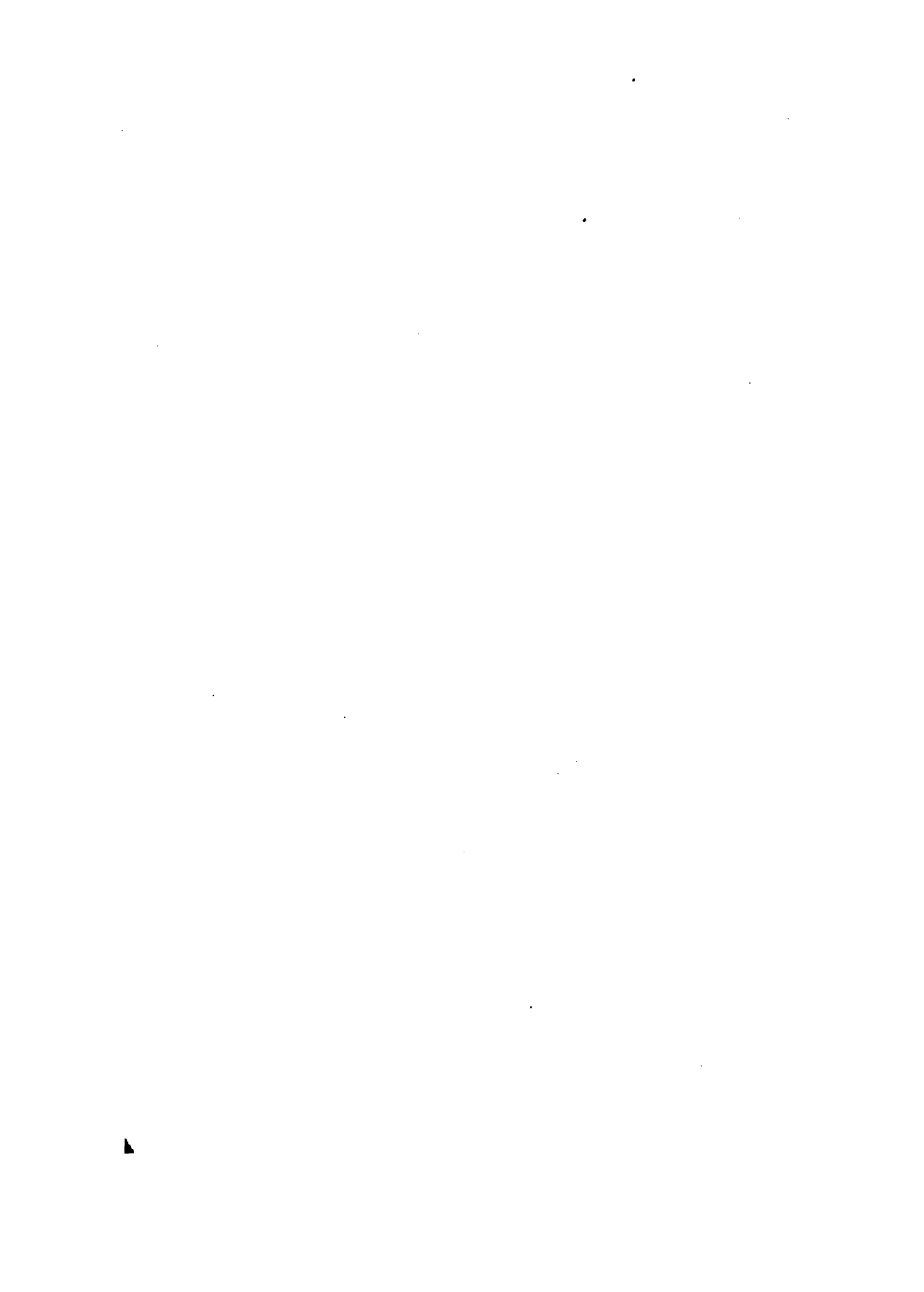
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